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THE  
**MONTHLY REVIEW,**  
OR  
**LITERARY JOURNAL,**  
*ENLARGED:*

FROM JANUARY TO APRIL, *inclusive,*

M, DCCC, XXIII.

With an **APPENDIX.**

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*"Le faux zèle est un tyran, qui depopule les provinces; la tolérance est une  
tre mère, qui les sème, et les fait fleurir."* (FRÉDÉRIC le Grand.)

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VOLUME C.

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L O N D O N:

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STANDARD ORIGIN

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# T A B L E

OF THE

TITLES, AUTHORS' NAMES, &c. of the Publications reviewed in this Volume.

N. B. FOR REMARKABLE PASSAGES in the *Criticisms* and *Extracts*, see the INDEX, at the End of the Volume.

☞ For the Names, also, of the Authors of new Dissertations, or other curious Papers, published in the MEMOIRS and TRANSACTIONS of the Scientific ACADEMIES at Home or on the Continent, and also for the Titles of those Dissertations, &c., of which Accounts are given in the Review,—see the *Index*, printed at the End of each Volume.

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ERRATA

## ERRATA in Vol. C.

- Page 118. l. 18. put a comma after 'commerce.'  
215. l. 30. put a comma after 'is.'  
241. l. 8. from bottom, for 'Concerning,' read *Respecting*.  
369. l. 33. for 'Himaala,' read *Himala*.

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1823.

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ART. I. *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820.* By Sir Robert Ker Porter. With numerous Engravings, &c. In 2 Vols. Vol. II. 4to. pp. 870. 4l. 14s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

WHEN we last parted with Sir Robert Porter, we expressed a hope that it would be only for a season, since we promised ourselves much instruction and amusement from the continuation of his work. Already we have to state that this intelligent and laborious traveller has not disappointed us; for a second volume of his Persian travels, equal to the former in bulk and the multifarious accumulation of its subjects, is now before us. It is also not deficient in other features of resemblance; the inflated style, which we gently rebuked on that occasion, having grown more turgid, as if the short respite from his task had, by giving the author breath, enabled him to pile up yet more gigantic masses of phraseology, and to array together a yet more countless host of epithets. Wherever we open the book, tall grenadier words, more than sesquipedalian in height, appear in all the pomp and pride of rhetorical exaggeration: rocks frown in gloomier grandeur; mountains increase in precipitous terror; and banditti are still more savage, in his Salvator Rosa descriptions. He is equally apt to luxuriate amid the more voluptuous graces of diction, and makes an unsparing use of the "*mellitos verborum globulos*;" roses and jasmines, clustering fruits, enwreathed flowers, parterres of sweets, dark-green shadows, gurgling waters, and golden rays of setting suns, decorating his pages with every variety of verbal embroidery. *Pour le coup*, we can scarcely trust ourselves with his delineations of female beauty; where he expatiates as in a congenial element, and is emphatically the *elegans formarum spectator* of the comic poet. He is, indeed, unrivalled in his portraits of the oriental ladies, the empire of whose charms has been so enviously circumscribed to the brief space of eight or ten years; who bloom at twelve, and fade into ugliness and wrinkles at twenty.

Hands and feet dyed with henna, hair and eye-brows stained with indigo, chains of gold, collars of pearl, bracelets of silver, and golden-tissued muslins, here shew that Sir Robert's descriptive powers are as well adapted to the minute and beautiful as to the vast and sublime.

The inconvenience of all this is that it is often pushed too far; and the artist who deals so much in words, which are but the images of things, Pygmalion-like, is too apt to become enamoured of the picture and neglect the substance. It is also necessary to remind this class of authors that unintermitted effort becomes weakness in composition. The real graces of diction are shy as well as chaste: they fly when they are too passionately pursued; and the writer finds at last that what he overtakes and embraces is inanity and shadow.

*“ Un eco, un sogno, anzi del sogno un' ombro  
Ch' ad ogni mover si deligua e sgombra.”* TASSO.

We have frequently endeavored to impress the remark, that this laborious and exaggerated style of writing is never more out of place and season than in a book of travels. Distinctness of delineation, and perspicuity of narrative, are incompatible with the swell of a studied rhetoric; and those are the peculiar graces of easy unaffected language, the charm and the magic of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters, from which not one epithet could be torn, or one phrase abstracted, without doing violence to the sense; — the simple beauties, which no affectation can mimic, and no art can rival.

If we place these admonitions in the front of our article, it is because we can conscientiously devote the greater portion of it to commendation; for Sir Robert Porter has undoubtedly collected a mass of instructive and interesting information, concerning a country that is linked to our feelings by the most powerful associations. It brings together, as in one tablet, sacred and profane story; — and when we think of Persia, the shade of the mightiest of the nations, — the conqueror of Egypt and of Babylon, — the restorer of Jerusalem, — the invader first, and lastly the victim, of Greece, — passes in solemn and appalling grandeur before us. Perhaps no example in our youthful studies is more fertile of instruction; or exhibits more impressive pictures of the instability of human objects, of the insecurity of thrones and dominations, of the virtues which founded and the corruptions which dissolved them. Nor is it in the great revolutions of her antient empire that she is most interesting: for, at a later period, she is ennobled by the proud distinction of withstanding the impetuous tide  
of



of Roman ambition, and in after times of being the bulwark of Christendom against the Turk. Even now, she is not extinct beneath the palsy influence of Mohammedanism; and a century of misrule and oppression has neither quite exhausted her strength nor destroyed her resources. We are, therefore, grateful to Sir R. Porter for having collected, with much zeal and diligence, so large an accession to our former stock of information concerning this beauteous region; and for adding the results of his own observations to those of Chardin, Lebrun, Niebuhr, Morier, and Malcolm, in a field where, if fresh harvests are no longer to be reaped, abundant gleanings are yet to be obtained.

We left this traveller at Shiraz, whence he had resolved to return to Ispahan for the recovery of his health; meaning then to proceed to Hamadan, the antient Ecbatana, to compare its antiquities with those of Persepolis, and to pursue the winding courses of the Tigris and the Euphrates, in order to investigate the remains of what once was Babylon. The volume before us is the narrative of this expedition. The party, consisting of Dr. Sharpe, Sedag Beg, the Mehmandar, and the author, accordingly set off for Ispahan by what is called the summer-route, the most direct to that place, and west of Persepolis, on the 29th of July, 1818. During his second sojourn at Ispahan, he had more frequent opportunities than before of mixing in Persian society, and being visited by khans and khetkodes; (nobles and magistrates;) and he began, as he tells us, to understand better the Persian character in general. He considers that the natural disposition of the people is amiable, and that they have quick capacities: but, fond of pleasure, they derive their chief delights from their poets, the joys of the chase, and the voluptuousness of the harem. A general sense of the insecurity of their possessions, however, makes them intent on secret accumulations; and hence is generated the spirit of avarice, over-reaching, extortion, and the whole train of vices which flow from habits of dissimulation and falsehood. On turning, however, to Sir John Chardin's character of the Persians, we found the dark shades of it much softened by him: he had considerable dealings with them; and it is not probable that the national characteristics have undergone any considerable change since his time. According to his account, so far are they from being avaricious, that the moment they are in possession of wealth, "they scatter it about in the most lavish and extravagant manner; in horses, women, jewels, and fine clothes; and if any thing be left, so little careful are they to hoard it up for posterity, that they build caravanseras for the reception

of travellers, or bridges over rivers, or found mosques, &c., as the surest way of being talked of in this world, and of securing to themselves those voluptuous delights, which are promised to the faithful in that which is to come." Sir Robert Porter thus delineates other traits of their national character :

‘ I have already mentioned, that the peculiar temperament of the Persian is lively, imitative, full of imagination, and of that easy nature which we in the West call “ taking the world lightly ; ” and that hence he is prone to seek pleasures, and to enjoy them with his whole heart. Amongst these, the gaiety of his taste renders him fond of pomp and show ; but his fear of attracting suspicion to his riches prevents him (from) exhibiting such signs in his own person, beyond an extra superb shawl, a handsomely hilted dagger, or the peculiar beauty of his kalious. The utmost magnificence of his house consists in the number of apartments, and extent of the courts ; of the rose-trees and little fountains in the one, and the fine carpets and nummuds in the other. But vessels of gold or silver are never seen. The dinner-trays are of painted wood ; and those on which the sweetmeats and fruits appear are of copper, thickly tinned over, looking like dirty plate. Neither gluttony nor epicurism is a vice of this nation. The lower classes also live principally upon bread, fruits, and water. The repasts of the higher consist of the simplest fare ; their cookery being devoid of any ingredient to stimulate the appetite. Sherbets, of different kinds, are their usual beverage ; and tea and coffee the luxuries of ceremonious meetings. — Some, however, indulge in the inebriating powers of the vine ; but so far from regarding it as a social pleasure, either from fear of exposure, or insensibility to its exhilarating effects, they retire secretly and alone ; and quaff bowl after bowl, until the solitary toper makes himself as happy as he intended, that is, perfectly stupidly drunk. This is the utmost a Persian can conceive of the enjoyment of wine ; and not being able to comprehend the gratification Europeans find in sipping its refreshing cordial from a small vessel, while animating the gentle stimulus with convivial conversation, his astonishment is unbounded at hearing that the best company always rise sober from a festive board. From the earliest times, the breeding of fine horses has been a passion in the East ; and in no country more than Persia, where indeed a man and his horse are seen in such constant companionship, that custom has in a manner identified them with each other, and hence the most beautiful steeds are never brought in proof of any extraordinary riches ; a Persian being well mounted, though the clothes on his back may not be worth half a tomaun. Their mules, too, are a stately, useful race. I have already noticed, that horse-racing is not pursued here as with us, to produce a certain prodigious swiftness in a short given time ; but to exercise the limbs of the travelling or courier-horse, to go over a considerable number of miles in one day, or more, at an unusual rate, without slackening his pace, or suffering by the exertion. The fleetness of a Persian horse in the chase is equal to

to that of any country ; but his exquisite management in the military sports of the girid, &c. cannot be equalled on any other field. In these exercises we see something of the latent fire of the chivalric *Shah Sevund* breaking forth in their descendants, and lam-  
bently playing on the point of their lances. The dexterity of the evolutions, the grace of their motions, and the knighthood-gal-  
lantry of their address, unite in giving an inexpressible charm to these scenes. But it does not end there. This *gaieté de cœur*, and courtesy of manner, pervading every class, renders the society of the higher ranks particularly amiable ; and communication with the lower free of any rudeness. Nay, indeed, the humblest pea-  
sant, from the old man to the boy, expresses himself with a degree of civility only to be expected from education and refinement. Quick in seeing, or apprehending occasions of service, high and low seem to bend themselves gracefully to whatever task their superiors may assign ; besides, talent seems to contend with inclin-  
ation, in accomplishing its fulfilment. In short, this pliant, po-  
lished steel of character, so different from the sturdy nature and stubborn uses of the iron sons of the North, fit the Persians to be at once a great, a happy, and a peaceable people, under a legiti-  
mate and well-ordered monarchy.

When the victorious armies of the Caliphs over-ran Persia, they destroyed in their desolating progress all that had been hitherto deemed sacred in the land, and the temples of Zoro-  
aster sank before the mosques of Mohanmed. The richer part of the antient sect of the Guebres fled to the frontiers, or to the shores of India\* : but a remnant of this persecuted people, reduced to wretchedness and penury, found an asylum at Yezd, which still contains about 4000 or 5000 of their de-  
scendants. They are excellent husbandmen, and mechanics ; and the tolerant policy of Shah Abbas left them unmolested at Ispahan : but the mart and the suburb, appropriated to them by that monarch, have fallen to decay. Even Fars, where the sacred books of Zoroaster were deposited, and the Magi had towns and castles for their residence ; — even this province, the antient Persis, has not a single asylum for them ; and now, if perchance any little community of this repudi-  
ated sect be found in the villages of Persia, they must perform their rites in secrecy and silence. So much has been written concerning the early faith of the Persians, and its subsequent corruptions, that we deem it unnecessary to notice the present author's dissertation on the Mithratic and Guebre religion ; and indeed that verbosity, which is his besetting sin, would render even an epitome of it wholly incompatible with our limits. We cannot, however, omit his account of a sect which is still increasing in Persia :

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\* They are the Parsees of Bombay and Surat.

The Dabistan mentions these opinionists by the name of Suffi; and they bear the same appellation at this day. The word is spelt by different writers in a variety of ways; for instance, Suffi, Sooffee, Sefi, Suphi. The Arabic term, which bears all these spellings, means wise, holy, and is supposed to be derived from *سفي*, be pure, clean; and the sect who assume that title arrogate a peculiar degree of wisdom and purity beyond all other believers. Some writers are of opinion, that as these philosophizing theologians existed in Persia before the Arabian conquest introduced its language amongst them, the appellation in question might as reasonably be deduced from the Greek masters of the country, and their *Σοφοί* (Sophoi), wise men, be the root of the Eastern sage; in short, whatever be the name they bear, whether in old or in modern philosophy, the same common vanity of human reason, that has misled enthusiastic and self-confident minds from the beginning of man's history until now, may be recognised in the self-denying theories of these wild deists. Inflamed by the poetic fancies of an ardent imagination acting upon high notions of their own mental capacities, the idea of any order of spirit being superior in its original nature to theirs they deemed impossible; nothing seeming to them too exalted for their conceptions, too sublimely pure for their participation; in fine, deriving their existence from God himself, not by creation, but by emanation; they set forth with so peculiar and mystical a pretension to holiness, that the ignorant vulgar, confounded with the excess of light to which they pretended, yielded implicit credit and consequent homage to such superior sanctity. Indeed, the great reputation acquired by Sooffee (or Sefi)-u-deen, one of the most eminent of these philosophic devotees, smoothed the road for his descendants to mount the throne of Persia. Ismail the First, of the posterity of this celebrated ascetic, became king A. D. 1500; and in honour of his holy ancestor, the dynasty he founded took the name of Sooffee, Sefi, or Suphi; and hence came the monarchs of that race to be designated, even in European courts, by the name of *the Sophi*, without any additional title. But the princes of the Sooffee descent were too sensible of the value of stationary laws, moral and religious, to support those vague dreams abroad, which attracted so mysterious an interest about the enthusiast in his cell. Indeed most of the Sooffee professors kept within the formal pale of the established religion, for the sake of security, and the facility of making proselytes. They avowed themselves believers in one God, that Mahomet was his prophet, and Ali the legitimate successor of the prophet, to the exclusion of Omar. So far they were perfectly orthodox according to the Persian rule of faith, but the creed was only from their lips, while their real tenets were as much calculated to charm a vivid imagination, as to mislead it into consequences unsuspected and dangerous. They represent themselves as men devoted to the search of truth, and incessantly occupied in adoration of the Almighty, a re-union with whom is to be the end and the perfection of their being. They describe all creation, and therefore them-

themselves, as having proceeded immediately from the bosom of God; "who poured his spirit on the universe, as the general diffusion of light is poured over the earth by the rising sun; and as the absence of that luminary leaves the world in total darkness, so the partial or total withdrawing of the divine splendour or light causes partial or general annihilation." And this doctrine relates, not merely to the power of life, but to the power of moral action. The distinct and finite nature of the human soul being denied, and man declared a pure emanation or ray from the divine essence, he owns no individual responsibility for the good or evil of his actions; and, attributing both alike to the infinite being of whom he is already a part, and into whose almighty essence he is to be re-absorbed, he goes on through life without other check to his appetites and passions, than what may happen to lie in a just taste, delighting in imitating the celestial purity it contemplates.'

The Arabic word, however, is erroneously understood by Sir R. Porter. It is a noun signifying "wool," and the sect is said to be so named from an allusion to the coarse mantles affected by its teachers: — but the σοφοι or σοφια of the Greeks is the most probable derivation. Will not Sir Robert be somewhat surprized to learn that this very Greek word is plausibly supposed to have entered Greece from the east? — We are not quite satisfied with this sketch of the theology or philosophy of the Sooffees, which is of the remotest antiquity; and which, from the captivating nature of some of its tenets, is well calculated to maintain its ground in every country that it has once penetrated. Yet we can only state, shortly, that it is Chaldean, not Persian in its origin, and of a far higher antiquity than the doctrines of Zoroaster. The opinions of the sect are precisely those of the Jewish Cabalists: who, in common with the Sooffees, maintained the existence of one pure and perfect substance only; denying the entity of matter as distinct from spirit, and believing that whatever exists is of the same essence as the Deity, has emanated from him, and must at length be re-united with him. Creation, according to the Cabalists, is a developement and modification of the divine nature: while destruction is the removal of the forms communicated to things created, and the re-absorption of the portion of deity which resided in them. The pious Sooffee, who is influenced by this faith, (if absolute Spinozism can be regarded as faith,) beholds around him the wonders of the visible world, and professes to discover God in all that he sees, and all that surrounds him. We are, however, much inclined to doubt whether the disavowal 'of individual responsibility for good or evil actions' can be strictly chargeable on the whole sect; for we believe that the doctrine of an actual union with God, from which the present author

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justly



justly deduces the most pernicious consequences, has been professed only by madmen or impostors. The better class of Sooffees, according to an extract from one of their own works, inserted by Sir John Malcolm in vol. ii. of his History of Persia, confine the highest privileges of their saints, during this life, to the contemplation of God's essence, and a perfect knowledge of his will ; — a dreadful tenet, if it were practically influential ; for no spiritual power, which the world has yet witnessed, could be more dangerously operative on the mind of man than that of teachers pretending to be the sole depositaries of the will of the Almighty. It fortunately happens, however, that the innate feelings of mankind triumph over absurd tenets of theology ; and that common sense, as well as the necessities of human affairs, counteracts the influence of wild and pernicious opinions. The Sooffees appear for the most part to be a harmless race of enthusiasts, and the ascetic exercises of their devotion have had the good effect at least of detaching them from worldly ambition. As “*abeunt studia in mores*,” and it is almost impossible for men not to become at last what they have long affected to be, their exterior humility and self-denial are, we make no doubt, for the greater part sincere and genuine.

On the 31st of August, 1818, the traveller left Ispahan through the Hamadan gate, which points to the old capital of Media ; and, omitting his adventures, which end pleasantly, his hair-breadth escapes from dangers which seem to be sometimes imaginary, and preparations for encounters with fierce banditti who do not make their appearance, we rejoin him in the vicinity of that antient city. His talent for picturesque description may be favorably appreciated from his short picture of the valley of Hamadan :

‘ Having thus regularly ascended, for about four farsangs, over heights and depths, which traversed our path like furrows in a ploughed field, we at length gained the top of the acclivity, and, bending a couple of points eastward of north, commenced our descent towards the valley of Hamadan. Still shut out from any extensive view, by similar obstacles to those which met us on the other side of the eminence, we yet, at times, had a momentary sight of the fair and classic vale to which we were descending, by occasional glimpses through openings in the hills. But, as our path now lay nearer the stony skirts of Elwund, our eyes wanted no food for contemplation. At a point of particular romantic beauty, the road divides ; the division to the left taking a more westerly course, still amongst low hills and winding paths, but with a different aspect, having verdure and vineyards, and shewing numerous towered hamlets, through the interstices of the rocks. The road to the right, which we followed, ran gradually  
down

down to a deep ravine, through which dashed a turbulent stream, roaring, as it poured along over its broken channel, like some of our cataracts of the North. The sides of its bed were steep and craggy, projecting in abrupt ridges, or hollowed into cavities, over or through which a constant influx of tributary springs, appearing at almost every hundred yards, augmented its foaming waters. A couple of miles brought us from this sequestered spot, to a little retired valley thickly clad with trees, vineyards, and gardens, and whose high upland boundaries were yellow with the stubble of the recent harvest. All around, lay heaps of untrodden corn on a bed of verdure, where the luxuriance of the wild flowers enamelled and perfumed its green threshing-floor.'

Hamadan, the antient Ecbatana, induces the author to consult the "Antient Universal History;" and consequently several pages of his immense quarto are devoted to Nimrod, Cyrus, Sardanapalus, Sennacherib, and Alexander the Great: a species of learning which Sir Roger de Coverley, when a school-boy, used to collect in a more compendious form, from the end of his Latin Dictionary. It is not quite fair to the purchasers of so expensive a publication as this is, to hash up the school-boy literature of Alexander's behaviour to Darius, and his grief for the death of Hephestion, the idle story of his crucifying the physician of that favorite, and other particulars of the life of the deified madman of Macedon, for no other reason than that Darius Codamanus once ruled over Media!!! — Sir Robert has no doubt of the identity of the present Hamadan with the antient Ecbatana; the plain, the mountain, and its relative position to other places, agreeing in every point. The city, which stands in latitude  $34^{\circ} 53'$  and longitude  $40^{\circ}$  E., retained its antient name to the third century: but, at the close of the fourteenth, it received its final blow from Timour the Tartar, who reduced it from one of the largest cities of the East to a farsang in length and breadth. At this day, it scarcely numbers more than 40,000 persons, among whom are about 600 Jewish families, and the same number of Armenians. The present traveller ought to have lent an academic faith to the pile which the Jews shewed him as the tomb of Mordecai and Esther. — Of the primæval architecture of Ecbatana, only a few remains are discoverable: but a broken shaft, and the base of a column, convinced Sir R. P. that the architecture of Persepolis and Ecbatana had been the same. His attention, however, was laudably directed to a pursuit more likely to reward his industry; viz. that of collecting the antient coins of Shapoor and Baharam; and he was fortunate enough to procure several of other Sassanian kings, some of the Arsacidæ, and a large silver coin of Alexander the Great. Some of them are engraved in the plates which

which embellish the volume, and are farther illustrated by a descriptive catalogue. In deciphering the legends on the Sessanian coins, he adopted the plan of M. de Sacey.

Kangavar, the antient *Koyxabad*, reduced to a village, is about 45 miles from Hamadan, and still shews a few ruins. It consists of about 300 houses, most of which occupy the eminence celebrated as the site of a superb temple of Diana: but this we consider to be barely probable, although Astarte, the queen of Heaven in the antient mythology of Persia, is represented with some of the attributes of that goddess. Enough of the fine stone foundations are discernible to enable an investigating eye to trace the original form of the building, which seems to have been quadrangular, each face measuring 300 yards. Sir Robert could not exactly ascertain the elevation, but he supposes it to have been about 20 feet. Not far from the edge of a magnificent wall runs a cornice, beautifully executed, which once sustained a noble colonnade; and the pedestals of eight of its columns are still surmounted by the chief part of their shafts, in good preservation. He observed, also, on the side of the precipice, which was nearly covered with broken columns, the fragments of a majestic portico. The rest of the description of this ruin we will give in his own words:

‘ The northern aspect of this imposing height has a gradual descent to the plain, shewing, along its brow, the remains of a foundation wall, uniting with those on the western and eastern sides. These extensive foundations must have supported, not only the temple, but the battlements of the fortress which protected the shrine. Within them would also be the sacerdotal college and town, for the abode of the priests and servitors, and the military guardians of the establishment. The view around was perfectly beautiful; and to those European strangers who looked on it, even two centuries ago, could not fail to recall to them many tender remembrances. When the temple stood in its day of prosperity, overlooking from its commanding rock the fine vale beneath, reflecting the splendours of an Asiatic sky, which here indeed mingles the glowing rays of a ruby tint with the bright cerulean of Athens, it must have appeared to the transplanted Greek a repetition of his own Parthenon, set in a warmer heaven.

‘ The whole of the plain to the south, to which the superb portico of the temple must have immediately pointed, is extremely rich; the soil being naturally fine, and the peasantry of dispositions to improve its fertility. Trees of every description wood the undulating grounds; and many, abundant in fruits, traverse the gardens, and border their numerous rivulets. In the midst of this vale of plenty rises an enormous mound, which, from its insulated situation, not a hillock of any sort being near it, has the effect of being artificial; but when approached, it is found too  
immense,

immense, both in breadth and height, to warrant such an idea, unless we were to deem it a second Babel. Towers, and walls of mud, wind round it; and, its summit and sides being covered with the rude dwellings of the peasantry, it has a very picturesque appearance. Its present name is Kat-Nahna; but, probably, in the days of polytheism, this lonely hill may have maintained the ancient rites due to Mithra, or the sun; while the opposite height, nearer to the mountains, elevated its rival altar to the fair Queen of Night. Both luminaries rise and set, in the same unaltered brilliancy with which they first opened their bright orbs on the world; but the eyes of those who raised these structures to their honour, deifying the creature, in blindness to their god, have now been closed for ages: yet the memorial of their apostacy remains in these relics; while the sun, unconscious of worship, or neglect, gilds the grey stones of the mound with his noontide beams; and the moon tinges with silver her sunk shrine, as she passes in cloudless majesty over its fallen towers.'

Be-Sitoon is a huge mountain, or mass of crags, from the side of which projects a rocky terrace, smoothed with great labor; and Sir R. P., who is never at a loss for conjecture, supposes that it was intended as a platform for a temple. Several materials for building some great structure are still strewed about it. The sculptures on it have been noticed by Mr. Kinneir, in his Geographical Memoir of Persia; who, on the authority of Diodorus Siculus, inclines to attribute it to the remote age of Semiramis. The present author copied the figures with as much exactness as the almost inaccessible height of the rock would permit; and we refer the antiquarian reader to his description, with the plate which accompanies it. The execution is considered as equal, if not superior, to that of the best remains of Persepolis.

The stupendous rock of Tackt-i-Bostan, part of the chain of Be-Sitoon, and equally craggy, barren, and terrific, is also celebrated for its sculptures and bas-relievos. This place, signifying *Throne of the Garden*, is immortalized by the loves of Khosroo Purviz and the beautiful Shirene, daughter of the Emperor Maurice. The prince first saw her by accident, while she was bathing, and was so attracted by her charms that he wedded her, and afterward raised her to the throne of Persia. The adventures of this king and the fair Shirene are the favorite themes of poesy and tradition.

'The aspect of Tackt-i-Bostan is of the most rugged grandeur; and its towering heights, lowering dark over the blooming vale of Kermanshab, make so striking a contrast, that it might well recall the image of the beautiful queen, in all her perpetual noon of charms, seated smiling at the feet of an aged monarch, hoary with years and the troubles of a wounded spirit. At the  
base

base of this sombre mountain bursts forth the most exquisitely pellucid stream that I ever beheld ; and to this sparkling fountain the natives have given the name of Shirene. Its bed is rather on a declivity, which gives a rapidity to its current that increases the brilliancy of its waters, as they dash along spreading verdure on every side, and bathing the pendent branches of variously foliated trees which grow on its banks. A little forest extends from the river's side to a considerable distance over the plain ; perhaps the green descendants of the woods which overshadowed the gay pavilions of Khosroo in his hunting parties ! Just over the source of the stream, on a smooth part of the rock, a bas-relief presents itself, called that of the four calendars ; and a little onward, where the mountain recedes, a flight of several hundred steps is found cut in the nearly precipitous cliff ; forming a very intricate and dangerous ascent towards its summit, but finishing abruptly on an extensive ledge or platform ; which, it is probable, in former ages, was the site of some Mithratic altar, or temple.

Pere Emanuel de St. Albert, and the Abbe Beauchamp, were the first Europeans, I believe, who gave the world any details of the antiquities on this spot ; and one of these travellers mentions, that he saw a statue standing erect in the river, which was nearly covered from observation by the fulness of the rapid stream, but that the natives told him it was the effigy of the beautiful Shirene, who had given her name to the fountain. I found a statue, in all likelihood the same, though not in the wave but leaning against the bank of that river ; yet, on viewing it, I saw that it certainly required to be veiled as he describes, before the liveliest imagination could mistake it for the image of a woman, and the work of an artist enamoured of his subject. It is even rudely hewn, and so colossally proportioned, that no doubt can remain, when seen thus wholly exposed, that it was intended to be viewed from a great distance, and that its original situation must have been some neighbouring height, whence it probably fell into the stream where the Abbe saw it. One hand is placed on the breast, the other rests on something resembling a sword suspended in front of the body. The figure is broken off from the knees downwards, but from the waist to that point hang the remains of drapery. During my rambles near the spot, I observed a place, where I think it is likely the statue may have originally stood ; namely, a levelled ledge of rock immediately over the two great arches before mentioned, and along which a range of sculptured feet, broken off at the ankles, are yet perfectly distinguishable. The statues that belonged to these extremities are now totally gone ; and I think it warrantable to suppose, that the mutilated warrior-just described, was one of them, and battered down with the rest, it is probable, by some barbarous hand of conquest. Falling into the river, it escaped the entire demolition of its companions ; and, after discovery by the inhabitants, who, it is likely, associating its situation with the tradition respecting some aquatic representation of their admired queen, set it erect in the stream, it was adored as her image when the Abbe saw a glimpse of it through the water,  
and

and was told the story of her past perfections. The natives hold the figure I saw in such superstitious reverence, as to believe its touch capable of healing the most malignant diseases in man and beast; and in gratitude, they hang its neck with a variety of votive offerings, in shape of rags, and other et-cetera, of every material and colour, either to bribe or to repay the deified Shirene! The people about call the ledge, or plane, whence I suppose it fell, the musical gallery of Khosroo; and, indeed, it appears of considerable dimensions.'

For the elaborate details of these antiquities, we must again refer our readers to the work. The bas-reliefs, the author has no doubt, were of Sassanian origin: but those of Khosroo Purviz could not have been executed till the fifth century of our æra.

The fertile valley of Kermanshah extends from the town of that name to Senna, the capital of Ardelan, the most southern district of Courdistan; and the delicious streams of the most romantic rivers water this exquisite garden of the world. This luxuriance attracted the sovereigns of Persia in the earliest ages, and here were erected the palaces in which they reposed from the toils of government and the cares of state. It has never been visited by famine; and its abundance in every necessary of life may be estimated by the fact mentioned by Sir R. P. that his party consisting of ten persons, with twelve horses, and several mules, did not cost him more than three reals per diem, (about half a crown,) for the subsistence of the whole. Its inhabitants are, generally speaking, Courds. Kermanshah is a handsome city, situated on a south-western slope of the mountains, in latitude  $34^{\circ} 26'$  N., and is the capital of the district over which Mahmoud Ali Mirza, the Shah's eldest son, is the governor. It is famous for the manufacture of fire-arms, as well as of carpets of exquisite fabric, and has a population of about 15,000 families, including Christians and Jews. The pasha of Bagdad pays the prince-governor nearly 30,000 tomauns by way of annual tribute. Abbas Mirza, the youngest son of the Shah, is nominated his successor, to the exclusion of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, the eldest son; the mother of the latter not having being one of the legal queens of Persia, but a concubine-slave. Sir R. P. conceives that the throne of Persia must, from the character of the latter prince, become the subject of a bloody contention.

' On the day for naming the successor, all the royal brothers, with the ministers and great khans, were present; and when the king presented Abbas Mirza to them as their sovereign, every soul bowed the head of submission, excepting Mahmoud Ali Mirza, and



and he told his royal father, that while he lived, he would acknowledge no other sovereign than himself; then laying his hand on his sword, he added sternly, "After that, *this* shall decide who is to be the king of Persia."

'The intrepidity of such frankness marks the character of this prince. He is proud, ambitious, daring, and invincibly brave, but he is despotic and severe, rather holding the affections of those about him by awe than attachment. His military talents have been tried on more than one occasion, in conflicts with the troops of the Pasha of Bagdad; the results of which have shewn his powers for negociation and political intrigue, by the advantages to himself which he always derived from these differences. He has now fixed a tribute on the Pasha, and maintains a sovereign influence over all the considerable chiefs of that part of Courdistan which appertains to the pashalick. The boldness and command of such a character is very striking; and we see in it iron qualities, well adapted to the government of so wild a country as the most part of southern Persia; power to use, or to hold in check, those predatory and turbulent spirits which obey no law but the sword. But these, perhaps essential dispositions to controul an almost determinately barbarous people, would crush the growing progress of civilization in the northern part of the empire; which requires the bland influence of gentleness, goodness, liberality, and bravery wedded to mercy, to foster that country into what it promises. And between two such opposite characters as those I have just sketched, the contest will lie. The power of Mahmoud Ali Mirza, whenever he chooses to exert it, may be considered formidable, from the extent and nature of the country under his jurisdiction. It embraces almost the whole of the Louristan mountains, even so far to the south-east as where they nearly touch the head of the Persian Gulf; and bending round in the line of the Ziloon hills, it includes the province of Khuzistan; whence it runs north-west by Mount Zagros, till bounded by the province of Ardelan; a part of Courdistan, under the rule of the Waly of Senna. Hamadan touches it on the north-east. And thus it may be said to hold within its influence two of the most ancient capitals of the Persian empire; Ecbatana of the Medes, and Susa of Elam, or Susiana. Besides, from the numerous rivers which flow through the extensive valleys of these numerous districts, this may be esteemed the most productive government in the kingdom; fruitful in every aliment of life, and abundant in life itself, by producing multitudes of warlike tribes, Courdish, Bactiari, Fielly, &c., who are by turns husbandmen, soldiers, or robbers. In the hands of such a prince as Mahmoud Ali, these are formidable resources.'

Leaving this city, the party took the great road to Bagdad, and, crossing the mountainous frontier of Persia, entered the far-famed land of Assyria. Their first lodging within the Turkish dominions was the spacious Khaun of Pool-i-Zohaub, Khaun being the Turkish appellation for a caravansera; and  
here

here they fell in with a numerous troop of Mussulmaun pilgrims :

‘ After having entered the khaun of the Pool-i-Zohaub, my first lodging beyond the territories of the great king, and took (taken) my station under the vaulted roof of the spacious recess appointed for my quarters, I seated myself on my carpet close to the open side of my apartments to enjoy the air, and the busy amusing scene before me. The cell-like ranges of the arcades which lined the building, and the square in the centre, were filled with multitudes of persons of every Asiatic hue, dress, and calling ; Turks, Persians, Arabs, Courds, and Indians, being the component parts of this pilgrim army ; and the variety of their costume, manners, and occupations, produced groups the most singular, and often grotesque, imagination can conceive. Some were cooking, others praying ; some feeding their lean cattle, others their hungry selves ; here sat a group furbishing their fire-arms ; there clusters of people smoking, drinking coffee, or sleeping. In one place stood mules and horses, mingled with men and baggage ; in another lay coffins, women, and children. But, if we may judge from appearances, my old acquaintances, the Persians, male and female, in this expedition, intended most to mortify the flesh ; for while the pilgrims of other nations were at least decently clad, the *sackcloth* of these was rags, and for *ashes*, they had an ample complement of every other species of dirt. Having gone carelessly on, under such loathsome garments during the march, when they halted for refreshment, many of the men, without regard to those about them, stripped themselves to the skin, and sat crouching and naked like a circle of brahmins. The motive for this state of nature was to have free chace for the infinity of vermin, which covers their unchanged garments like dust on the ground ; and as they never destroy what they discover, but throw them down, the flooring of any place of their rest seldom fails swarming like the “ quarters of Egypt.” Fleas, too, are met with in all the caravansaries, skipping about in myriads ; and as whirlwinds are frequent at the close of the day, these creatures literally come in clouds, mingled with chaff and dust ; and entering the open recesses, fill every nook and dwelling-hole destined to shelter the passing guest. Water, frequent changes and inspection of apparel, and constant watchfulness, must be the unremitted guards of the European traveller ; else these disgusting annoyances would soon be found the most formidable evil of an Asiatic journey.

‘ There is an establishment at Pool-i-Zohaub, planted by the pasha of Bagdad, to receive the tax levied on pilgrims and caravans. It is exacted at the rate of a Persian panabad (equivalent to sixpence) for each beast of burthen ; and an abbassy (five-pence) per head, for each individual. I enquired how many persons had passed this entrance into the pashalick this year, and was informed ten thousand. This statement is correct, since it came from those in the immediate receipt of the custom. The revenue his Highness receives from these sources is considerable. But the troops by Pool-i-Zohaub not being the only stream of devotees which

seek



seek the holy shrines, it is his interest to yield them every reasonable facility in crossing his dominions, that he may induce some of the many thousands who pour towards the sacred territories by the ways of Courdistan to pass through the pashalick of Bagdad. Indeed, his treasury is greatly augmented, and his capital enriched, by the vast sums of money expended annually by these wandering bands under the walls of his city.'

We regret that we cannot linger with the traveller amid the ruins of Kesra-Shirene, nor abridge his extended relation of the attack of the Arab banditti on the pilgrims whose party he had joined. The short distance which he had already travelled within the boundary of Irak Arabi, so called by the Persians to distinguish it from Irak Ajem the north-eastern district of their own country, presented a remarkable difference in the character both of the country and its inhabitants. The latter are of the same sect (of Omar) as the Turks. — On the 9th of October, the thermometer was at 95° in the shade. The Samiell, or Simoom, has been often described: but we think that the accounts of this pestilential wind, here presented to us, are highly picturesque:

October 9th. — My people were still too ill to-day to give any signs of speedy amendment; and in order to while away my anxiety in this untoward detention, I sent for the master of the khaun, to make some enquiries respecting the country and its inhabitants. He told me, that they consider October the first month of the autumn, and feel it delightfully cool in comparison with July, August, and September; for that during forty days of the two first named summer-months, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. Its title is very appropriate, being called the Samiell or Baude Semoon, the pestilential wind. It does not come in continued long currents, but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. None dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and, appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the threatened mischief. Though hostile to human life, it is so far from being prejudicial to the vegetable creation, that a continuance of the Samiell tends to ripen the fruits. I enquired what became of the cattle during such a plague, and was told they seldom were touched by it. It seems strange that their lungs should be so perfectly insensible to what seems instant destruction to the breath of man, but so it is, and they are regularly driven down to water at the customary times of day, even when the blasts are at the severest. The people who attend them are obliged to plaister their own faces, and other parts of the body usually exposed to the air, with a sort of muddy clay, which in general protects them from its most malignant effects. The periods of the wind's blowing are generally from noon till sun-

sunset; they cease almost entirely during the night; and the direction of the gust is always from the north-east. When it has passed over, a sulphuric and indeed loathsome smell, like putridity, remains for a long time. The poison which occasions this smell must be deadly; for if any unfortunate traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast, he falls immediately; and in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other. When we listen to these accounts, we can easily understand how the Almighty, in whose hands are all the instruments of nature, to work even the most miraculous effects, might, by this natural agent of the Samiell brought from afar, make it the brand of death by which the destroying angel wrought the destruction of the army of Sennacherib. Mine host also told me, that at the commencement of November the nights begin to be keen; and then the people remove their beds from their airy and star-lit canopies at the tops of their houses, to the chambers within; a dull but comfortable exchange when the winter advances, the cold being frequently at an excess to freeze the surface of the water in their chamber-jars; but almost as soon as the sun rises, it turns to its liquid state again. Some of this modifying coolness I should have been most glad of, at the time we were discoursing of it; to check the progress of the fever, which I now began to fear would detain us much longer under the speaker's roof than I had finances to pay for his entertainment. Sedak was ill, but my Russian so much worse, that, besides my uneasiness respecting the consumption in our purse, I felt an increasing anxiety to proceed at any risk of present annoyance, rather than remain so totally out of the reach of real medical aid for the poor souls now painfully dependent on my slender skill, and failing means; for the lack began to extend to my medicine-chest.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. II. *A Treatise on Thorough-Bass, for Beginners*, composed and dedicated to Mr. J. B. Cramer, by J. Gourdez. Folio. 12s. Rutter and M'Carthy, Bond-Street. 1822.

ART. III. *Practical Hints for acquiring Thorough-Bass*, by F. J. Klose. 4to. 7s. Boards. Ollier. 1822.

THE difficulty of teaching thorough-bass, which may be styled the science of practical harmony, has been felt by every sincere lover of music; and accordingly it has been too frequently considered to be a pursuit rather for those who follow the art as a profession, than for those who cultivate it as an elegant accomplishment. This is an unfortunate error. If music be not allowed her place among the imitative arts, and be deemed merely an instrument of affecting the senses, it is obvious that, the better it is understood, the more perfect

will be the pleasure which it ministers. Every attempt, therefore, to facilitate the study of its principles, is intitled to attention, if not to gratitude; for, although music is at present so prevailing an accomplishment that we can scarcely enter a house in the kingdom in which we do not find either a harp or a piano-forte, we much question whether it is half so well *understood* now as it was fifty or even a hundred years ago.

How is this fascinating art taught at places of education? Purcel, Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, and the works of the great patriarchs of the science, are banished from the music-desk, in order to give place to an equivocal race of modern productions; in which dexterity of hand and expertness of finger are substituted for that sweetness and harmony, which are to be found only in what are now set aside as antiquated compositions. “It is very difficult,” said a lady to Dr. Johnson, anxious to shew off her daughter’s musical proficiency, while she executed a long lesson. “Is it, Madam?” replied the Doctor, “I wish that it was impossible.” How often have we breathed the same vow, when an accomplished Miss has been handed to the instrument, and we have had before our view the appalling prospect of a long and difficult piece of execution, which good breeding required us to hear not merely with patience but with applause! Yet the rapid and skilful performance of these lessons is far from implying the power of executing better and older music. Very few young ladies, who have been taught to this degree of instrumental execution, are able so much as to count the time, or even *understand the subject* of Purcel, or Handel, or Corelli, or Abel. They cannot even read the tenor-cliff; and indeed this would be exacting too much from a boarding-school girl, who delights her mamma and her aunts at the vacations with the miracles of her musical powers. For this reason, in modern compositions, ledger-lines are introduced, in order to reduce every composition to two parts only, the treble and the bass.

Nothing is more perplexing than this revolution of musical taste. It is not the advance from what was good to something better, but a deplorable transition from what was eminently beautiful to that which is mere trash and absurdity. What can be more varied, if variety alone be consulted, than the works of Handel, who has excelled in every species of composition but a catch and a canon? It is little less absurd, than in a course of classical instruction it would be to neglect Virgil and Horace for Lucan and Statius. If a better taste should revive among us, so desirable a change will be the effect only of a more scientific system of musical education; and, to facilitate this object, parents ought in our opinion to set themselves

selves seriously to consider whether girls, in order to learn dexterity of finger, are not put down to the instrument at much too early an age, and before their understandings can comprehend the fundamental principles of the art; thus becoming nimble performers, with the sacrifice of every other qualification requisite for excelling in it. — To the father, perhaps, one consideration arising out of the subject may be more effectually addressed; for he, poor gentleman, has to give the check on his banker when the first piano is purchased. This, however, soon becomes obsolete and useless; and a new one is deemed necessary, with additional keys for the gradually increasing scale of modern compositions: an extravagant innovation, the practice of the old masters having shewn the old scale to be sufficient. Here we see one of the consequences of teaching a brilliant and rapid execution!

The treatise which stands first at the head of the present article ~~de-ranks~~ among the most useful elementary works with which we are acquainted. It does not, indeed, profess to go farther than impart the requisite knowledge 'for accompanying well;' a rare accomplishment, to which a familiar acquaintance with thorough-bass is absolutely necessary, and to which those who have learned to perform very astonishing tricks of mere execution are for the most part shamefully incompetent. The author has succeeded in this object. His classification of the chords is skilful and correct; and his instructions in general are communicated in simple and intelligible language.

Elementary works, however, ought to begin with a clear definition of the art which is to be taught; and here, in our opinion, we discover a slight defect in the treatise of Mr. Gourdez. A compendious definition fixes in the mind the general and specific purposes of a science, and is easily retained in the memory. For instance, there would be nothing unintelligible to young scholars in such a description of the science as the following: Thorough-bass is the art of producing *at the same time* and on *one* instrument (for instance, the piano-forte) a complete harmony, comprizing the several parts of bass, tenor, counter-tenor, and treble. The figures which represent it are a species of short-hand \* designed to express all that is contained in a full score; by means of which the several parts are placed on separate staves, and room is saved

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\* This admirable invention was discovered in 1605, by Ludovico Vindana, organist of Fano, a small city in the Venetian states. Basses, however, had begun to be figured so early as 1597.

by making one stave serve the purposes of the four parts, without writing them separately and at full length.

The same defect of definition occurs in the author's first chapter, on the notes of the octave scales and intervals. The Greek etymology, indeed, gives but a slight idea of what is meant by the *diatonic* scale: but it would have been well to remind the learner that it was so called by the antients, in contradistinction to the chromatic and the enharmonic, because it proceeds by whole tones, or from whole tone to whole tone. Mr. Gourdez dismisses the chromatic scale too hastily. Not that this intricate and perplexed scale is applicable to modern music, which retains and requires only the diatonic scale, but that the term "chromatic" is in daily use among musicians, and signifies that species of music which consists of harsh passages arising from the intervention of discordant notes, which are semi-tones to each other, and too near to fall into the distances of harmonic proportions; a signification which would not be very intelligible, unless we previously understood what the chromatic scale originally was.

We have again to point out a similar omission in the chapter on the chords, and would suggest to Mr. Gourdez some such preliminary intimation as this: Thorough-bass produces its effect by striking the bass-note with the left hand, and accompanying it with the rest of the notes, struck by the right hand. This combination of harmony is called a chord, because all notes may be produced on the same string of a violoncello, by stopping it at different places, according to their several proportions and relations; the only difference between producing them on a string, and on a keyed instrument in thorough-bass, is that in the former case they are sounded in succession, and in thorough-bass at the same time.

We have always lamented that writers on thorough-bass compute the notes relative to the bass-note upwards. Mr. Gourdez, however, is not blameable in following the practice of his predecessors, because no character has yet been invented to distinguish the upward or downward computation, by which the connection of the two notes is ascertained. It is in truth an inconvenient method; for the just proportion of the relation is thus entirely lost, and the note that is required is designated by a numerical figure, which does not correspond to its natural relation. To explain ourselves, we will instance the chord 2, 4, 6, which is actually the inversion of 3, 5, 7, or the dissonant chord: now this method of reckoning does not convey the exact fact that this is the discordant chord reversed, computing backwards from the octave above, instead of upwards from the bass-note. And that the  
sixth

sixth is by consequence one-third below the octave, the fourth two-thirds, (which makes it a fifth to the bass-note or octave, a third to the third, and a fifth to the second,) and the second three-thirds, which makes it a fifth to the third, and a third to the fifth.

In his next edition, we would advise the author to be more attentive to the correctness of the engraving; and we should in general recommend that treatises on music be executed in letter-press, on account of the greater facility of correcting typographical errors than on copper-plates.

The 'Practical Hints' of Mr. Klose contain also much excellent matter, and form perhaps the completest system of *mechanical* instruction that we possess: such as, if diligently practised, will be sufficient, with a certain previous knowledge of music, to enable the student to read and execute thorough-bass accompaniments with facility. The author confines himself to the practical part of the science, disclaiming all intention of bewildering his readers in the intricate mazes of theory and composition. He begins with intervals, and illustrates his precepts with easy and obvious lessons: he then considers the chords, commencing with the common chord; and he suggests a most useful practice, which we sincerely concur in recommending; viz. 'a music-slate, on which the student is to transcribe the basses, and fill up the treble from memory; then compare them with the original, make the requisite corrections, rub them out, and re-write them, until there is not the slightest hesitation in repeating what is necessary to be committed to memory, or in executing that part which should be played upon the piano.' — We cannot speak with too much commendation of Mr. K.'s fifth chapter; which contains easy and familiar instructions on the practice of taking a common chord with the right hand, different from the bass-note.

We conclude this article with again recommending the short manual of the rules of the thorough and figured bass, by the lamented Dr. Beckwith of Norwich, which we presented to our readers in our Number for November, 1821, p. 275.



**ART. IV. *An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language*, in which the Words are explained in the Order of their natural Affinity independent of alphabetical Arrangement; and the Signification of each is traced from its Etymology, the present meaning being accounted for, when it differs from its former Acceptation: the whole exhibiting, in one continued Narrative, the Origin, History, and modern Usage of the existing Vocabulary of the English Tongue; to which are added an Introduction, containing a new Grammar of the Language, and an alphabetical Index, for the Ease of Consultation. By David Booth. Part I. 4to. 7s. 6d. Boards. Hunter. 1822.**

**I**N the year 1805, the learned projector of this ‘Analytical Dictionary’ first announced and explained his plan of classing English words by their roots, and of defining and illustrating in a separate groupe each family of allied terms. Thus, after the etymon *court*, would follow the substantives *courtier* and *courtesan*, the adjectives *courteous* and *uncourtly*, the verb *to court*, the adverbs *courteously* and *uncourteously*, and all other remoter descendants from the same stock, with whatever prefixes or affixes they may have been formed. The internal derivation of the language is by these means rendered visible, its resources for farther propagation are indicated, and its many redundancies are exposed.—In 1808, we believe, some addition to the original prospectus was published, under the title of an *Introduction to the Analytical Dictionary*; which displayed much curious grammatical knowledge, and attempted to discriminate the various formative syllables that our tongue employs to modify the signification of words, or to transmute them into other parts of speech. Substantives are formed by means of the syllables *er, or, head, or hood, ship, y, ery, wick, rick, dom, ian, al, ment, age, ness, kin, ling, oon, th, tude, ity, &c.* as maker, governor, widowhood, partnership, brewery, slavery, bailiwick, bishoprick, kingdom, musician, removal, commandment, hermitage, whiteness, lambkin, witling, balloon, width, amplitude, virginity, &c.—Adjectives are formed by means of the syllables, *y, en, ful, less, some, ly, ish, able, &c.* as healthy, hempen, beautiful, joyless, toilsome, manly, childish, answerable, &c.—Adverbs are formed by means of the syllables, *ly, s, &c.* as virtuously, besides, &c.—Verbs are formed by means of the syllables, *for, out, under, over, fore, fy, &c.* as forsake, outdo, undergo, overtake, forewarn, deify, &c.; also by means of literal changes, as from *to fall, to fell, from to beat, the frequentative, to batter, &c.*

By the careful enumeration of such formative inflections, and by the exact definition of each, a method of enriching the

the language without additional burden to the memory is pointed out. The following substantives, if not already extant, would be intelligible, because regularly formed. Forsaker, Misgovernor, Girlhood, Chandlery, Sheriffwick, Queen-dom, Dictionarian, Disapproval, Dischargement, Percentage, Pinkness, Writerling, Lagoon, Silth, Dispiritude, Geniality, Mortalism, &c.; and a like extension of the application of adjectival, of adverbial, and of verbal inflections would supply the means of coining in legal dies a great number of words hitherto unused. Neology, however, ought not to be pursued for its own sake, but only when the extant terms of the language are defective or not precise, and when a definite and convenient expression can thus be introduced in their stead. Almost all obsolescent words will be found to be faulty in their formation, or vague in their signification.

Mr. Booth is likely to render an important service to the English language, by facilitating an orderly and comparative survey of the roots and analogies chiefly in use. He places under the seed-word or stem-root of the pedigree, every one of the kindred words which have branched directly from it, or from the collateral synonyms adopted out of strange languages. Thus, under the head *Man*, we find not only the words *woman*, *manly*, *manliness*, *manhood*, *manful*, *mankind*, *man-hater*, *man-eater*, *mannikin*, to *unman*, &c., but also the words *male*, *female*, *human*, *homicide*, *virility*, *virtue*, *philanthropy*, *anthropophagite*; all the derivatives from the roots *homo*, *vir*, and *ανθρωπος*, being placed with those of their English synonyms. By these means, the duplicates and triplicates contained in our mongrel dialect are rendered obvious to attention: but it is satisfactory to observe how few of them are redundant terms, and how generally some distinct association of idea adheres to words originally formed in a parallel manner from roots of like meaning. *Freedom* and *liberty*, *happiness* and *felicity*, may not materially differ in signification: but *virility* and *manhood* do, and perhaps *man-hater* and *misanthrope*.

We can in no way so well unfold to our readers the author's peculiar plan, as by first transcribing nearly entire one of the principal articles.

' The word MAN, with a slightly varied orthography, or pronunciation, is common to all the Gothic dialects. It is the general name of the species, and, if unaccompanied with any mark of sexual distinction, and confined to an individual, it signifies that which is held pre-eminent — *the male* — the same as in many other animals: — the Horse, for instance, is the name of the species, including both sexes: but the same word Horse signifies also the male,



male, while another word, *Mare*, is appropriated to the female. In the Anglo-Saxon, or old English, *WIFE* was the general denomination of the human female. It was applied even to a Maiden. *WOMAN* is now used, (which was formerly *Wifman*) and the word *Wife* is confined, by modern usage, to denote a *married Woman*. The word *Man* has undergone an opposite change. It once signified a *married Man*, as it still does in Scotland, and in some of the dialects of Germany, where *Man* and *Wife* are correlative. In modern English, however, it is solely applicable to the species in general, or to the male in particular.

Every fundamental word may originate an extensive number of compounds. Every object, or thing, may have various qualities, or modes of operation: thus, from *MAN*, we have *MANFUL*, *MANFULLY*, *MANFULNESS*, *MANLY* or *MANLIKE*, *MANLINESS*, or *MANHOOD*. They express the various qualities of *Man*, as he ought to be; and they may be varied, or extended, at the pleasure of the writer. We have also its compounds with words in use, as well as with terminations: we have *MANEATER*, *MANHATER*, *MANKIND*, (the *kind* or *race* of man,) *MANKILLER*, or *MANSLAYER*, and *MANSLAUGHTER*. *MANNIKIN*, the diminutive, is a *little Man*. The word *MONKEY* is supposed to be from the same source; — it is the name of an animal that, in some degree, resembles, but is *less* than *Man*. The verb *to MAN* is used in a peculiar manner: a Ship of War is termed a *MAN OF WAR*, and *to Man* is to fill her with Men. *To UNMAN* is to deprive one of the properties of *Man*. *UNMANLY*, or *UNMANLIKE*, is applied to designate conduct unworthy of a *Man*. *WOMAN* has the compounds *WOMANHOOD*, or *WOMANHEAD*, *WOMANHATER*, *WOMANKIND*, *WOMANISH*, and *WOMANLY*. Shakespear uses the verb *to WOMAN*, in different senses, which are easily understood, in every case, from the other words with which the phrase is connected.

Such were the variations of the primitive words of the English tongue, previous to the introduction of foreign compounds with which it is now inundated. It was a spoken, long before it was a written, language; and those, who first attempted to mark, by characters, its fleeting sounds, were previously initiated into the literature of Greece and Rome. It is hence that our language contains numerous compounds, of which the component words are unknown to the mere English scholar. They express nothing better than could have been done by the language of our earlier ancestors; but here we find them, and we must write now, as those before us have written. There is this difference, however, between the compounds of words that are separately used, and those which belong to a stranger language, that, in the former, we may multiply the compounds at pleasure, while, in the latter, we are limited to the usage of those who introduced them. What we here mention will become more obvious as we advance.

*MALE* and *FEMALE* are never used but to indicate the gender. They are merely *He* and *She*; and are applied to every animal as well as to *Man*. The Latin *Mas* signifies *Male*. The French is *Masle*, where the *s* is silent. Our possessive, *MASCU-*

LINE (Latin *Masculus*) is of the *Male* kind, in opposition to FEMININE. MASCULINELY and MASCULINENESS are in the Dictionaries, but have seldom been used. The verb TO EMASCULATE is to deprive of any property peculiar to the *Male*; and hence EMASCULATION is the production of Effeminacy of mind, as well as the action of castration. EFFEMINACY is the once *Masculine* reduced to *Womanhood*. TO EFFEMINATE is to render *feminine* or *womanish*; and EFFEMINATELY is in a *womanish* manner. These are never applied except to the mind. EFFEMINATION for Effeminacy is obsolete.

‘ Among the Romans, HOMO was equivalent to our word Man, in its general sense, including both sexes. It was likewise occasionally applied to the male sex. VIR is englished by the word Man, but it was limited to the *Male* of the species, and was, like their *Mas* and our *Male*, also applicable to animals. We have compounds from both these Latin words (*Homo* and *Vir*) expressing the same ideas that we might otherwise denote by combinations of the word Man; but limited, as foreign compounds always are, to a partial application: — thus, HOMICIDE, from *cadere*, to kill, is a Mankiller, as also the name of the action, Manslaughter. HOMICIDAL is the adjective. HUMAN is belonging to Man in general. HUMANE, the same word, varied in the orthography of modern times, is the being possessed of the feelings of commiseration, which are supposed to be peculiar to Man. INHUMAN is its opposite, and differs from BRUTAL in this only, that the cruelty of the disposition, or conduct, expressed by the word, is conceived to be inherent in the form of *Man*. When we apply the latter term, we, in imagination, transform the Man into a Brute. — HUMANITY is the general state of man compared with other Beings. It is also the state of being *humane*. HUMANITY is, therefore, used as an abstract term for both the adjectives. It is equivalent to *human-ness* as well as *humaneness*. INHUMANITY is limited to the state of being *Inhuman*. SUPERHUMAN is simply above human. To HUMANIZE is to render *humane*. HUMANLY, HUMANELY, and INHUMANLY, are the adverbs. The HUMANKIND is opposed to other races of Beings.’ —

‘ From *Vir* we have VIRAGO, a Woman whose *actions* are rudely masculine. We have also VIRILE, Manly, and VIRILITY, Manhood, in opposition to Womanhood and Childhood. But there are many other words which, though not immediately, are probably derived from the same source: whether the Latin *Vis* (with its plural *Vires*), *strength* or *power*, originated the word *Vir*, expressing the *Male* of animals; or that the word, expressive of power, was derived from the superior strength of the masculine gender, we can hardly determine. They are doubtless, however, intimately connected. The Latin VIRTUS (our VIRTUE) signifies Manhood. It also denotes what is valuable in every thing to which it can be applied. The highest qualities of Man, among the Romans, were courage and strength; and to these the word *Virtus* more immediately referred. Modern times have attended to other Virtues. We now speak of the Virtues of Moderation, — of Candour,

dour, — of Benevolence, &c.; and, in general, of every kind that renders Man valuable to Man. When we mention the word in general, we apply to *that virtue* which we judge to be the greatest in the Being to whom it belongs. When we hear of a VIRTUOUS Man, we now think of one who benefits his species by the softer acts of kindness; while, in the heroic ages, when the happiness of a people depended on the prowess of an individual, the palm of *Virtue* was destined to the Conqueror of nations. Chastity and an attention to the decorums of domestic life are, now, the marked Virtues of Women. They were of a sterner kind that constituted the praise of the Roman Matrons. These distinctions, however, are merely those of time and circumstance, — of age or of clime. The true definition of VIRTUE is unalterable. It is that power, the exertion of which is useful to others, whatever it may be. In this sense we apply it to what are termed inanimate things. We speak of the Virtue of a Plant, or of a Medicine, meaning its useful power or efficacy. But neither in this case, nor in that of Animals, do we use the term VIRTUOUS, as a quality of mental merit: in this view the adjective is applied solely to the benevolent intention, and consequent action, of the *human* mind. Merit is allowed only in our own species. In every thing else *Virtue* is power. VIRTUALITY (with its adjective and adverb, VIRTUAL and VIRTUALLY) expresses inherent power, — an energy capable of being exerted. In old authors, whether French or English, the spelling is VERTUE, and the word is often used, literally, for *bodily strength*. VIRTUOUSLY is the adverb, and VIRTUOUSNESS is in the Dictionaries.' —

'ANTHROPOS, the Greek word for Man in general, furnishes us with a few compounds. Combined with *Phago*, I eat, we have ANTHROPOPHAGI, Man-eaters; and with *Morphos*, form or appearance, we have ANTHROPOMORPHITES, a name given to those who suppose the Deity to have the form of a Man. From *Miseo*, I hate, and *Phileo*, I love, we have MISANTHROPY and PHILANTHROPY, — names for the feelings of hatred and of love to mankind; while MISANTHROPE and PHILANTHROPIST designate the persons that may respectively possess those feelings. MISANTHROPIC and PHILANTHROPIC are the adjectives. MISANTHROPY in general, — a hatred of *all* mankind; but such a state of mind seldom, if ever, exists. What has been mistaken as such is a hatred of society; for which we want a specific name, but which may exist along with a love for individuals.'

It will be perceived from this specimen that the author does not invade the province of the synonymist, but confines himself to that of the grammarian: for instance, he does not discriminate between *manhood* and *manliness*, which are so derived that they might stand for one another, but are so used that they must not be confounded: *manhood* being applied to *physical*, and *manliness* to *moral* virility. It is here said that *effeminacy* is never applied except to the mind: but this is  
inexact;

inexact; Lord Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, two of the finest of our writers, having applied it otherwise. *Human-kind* ought not to be written as a single word; because adjectives do not compound with substantives. — The word *Monkey* is here classed as a diminutive of man, which is possible: but this supplies a pretext for including in the same section the wholly disconnected words *ape* and *baboon*. The word *Moon*, again, is with great improbability derived by Mr. Booth from *man*, as if it were called the *man of the heavens*. Adelung deduces the term from an etymon signifying *bright*; perhaps, like the Latin *luna*, which is connected with *lunare*, to bend, *moon* is connected with *manan*, to bend: whence *maund*, a basket. Grüter thinks that it is the same word with *mund*, as if it were the *mouth* of heaven.

A few observations of detail, — we will not call them objections, — may perhaps be allowable. Under the head *to recollect*, it deserved notice that, when this word signifies *to gather again*, it is pronounced re-collect, but, when it is used as signifying *to remember*, it is pronounced recollect. Under the head *heathen*, is placed *heath*, a wild tract of land: but we incline to refer these two words to distinct roots, and to derive the former from the Greek *ἔθνος*, and the latter from the German *heyde*, the erica of the botanists. The word *launch* is explained under the head *stock*, with which it has no etymological connection. These excursions give a desultory character to the commentary. *Jury-mast* is ingeniously deduced from *injury-mast*, which, in the collateral Gothic dialect, is called a *need-mast*.

On the whole, this first part of the Dictionary supplies valuable and even agreeable reading. In natural history the author seems well skilled: but less, we think, in etymology; and perhaps he talks too much at length about many things which have not a philological bearing, and is too prone to decide authoritatively on the preference of words, without giving his reasons. For instance, at p. 68., he says that vegetativeness, for vegetability, is out of use; neither word is very common, but we believe the former to be more adopted than the latter. *Ness* is one of those formative syllables that are so wholly naturalized as to combine, which few of our grammatical syllables will, both with words of Gothic and with words of Latin descent. We write *facetiousness*, *delicateness*, *communicativeness*, and may consequently write *vegetativeness*. In general, Gothic roots must be inflected with Gothic formative syllables, and Latin roots with Latin formative syllables; otherwise, a hybrid word is formed, which the instinct of the language ultimately rejects.

We are persuaded that Mr. Booth, in the progress of his task, will acquire a severer method of grouping his words; and we think that he would do well to separate his etymologicon into distinct short chapters. In the present form of the composition, the reader saunters pleasantly enough from *men* to *maggots*, and from *metaphysics* to *salad*: but there is a teasing incoherence of the several fragments, which lie strown about like rubbish, not cemented together in a regular building. Much good sense, however, pervades the scattered observations; which have the merit of great variety, and display an extensive familiarity with the prominent writers in the language.

ART. V. *Specimens of the American Poets*; with Critical Notices, and a Preface. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Allman. 1822.

WE had occasion a short time ago to notice some important works published on the other side of the Atlantic, and we then took the opportunity of discussing at some length the merits of American literature, and particularly of their poetry.\* The present volume contains a selection from the principal tracts on which we then commented, and others; and the selection, as well as the elegant preface by which it is introduced, does great credit to the judgment and taste of the editor. The reader will find the happiest passages in Pierpont's *Airs of Palestine*, Paulding's *Backwoodsman*, and Eastburn's *Yamoyden*, here extracted; accompanied by select pieces of Dabney, Maxwell, and Bryant, and a miscellany of anonymous and fugitive poems. In short, this little duodecimo is the essence of many long and tedious volumes, carefully distilled; yet we must confess that even in this abridgment many parts might bear farther refinement and reduction. With Mr. Pierpont's merits and demerits our readers are well acquainted.† The following is a favorable specimen of Mr. Paulding's *Backwoodsman*; which is written with a spirit and an originality that please us much better than the prevailing styles of our trans-Atlantic brethren, which are nothing more than echoes of Byron, Moore, and Scott:

‘ In truth it was a landscape wildly gay  
That 'neath his lofty vision smiling lay;  
A sea of mingling hills, with forests crown'd,  
E'en to their summits, waving all around,  
Save where some rocky steep aloft was seen,  
Frowning amid the wild romantic scene,

\* See Monthly Review, N. S. vol. xciii. pp. 131. and 299.

† Ibid. vol. lxxxviii. p. 206.

Around whose brow, where human step ne'er trode,  
Our native Eagle makes his high abode ;  
Oft in the warring of the whistling gales,  
Amid the scampering clouds he bravely sails ;  
Without an effort winds the loftiest sky,  
And looks into the sun with steady eye :  
Emblem and patron of this fearless land,  
He mocks the might of any mortal hand,  
And, proudly seated on his native rock,  
Defies the world's accumulated shock.  
Here, 'mid the piling mountains scatter'd round,  
His winding way majestic Hudson found ;  
And as he swept the frowning ridge's base,  
In the pure mirror of his morning face,  
A lovelier landscape caught the gazer's view,  
Softer than nature, yet to nature true.  
Now might be seen, reposing in stern pride,  
Against the mountain's steep and rugged side,  
High Putnam's battlements, like tow'r of old,  
Haunt of night-robbing baron, stout and bold,  
Scourge of his neighbour, Nimrod of the chase,  
Slave of his king, and tyrant of his race.  
Beneath its frowning brow, and far below,  
The weltering waves unheard were seen to flow  
Round West Point's rude and adamant base,  
That call'd to mind old Arnold's deep disgrace,  
Andre's hard fate, lamented, though deserv'd,  
And men who from their duty never swerv'd —  
The honest three — the pride of yeomen bold,  
Who sav'd the country which they might have sold ;  
Refus'd the proffer'd bribe, and, sternly true,  
Did what the man that doubts them ne'er would do.  
Yes ! if the scroll of never-dying fame  
Shall tell the truth, 'twill bear each lowly name ;  
And while the wretched man, who vainly tried  
To wound their honour, and his country's pride,  
Shall moulder in the dirt from whence he came,  
Forgot, or only recollected to his shame,  
Quoted shall be these gallant, honest men,  
By many a warrior's voice, and poet's pen,  
To wake the sleeping spirit of the land,  
And nerve with energy the patriot band.  
Beyond, on either side the river's bound,  
Two lofty promontories darkly frown'd,  
Through which, in times long past, as learned say,  
The pent up waters forc'd their stubborn way ;  
Grimly they frown'd, as menacing the wave,  
That storm'd their bulwarks with its current brave,  
And seem'd to threaten from their shatter'd brow,  
To crush the vessels all becalm'd below,

Whose



Whose white sails, hanging idly at the mast,  
 O'er the still waves a deep reflexion cast.  
 Still farther off, the Kaatskill, bold and high,  
 Kiss'd the pure concave of the arched sky,  
 Mingled with that its waving lines of blue,  
 And shut the world beyond from mortal view.'

We admire the patriotic feeling which breathes through these lines, and the style is vigorous and characteristic.

Yamoyden is a parody or transfusion of Sir Walter Scott, creditable to the imitative powers of the author, then a boy, but without one gleam of originality. A whole canto is here reprinted, we think, unadvisedly. — As specimens of Mr. Dabney's muse, we have on a former occasion quoted his *Heroes of the West*, and his nervous translation of Frugoni's Sonnet on the Banishment of Scipio \*; and our readers may perhaps recollect Mr. Maxwell's lines *à-la-Moore* on Love and Beauty. — Mr. Bryant's poems exhibit much genius; and, if instead of remaining a servile imitator of Lord Byron's style, he would allow his own powers free scope, we think that he gives promise of finer poetry than any that America has yet produced. His *Thanatopsis* is a masterly sketch. We will not apologize for the length of the two following extracts from his poem called *the Ages*, because we think that our readers will be gratified with such specimens of bold conception and animated description.

The first is a retrospect of the struggles of Christianity to disenthrall itself from the incumbrances of superstition.

' Vainly that ray of brightness from above,  
 That shone around the Galilean lake,  
 The light of hope, the leading star of love,  
 Struggled, the darkness of that day to break;  
 Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake  
 In fogs of earth, the pure immortal flame;  
 And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,  
 Were red with blood, and charity became  
 In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.

' They triumph'd, and less bloody rites were kept  
 Within the quiet of the convent cell;  
 The well-fed inmates patter'd prayer, and slept,  
 And sinn'd, and liked their easy penance well.  
 Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,  
 Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,  
 Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell;  
 And cowl'd and barefoot beggars swarm'd the way,  
 All in their convent-weeds, of black, and white, and grey.

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\* See Monthly Review, N. S. vol. xciii. pp. 307. and 309.

- ‘ Oh, sweetly the returning Muses’ strain,  
Swell’d over that fam’d stream, whose gentle tide  
In their bright lap the Etrurian vales detain,  
Sweet, as when winter-storms have ceas’d to chide,  
And all the new leav’d woods, resounding wide,  
Send out wild hymns upon the scented air.  
Lo ! to the smiling Arno’s classic side  
The emulous nations of the West repair,  
And kindle their quench’d urns, and drink fresh spirit there.
- ‘ Still Heaven deferr’d the hour ordain’d to rend  
From saintly rottenness the sacred stole ;  
And cowl and worshipp’d shrine could still defend  
The wretch with felon stains upon his soul ;  
And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole  
Who could not bribe a passage to the skies ;  
And vice beneath the mitre’s kind controul,  
Sinn’d gaily on, and grew to giant size,  
Shielded by priestly power, and watch’d by friendly eyes.
- ‘ At last the earthquake came — the shock that hurl’d  
To earth, in many fragments dash’d and strown,  
The throne whose roots were in another world,  
And whose far stretching shadow aw’d our own.  
From many a proud monastic pile, o’erthrown,  
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rush’d and fled ;  
The web, that for a thousand years had grown  
O’er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread,  
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread.
- ‘ The Spirit of that day is still awake,  
And spreads himself, and shall not sleep again ;  
But through the idle mesh of power shall break,  
Like billows o’er the Asian monarch’s chain,  
Till men are fill’d with him, and feel how vain,  
Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,  
Are all the proud and pompous modes to gain  
The smile of Heaven ; — till a new age expands  
Its white and holy wings, above the peaceful lands.’

The next is a description of America, its natives, and the succession of its present occupiers.

- ‘ Late, from this western shore, that morning chas’d  
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud  
O’er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud  
Sky-mingling mountains that o’erlook the cloud.  
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,  
Trees wav’d, and the brown hunter’s shouts were loud  
Amid the forest ; and the bounding deer  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell’d near.

‘ And



- ‘ And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of him,  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring  
The commerce of the world ; — with tawny limb  
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,  
The savage urg’d his skiff like wild bird on the wing.
- ‘ Then all this youthful paradise around  
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay  
Cool’d by the interminable wood, that frown’d  
O’er mound and vale, where never summer ray  
Glanc’d, till the strong tornado broke his way  
Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild ;  
Yet many a shelter’d glade, with blossoms gay,  
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,  
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smil’d.
- ‘ There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake  
Spread its blue sheet that flash’d with many an oar,  
Where the brown otter plung’d him from the brake,  
And the deer drank : — as the light gale flew o’er,  
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;  
And while that spot, so wild and lone and fair,  
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,  
And peace was on the earth and in the air,  
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there.
- ‘ Not unaveng’d — the foeman, from the wood,  
Beheld the deed ; and when the midnight shade  
Was stillest, gorg’d his battle-axe with blood ;  
All died — the wailing babe — the shrieking maid —  
And, in the flood of fire that scath’d the glade,  
The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,  
When on the dewy woods the day-beam play’d ;  
No more the cabin-smokes rose wreath’d and blue,  
And ever, by their lake, lay moor’d the light canoe.
- ‘ Look now abroad — another race has fill’d  
These populous borders — wide the wood recedes,  
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till’d ;  
The land is full of harvests and green meads ;  
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,  
Shine, disembower’d, and give to sun and breeze  
Their virgin waters ; the full region leads  
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas,  
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.
- ‘ Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place  
A limit to the giant’s unchain’d strength,  
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.  
Far, like the comet’s way through infinite

Stretches the long untravell'd path of light,  
Into the depths of ages : we may trace,  
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,  
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

‘ Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,  
And writhes in shackles ; strong the arms that chain  
To earth her struggling multitude of states ;  
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain  
Against them, but shake off the vampyre train  
That batten on her blood, and break their net.  
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain  
The meed of worthier deeds ; the moment set  
To rescue and raise up, draws near — but is not yet.

‘ But thou my country, thou shalt never fall,  
But with thy children — thy maternal care,  
Thy lavish love, thy blessings shower'd on all —  
These are thy fetters — seas and stormy air  
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,  
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,  
Thou laugh'st at enemies : who shall then declare  
The date of thy deep-founded strength ; or tell  
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell !

Mr. Bryant's translation of the well-known fragment of Simonides is very well executed, with the exception of one or two words. Indeed we must repeat that we entertain high expectations of this author, and shall be really glad to welcome his future productions on this side of the Atlantic.

Among the anonymous poems presented to the English public in the present volume, we do not discover any of very distinguished merit ; and we are rather sorry that a long one of a lighter cast (occupying 50 pages) was introduced. It is intitled *Fanny*, and is written in the style of Beppo and Don Juan. An English edition of it appeared some time ago, and we spoke our sentiments of its merits in our Number for November, 1821.

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ART. VI. *Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the Reign of Charles II. (1669.)* Translated from the Italian Manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence. To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life ; illustrated with a Portrait of his Highness, and Thirty-nine Views of the Metropolis, Cities, Towns, and Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats ; as delineated at that Period by Artists in the Suite of Cosmo. 4to. pp. 506. 4l. 4s. Boards. Mawman.

AMONG all the self-inflictions which superstition and fanaticism, roguery and quackery, ever devised for the punishment of human sin, or to impose on human credulity, we

never yet heard of a man, voluntarily and with malice prepense, tormenting himself with a termagant wife. The bare-backed flagellants may have appeased the vengeance of heaven, and excited the admiration of the world, by scourging themselves with whips and thongs, already dyed, perhaps, in the blood of other victims; and the constant titillation of a horse-hair shirt in this state may merit robes of Paradise in the next. At any rate, however, a man has the liberty to scratch where his skin tickles, and to pull off the shirt if he finds the annoyance too much. Not so with his wife! and this is probably the reason for our never having known any pious personage who took a virago expressly to punish himself for the sins of the flesh, although it sometimes happens that he does catch a Tartar instead of a goddess.

The latter was the case with the hereditary Prince of Tuscany, son of Ferdinand II. and of Vittoria delle Rovere, Duchess of Urbino; and it was from this unfortunate mistake, and to escape from scenes of domestic discord, that young Cosmo, at the suggestion of his father, relinquished the happy climate and polished society of Florence, travelled over Europe, paid a visit to England, and, with the assistance of his secretary the learned Count Lorenzo Magalotti, prepared a manuscript-account of his peregrinations, which now fills two immense folio volumes in the Laurentian library. The union of Ferdinand with Vittoria had also been productive of any thing but happiness, and their disagreement produced a separation which continued for eighteen years: but it was never suffered to outrage the public feeling, all external appearances of respect being carefully preserved.

Prince Cosmo married Margaret Louisa, eldest daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans; a lady of rare beauty and vivacity, highly accomplished, of much natural levity, and who unfortunately fancied that she had a will of her own. The lofty ambition of her father had been disappointed in the expectation which he indulged of seeing his daughter raised to the throne of France, by the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain; and, which was worse, the warm affections of the Princess herself were also thwarted, for she had conceived a violent passion for Prince Charles of Lorraine, when she was induced or compelled by the authority of the King to accept the Tuscan alliance, leaving in his hands at the very time a protest against it. This was a very inauspicious commencement: for, while she gave to Cosmo her hand, she nourished in her heart all the rancour, aversion, and disgust which a compulsory connection under such circumstances is likely to produce. Moreover, Cosmo himself was not of a  
tempera-

temperament and disposition adapted to soften down these asperities of feeling. Cold, haughty, and reserved, his education had alienated him from all occupations of genius, and from the vivacious sports and enjoyments of youth: he had no taste for poetry and music; and he seemed to have no pleasure but in the conversation of priests among whom he had been bred, and in the ceremonies of the Catholic religion.

The arrival at Florence of the favored Prince Charles of Lorraine, a few months after the nuptials of Cosmo, occasioned such an explosion of violence and insult on the part of the Princess towards her husband that, in order to avoid the storm, he set off on his travels through Upper Italy; which were afterward extended through Spain, Portugal, England, and Holland. An elaborate account was kept of all that occurred in these wanderings, accompanied by designs taken on the spot, wherever the royal stranger was received. The journal relative to England is now literally translated, we are told, from the original Italian, *by a distinguished pen*, but the name of him who guided it is withheld; and the drawings are said to be faithfully copied and engraved. It is certainly a curious work, in many parts lively and entertaining; and it is sent forth in a handsome style, as to paper, printing, &c., worthy of the occasion which it commemorates. A prince, however, can have but a partial, and *has* always a flattering, view of the state of society in any country through which he travels, for every thing is seen in its holiday-dress and court-clothes. The higher classes vie with each other in receiving him with splendor and parade, and the lower gaze on him with a mixed feeling of surprize and admiration. On the part of Cosmo, indeed, a very laudable and vigilant curiosity was displayed to make himself acquainted with the history, manners, and municipal state of the various towns which he saw, and much information on these subjects was gathered by his attendants: but the most lively and amusing parts of the narrative are those that describe the scenes and characters which he himself witnessed; and many of these have all the freshness and reality of paintings from nature.

Prince Cosmo landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, through the ignorance of his captain, who mistook the British for St. George's Channel: but he remained there only a day or two, and then sailed for Plymouth; of which he says, 'Plymouth in the last century was a poor *village*, inhabited by fishermen: it is *now* so increased in buildings and population, that it may be reckoned among the best cities of England, having *between twelve and fifteen thousand* inhabitants.' During the late war,

its population, we believe, was upwards of *forty-five thousand* ; exclusive of the extensive town of *Dock*.

It was the wish of the illustrious traveller to preserve as strict an *incognito* as he could ; and, as the dinner-hour at that time was two or three o'clock, and the pleasures of the table were not protracted as they are now, it was his constant practice to get into his carriage *after* dinner, and visit the various parts of the city or its suburbs. The common people of London are represented as giving way to their natural inclination ; and as being proud, arrogant, and uncivil to foreigners, especially the French, for whom they cherished a profound hatred, treating such as came among them with contempt and insult. The nobility are likewise characterized as proud, but courteous, and particularly towards Italians.

‘ The English are men of a handsome countenance and shape, and of an agreeable complexion, which is attributable to the temperature of the climate, to the nature of their food, and to the use of beer rather than wine, and, above all, to the salubrity of the air, which is almost always clear ; that thick atmosphere which is seen from a distance hovering over London not being caused by corrupt vapours, but arising casually from the smoke of the mineral coal from Scotland, which issues from the chimneys, and which the coal, being an oleaginous substance, produces in great quantities.

‘ The women of London are not inferior to the men either in stature or in beauty, for they are all of them handsome, and for the most part tall, with black eyes, abundance of light-coloured hair, and a neatness which is extreme, their only personal defect being their teeth, which are not, generally speaking, very white. They live with all the liberty that the custom of the country authorizes. This custom dispenses with that rigorous constraint and reservedness which are practised by the women of other countries, and they go whithersoever they please, either alone, or in company ; and those of the lower order frequently go so far as to play at ball publicly in the streets. They are very fond of paying respect to foreigners, and in society shew them a vast deal of courtesy and attention. The slightest possible introduction is sufficient to be admitted to their conversation, on the same terms as their countrymen and relations, who, on their parts, behave to them with the greatest modesty, holding female honor in the highest respect and veneration. They do not easily fall in love, nor throw themselves into the arms of men ; but if they are smitten by the amorous passion, they become infatuated, and sacrifice all their substance for the sake of the beloved object, and if he deserts them, they are sunk into great despair and affliction. Their style of dressing is very elegant, entirely after the French fashion, and they take more pride in rich clothes (which are worn of value even by women of the lowest rank) than in precious jewels, all their expense in the latter article being confined to pearls, of which



which they wear necklaces of very great price; consequently, pearls are in great esteem and request in England. They are remarkably well informed in the dogmas of the religion they profess; and when they attend at the discourses of their ministers or preachers, they write down an abridgement of what they say, having in their letters abbreviations, which facilitate to them and to the men also (thanks to their natural quickness and the acuteness of their genius) the power of doing this with rapidity; and this they do that they may afterward avail themselves of it in the controversies and disputes which they hold on religious matters. Such and so great is the respect which the English entertain for their women, that in their houses the latter govern every thing despotically, making themselves feared by the men, courageous as they are on other occasions, and of a most manly spirit, and valiant in war, both by land and sea, to a degree that amounts almost to rashness. The truth of this remark may be seen by recurring to the history of the times when they have been governed by queens, who have reigned over them with an authority that was absolute, and more decided than that of kings themselves.

Something more of the character of the English will elsewhere be found, and of the state of the Apprentices and Police of London:

‘As he was on the road to Hyde Park, his Highness went thither, and having taken a few turns, set off for Whitehall; going to the Queen’s apartments, his Highness was introduced into the bed-chamber, whither her Majesty had retired, on account of her pregnancy, and was amusing herself at play with some ladies. His Highness made his obeisance to her Majesty, and having remained there a short time, before returning home, adjourned to the apartments of the Duchess of York, and thence went home immediately, and supped alone.

‘On the morning of the 19th, when his Highness had finished his devotions and heard mass, he received my Lord Oliver St. John, Earl of Bolingbroke, Sir William Morton, and my Lord John Paulet, Baron Paulet, who had come on a complimentary visit; and after spending some time in conversation with them, set off in his carriage along with Colonel Gascoyne and Sir —— Castiglione, on a tour through the city, and went to see the New Exchange, which is not far from the place of the Common Garden (Covent Garden) in the great street called the Strand. The building has a façade of stone, built after the Gothic style, which has lost its colour from age, and is become blackish. It contains two long and double galleries, one above the other, in which are distributed, in several rows, great numbers of very rich shops of drapers and mercers, filled with goods of every kind, and with manufactures of the most beautiful description. These are, for the most part, under the care of well-dressed women, who are busily employed in work; although many are served by young men, called apprentices, who, in order to qualify themselves for this craft or business, are obliged to serve their master for a certain time, not only in the shop,

shop, but in the house and out of doors, at his discretion ; nor can they claim any exemption, except on certain specified days in the year, on which, being freed from all subjection towards their masters, they do whatever they choose ; and so great is their number, that, in order to prevent the inconveniences which might arise, the government of the city finds it necessary, by a particular provision, to oblige the heads of the houses in every street to keep on foot a certain number of men, armed with spears, at the head of the street, by way of preventing the insolence of the apprentices on the days in which this freedom is allowed them, which are at the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, and some others, according to the custom of the city, for uniting together to the number of ten thousand (and they are supposed to amount to that number or more) they divide themselves into separate parties, and spread over the different quarters of the city, meditating and frequently accomplishing the annoyance of the public, as it may suit their fancy, taking confidence from their numbers, and from the cudgels which they hold in their hands (the carrying any other sort of weapon being prohibited), and this they push to such an extent, that it frequently happens, that the authority of my Lord Mayor has not been able to restrain their headstrong rashness ; and even towards this magistrate they have not unfrequently failed in proper respect, and have treated him with contempt and derision.'

The *incognito* of his Serene Highness being like that of all other princes on their travels, known to every body, he was most cordially received by the King and court, and condescended to accept various invitations to dinner from the nobility, &c., 'following the example of the King and the Duke, who are in the habit of doing the same ; for they are frequently seen in the private houses of gentlemen at dinner and supper, divesting themselves, for the sake of recreation, of that reservedness which is indispensably observed at most other courts, where it is by no means permitted to attend similar entertainments.'

'Wishing to oblige the Earl of Northumberland, who was anxious to partake of the favor which had been shewn to others of his own rank, his Highness consented to let him have the honor of entertaining him at his house ; and accordingly proceeded thither on the 4th, about dinner-time, and was received and welcomed by the Earl with the most distinguished politeness. The entertainment, both in the number and quality of the courses, was quite in conformity with the known liberality of this nobleman ; and many toasts were drank by the guests to the health and happiness of his Highness. In the afternoon, on leaving the Earl of Northumberland's house, his Highness went to look about the city, and afterwards to promenade in Hyde Park. In the evening, he went to Whitehall to the apartments of the Queen, and soon afterwards to St. James's palace, where the Duchess of York resided ; and then returned home.

' On

‘ On the following day a sumptuous dinner was given by the Duke of Buckingham, the King’s principal Master of the Horse, to which his Highness had been previously invited, in conformity to the arrangement made with his Majesty and the Duke ; for the indispensable *incognito* of his Highness did not admit of any public demonstrations of attention. His Highness went there early ; and while he was chatting in a room adjoining the saloon with some noblemen, the King and Duke of York unexpectedly made their appearance, and were received with all due honor and observance, which they acknowledged in the most condescending manner : at the same time they could not forbear noticing his Highness with marked civility and attention ; and that there might be no restraint upon those who were conversing, they both joined the party, and continued talking till dinner was announced. In seating themselves at table, although no distinction of place was observed, yet his Majesty retained on one side of him the Duke of York and on the other side his Highness ; the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Arlington, the Chevalier Castiglione, Colonel Gascoyne, and other gentlemen, whom his Majesty honored by admitting them to the entertainment, sitting round the table.

‘ The table was served in a splendid style, suitable to the rank of the guests and the munificence of the host. Toasts were not forgotten, being considered an indispensable appendage to English entertainment. His Highness began by proposing the King and the royal family, which was three times followed up with loud cheers by all present. His Highness, to do honor to the toast, would have given it standing ; but this his Majesty would not allow, absolutely compelling him to keep his seat. In return for the triple compliment, the King pledged his Highness and the serene house of Tuscany in an equal number of rounds, and at the same time accompanied this act of kindness by taking hold of his Highness’s hand, which he would have kissed ; but the Prince anticipating him, with the greatest promptitude and address kissed that of his Majesty. The King, repeating his toast, wished to shew the same courtesy to his Highness ; but he, withdrawing his hand with the most delicate respect, would not permit it, which his Majesty perceiving, immediately kissed him on the face. The toasts given by his Majesty and his Highness having been thus mutually acknowledged and replied to, a concluding one was proposed, and drank with unbounded applause by the guests — to the intimate union and alliance of the royal house of England and the most serene house of Tuscany.

‘ The tables being now removed, his Majesty arose, and attended by the Duke and his Highness, and followed by the rest of the company, adjourned into the first apartment, where he chatted for a time with his accustomed affability, and then returned to the palace *incognito*, as he had come.’

Cosmo did not think very highly of our English tables, which were distinguished by abundance, but were deficient in quality, and in that exquisiteness of relish which renders the



French dishes grateful to the palate. This was particularly the case with our pastry; which, he said, was grossly made, with a great quantity of spices, and badly baked. He complains also of 'a great want of that neatness and gentility which is practised in Italy; for on the English table there are no forks, nor vessels to supply water for the hands, *which are washed in a basin full of water that serves for all the company; or perhaps at the conclusion of dinner, they dip the end of the napkin into the beaker which is set before each of the guests, filled with water, and with this they clean their teeth and wash their hands.*'

During his residence in England, Cosmo, at the desire of the King, went with him to see the races at Newmarket; whence he proceeded to Cambridge and to Oxford, and took a circuit among the seats of various noblemen in the course of his journeys. His description of the Universities, and of the honors paid to him at each, is very ample and minute: indeed his journal is altogether prepared at the expence of a most vigilant inquiry; and, although the English reader may now pass over much of it with a rapid eye, it must have been deemed and really was at Florence a most curious and interesting repository of information.

After the extracts which we have already given, it may seem a little unreasonable to extend them: but the costliness of the volume, which makes it in a great measure inaccessible to the mass of readers, may render acceptable the introduction of the following account of his Highness's farewell supper:

'At night, his Majesty, who, during the whole time of his Highness's residence at his court, had testified, in the most lively manner, the consideration in which he held him, wished to give a final proof of it by some positive and public demonstration; and for that purpose, on this evening, which preceded the morning fixed for his departure, resolved to sup at the house of his Highness, who had already made the requisite preparations with the utmost splendor and magnificence: going down stairs, therefore, his Majesty re-entered the same carriage which had just before conveyed him and his Highness from Hyde Park to Whitehall, placing beside him in the second place the Duke of York, in the third the Prince, and in the fourth the Duke of Buckingham, and thus proceeded publicly, with trumpets sounding and lighted torches, accompanied by his horse-guards, and attended by the usual retinue of his courtiers and gentlemen, towards his Highness's house, where a crowd of people had assembled in the square out of curiosity to see this procession, which was so much more than usually ceremonious.

'On alighting from the carriage, his Highness, with delicate politeness, wished to offer his Majesty his arm, but the King would not permit it; and alighting, his Majesty, escorted by the noble-

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men and gentlemen of his own court, and those of his Highness's court, who stood waiting for him at the door of the house, proceeded towards the upper apartments, along with the Duke and the Prince, who, to shew greater respect to his royal guest, kept rather behind him. The staircase was lighted by torches, which were carried before and close to his Majesty. He was preceded by one of his Highness's gentlemen with a candle, and when he reached the saloon appointed for the solemnity of the supper, being the largest apartment in the house, he immediately entered into another adjoining room, where the pantry and butler's office were prepared, owing to the smallness of the place, and from this into another corresponding one, which was the apartment of his Highness: here his Majesty conversed till supper-time with his Highness and the noblemen of his retinue, with the same freedom as is practised in the Queen's cabinet.

' The apartment above mentioned, suitably ornamented, was chosen for the supper, in preference to the others which the house contained. From the ceiling was suspended a chandelier of rock crystal with lighted tapers. In the middle of the room the table was set out, being of an oval figure, convenient both for seeing and conversing. At the upper end of it was placed on a carpet a splendid arm-chair, and in front of it, by themselves, a knife and fork, tastefully disposed for his Majesty; but he ordered the chair to be removed, and a stool without a back, according to the custom of the country, and in all respects similar to those of the rest of the company, to be put in its place. Having sat down, his Majesty called the Duke of York to sit by him on his right hand, and the Prince on his left; after them the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Ormond, my Lord Howard, Earl of Arundel, my Lord Philip Howard, his brother, my Lord Gerard, my Lord Croft, my Lord Manchester, my Lord Arlington, my Lord Stafford, Henry Germain, Mr. Thynne, and of his Highness's gentlemen Colonel Gascoyne, and the Chevalier Dante, all of whom, to the number of seventeen, were accommodated round the table, some on one side and some on the other, and there were as many knives and forks, which, when they had sat down, they found before them, arranged in a fanciful and elegant manner. The rest of his Highness's gentlemen, with some who belonged to the King's court and that of the Duke, stood round the table, near their masters.

' The entertainment was most superb, both as to the quantity and quality of the dishes, and as to the rarity and exquisiteness of the best Italian wines, and those of other countries. The supper was served up in eighty magnificent dishes; many of which were decorated with other smaller ones, filled with various delicious meats. To the service of fruit, succeeded a most excellent course of confectionary, both those of Portugal and other countries famous for the choiceness of their sweetmeats, which was in all respects on a par with the supper that preceded it. But scarcely was it set upon the table, when the whole was carried off and plundered by the people who came to see the spectacle of the entertainment;

tainment; nor was the presence of the King sufficient to restrain them from the pillage of these very delicate viands, much less his Majesty's soldiers armed with carabines, who guarded the entrance of the saloon, to prevent all ingress into the inside, lest the confinement and too great heat should prove annoying; so that his Majesty, to avoid the crowd, was obliged to rise from table, and retire to his Highness's apartment. In addition to the other festivities of the table, there was no want of toasts, proposed by his Highness, to the welfare of his Majesty and the royal family, and returned by his Majesty to his Highness's fortunate voyage, and to the prosperity of his serene house. These were successively repeated to the same effect by the rest of the guests, so that, by this conviviality, the entertainment was protracted to a great length, and finally concluded with a most kind wish tendered to his Highness by his Majesty, and seconded by all present, for the continuation of a sincere friendship, and a confirmation of the alliance between the royal family and the most serene house of Tuscany. After supper, his Majesty passed nearly an hour in conversation in the Prince's apartments, till he was informed that the carriages were ready for his return to the palace. The King then went down stairs with the Duke, and with the whole of his retinue, in the same form that he had observed in coming, and was accompanied by his Highness to the door of the house, and as far as the carriage. Having stepped into the carriage with the Duke, his Majesty renewed his expressions of courtesy and gratitude to his Highness; and when the carriage was about to drive off, the King's Majesty intreated the Prince to retire to rest as soon as possible, on account of the fatigue which he would have to undergo on the following day, which was fixed for his departure; but his Highness, keeping his hand upon the door of the carriage to prevent it from being closed, instead of taking leave, with great address stepped himself into the carriage to wait on his Majesty to the palace, in spite of the opposition of the latter. On alighting, his Highness repeated the politeness of offering his arm to his Majesty, who, however, would by no means accept of it. They went up to the King's apartments, where his Majesty and his Highness renewed their mutual compliments; the King confirming his expressions of good will by embraces and the most signal tokens of cordiality. When he had taken leave of the King, he exchanged fresh salutations with the Duke of York, who, while the Prince was with his Majesty, had retired into another room; and taking leave of his Royal Highness, went to his carriage to return home, whither, by the King's order, he was waited upon by the Duke of Buckingham, and the Chevalier Castiglione, who had followed him in another carriage when he went with his Majesty to court. On alighting from his carriage, his Highness would not suffer the Duke, who was desirous of waiting upon him to his apartments, to attend him any farther, it being now late, and considerably past midnight; but, dismissing him, retired to rest.'

We must not take leave of this volume without paying a *compliment* to the neatness of execution, the elegance, and the liberal

liberal sentiments, which distinguish the biographical memoir of Cosmo that is prefixed to it. The glory of the house of Medici, the pride of Florence and the admiration of Europe; was shrouded for ever on the death of Ferdinand; and the long reign of Cosmo III. was one of the weakest, and, if not the most unjust, certainly the most disastrous, that Tuscany had known. He died in his eighty-first year, October, 1723; and in less than fifteen years afterward, the family, as well as the greatness of it, became extinct, by the death of the Electress Palatine in 1743. 'The genius of Florence has long slumbered: but though dormant, it is not extinguished; and Italy may still indulge a hope that "her Athens" may again arise into its once-famed splendor of learning and science.' Such is the prophetic tone in which the biographer closes his Memoir, and heartily do we pray for its fulfilment: but, when we see the black Eagle of Austria hovering over the fairest portion of Europe, darkening it with the shadow of its wings, and cowering it with the terror of its beak, our hopes of the restoration of Italy are distant, though decided; for the example of Greece will not ultimately be lost on her younger sister.

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ART. VII. *Reflections on the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century*; the progressive Operation of the Causes which have produced it; and the Measures best calculated to remove some, and to mitigate the Effects of others of them. Addressed to the *British* Members of both Houses of Parliament. 8vo. pp. 276. 7s. Boards. Ridgway. 1822.

ART. VIII. *A Letter from the Right Hon. Denis Browne, M.P. for Kilkenny, to the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, on the present State of Ireland.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Chapple. 1822.

A FEW months ago, (Number for May last,) we devoted an extended article to an examination of the various evils which prey on the vitals of unhappy Ireland. We trust that we may say it was not a showy and declamatory essay on the errors of Irish legislation, vague and speculative, exasperating where it ought to soothe, and flattering where it ought to rebuke: but it was prepared in the sincere spirit of conciliation; it was an exposition of facts, and of consequences not fancifully anticipated but actually flowing from them. We make this allusion to a former article, in order that we may now be excused from repeating the substance of what may easily be consulted; and that we may not now expose ourselves, by omitting such repetition, to the charge of treating a most momentous subject in a meagre and unprofitable manner.

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‘ There were engaged (I speak from accurate knowledge) in this rebellion at least 200,000 of the peasantry, not a loose undisciplined multitude, but a well-organized and determined mass of insurrection. So complete and perfect was their organization, so obstinate their resolution, that those habits of drunkenness, to which the Irish peasantry are more prone than any other people, were laid aside. What must have been that spirit which could effect a triumph over vices so habitual and inveterate ?

‘ Clan quarrels were altogether suspended, private feuds were at an end, while the enemies of order and government were waiting, with anxiety and gloomy silence, for that general explosion which was to break up the foundation of the British empire. I was one of the Secret Committee of Parliament which investigated this conspiracy, and I can safely say, that, of all conspiracies for revolt which I have read of, this was, in all its parts, the best contrived. Its inferior agents were for the most part diligent, discreet, and zealous ; its leaders and directors were men of great powers and ability. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a man of unquestionable military talents, determined courage, and unbounded zeal, planned and directed the military preparations. With revolutionary France the closest connection existed ; her squadrons, armies, arms, were all prepared ; three of the former reached our shores, and returned safely to France, once at Killybeg, and twice at Killala. Hoche’s invasion took place before the organization of the whole was accomplished ; that fleet too returned to France in safety.

‘ To what end do I refer to these details of past difficulties and dangers now despised ? To impress upon the minds of thinking men, that what has been once may be again. This well-contrived system of rebellion failed by those mischances to which all human affairs, which require concert, are liable. At the time of Hoche’s invasion Ireland was not prepared ; when the French landed at Killala, the rebellion had been suppressed.

‘ The arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the events which accompanied that arrest, together with the partial excesses of the soldiery, forced on the rebellion before its preparations were complete ; the explosion was tremendous, but it was premature. The leaders who succeeded Fitzgerald, Emmet, Machnevin, Sampson, possessed neither their courage nor their ability. The great machine, of which they had held the key, could not work without them.

‘ These circumstances contributed to preserve the government of Ireland, together with the miserable errors and imbecility of the French Directors. It is unnecessary to point out to statesmen the value, the importance, the necessity, of the most intimate connection between these islands ; that connection must exist, though England were to spend her last shilling and her last man in effecting it. We have now fortunately time, and leisure, and opportunity, for laying the foundations of future security, and thereby preserving us from the recurrence of those calamities, which through our fortune and the error of our enemies we so narrowly escaped.’

Mr. D.

*on cases arising from contests between Orangemen and Catholics."*  
(See Mr. O'Hanlon's Petition, p. 71.)

With much pleasure, then, we observe that writs of super-sedeas have been issued to a great number of individuals, who are deprived of their commissions: many, indeed, are of the first rank and consequence; in nine counties, nearly two hundred noblemen and gentlemen are removed from the magisterial bench. This is, truly, a sweeping measure; and it is impossible *yet* confidently to interpret its design and object: but we can only hope that a most careful selection will be made of individuals to fill the vacancies thus caused; and that talent, respectability, and the spirit of unwavering justice, may be the qualifications sought and found.

There is yet one other subject which the Catholics cannot view with an indifferent eye, and that is the admission of Mr. Canning to a seat in the Cabinet. The last effort of his eloquence in Parliament, when on the eve, as he imagined, of his departure for the government of India, was to obtain a partial restitution of their suspended rights; and we will not suffer ourselves to doubt whether he will *now* accomplish the object for which his efforts were *then* unavailingly exerted.

Both of the tracts now before us are distinguished by an abstinence from all party-politics, and contain much valuable information and sound reasoning. The 'Letter' from the Right Hon. member for Kilkenny is very short, but very pithy. The 'Reflections' are written with the usual diffuseness of Irish oratory: but they flow from the heart. Mr. Denis Browne describes the elements of discord as ever at work, and revolt as succeeding revolt, commenced not only without the possibility but even without the expectation of success, from blind and stupid despair. However the names of parties may vary from time to time, the spirit of them is always the same: they brave the bayonet and the halter; and to die by either is considered by the peasantry of Ireland as a glorious sacrifice for the recovery of the liberties of their country.

If any man can read the following passages of Mr. B.'s Letter without shuddering at the retrospect of danger past, and fearfully contemplating the risk of its recurrence, he must have more rigid nerves than we have:

'It is a very alarming symptom, that this disposition to insurrection has displayed itself in times of general national prosperity, in times when individuals of all classes were in tolerable ease and affluence; as, for example, in 1796 and the three succeeding years. It was at that period that an organized system of rebellion, having for its object an entire separation from England, existed in the heart of our country. Those who were in any way engaged in the conduct of public business well know the peril of those days.

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provincial banks in central situations, with adequate capital, seems to be one among the many *desiderata* towards the prosperity of Ireland.

The tenure on which episcopal and corporation lands are held is such that neither labor nor capital can ever be expended on them; and accordingly a stranger, as he passes by, can distinguish them by their deplorable condition. The bishop renews his lease every two or three years, or in some cases every year; and the fine on renewal is regulated according to the actual value of the farm: so that, if a tenant shall have expended 1000*l.* on its cultivation, and the farm should actually be improved to the value of 100*l.* per annum, the fine and the rent will be raised in proportion, to the positive injury instead of the encouragement of the cultivator. A man first pays for his improvements, and then pays an annual tax in proportion to the value of them! — The remedy is obvious. Bishops, &c. should be enabled to grant leases for three lives, or thirty-one years, and invalidate all leases granted for a shorter term. This would create an immediate change over ONE-NINTH of the surface of Ireland: improvements would rapidly take place; houses would be built where now a virtual prohibition on them operates; and employment would be provided immediately for a large body of the Irish peasantry.

In this summary of grievances, some are of a political nature in the ordinary sense of the word; while others, relating to matters of a commercial and agricultural character, however important, are surely very subordinate. All the tumults and insurrections of Ireland have their rise in political causes. Were we to increase the circulating medium to any extent, — to restore absentees to their deserted dwellings, — to alter the tenure of episcopal and corporation lands, — to cultivate the fisheries and drain the bogs, — all this would not do alone; nor will Ireland ever know prosperity and repose, or heartily be united to England in feeling and affection, till the Catholic shall rise from the degradation of a rejected caste, and be admitted to the full participation of every franchise enjoyed by his Protestant brother. It is to the inflictions of the penal code that we must ascribe the cunning, deceitfulness, obsequiousness, and ferocity of the low Catholic peasantry. Many of the worst laws, indeed, have long since ceased to pollute our statute-book: but, as we have observed before, the practical effect of them is yet in being, and will continue so while a single line remains to dishonour the Catholic in his own estimation, and stamp on him the mark of civil inferiority. Why should one quarter of the island, it  
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is well asked by the author of the 'Reflections,' stand an exception to the evils which paralyze the rest of it? Why should we find in Ulster enterprize, spirit, industry, and the free circulation of capital, but because the population is there for the most part protestant, and exempt from the operation of the penal laws? No man can pass from one province to another without seeing, feeling, and marking the difference, even in manners and language, between the subtlety and fawning of a western and southern Catholic peasant, and the direct, bold, and open port of a northern Irish Protestant. Will it be imputed that it is the difference of religion alone? The Catholic religion does not necessarily generate all those evil attributes which are ascribed to the low Irish. Were the English, as a people, before the Reformation, what the Irish Catholics are now? Were the people of the Swiss cantons and Geneva? Are not the Spaniards one of the most high-spirited, plain, and open-hearted people in Europe, notwithstanding their devoted attachment to the Catholic faith? — It is the penal code which has worked this deterioration in the Irish character: which has caused subterfuge, evasion, and deceit to be transmitted from father to son, and to be considered as the first and most important elements of education which it is necessary to instil. In the old penal enactments, it is well known that the dearest of all human obligations, the first of all moral duties, those between father, son, and brethren, were punishable by statutes, with the view of extinguishing popery. Is it wonderful, then, to find inculcated in an Irish Catholic's education the rudiments of those baneful artifices, the constant practice of which was essential to the performance of a man's duty towards his own children? The characteristics of which we complain were engendered by our own enactments. Emancipate an individual Catholic family by exiling it from its native land, — send its different members into the four quarters of the globe, — and in every clime, and in every situation of life, says the author of 'Reflections,' we shall find them distinguished by qualities proverbially opposite to those which the penal code has superinduced on their natural liberality and fidelity. If any other cause can be assigned, where is it to be found? It is no answer to say that the most odious part of that code has long since been repealed, and its criminal inflictions abolished, for mistrusts and jealousies of old growth are not to be eradicated by a single effort. Besides,

'To the great mass of the Catholic population, it is impracticable to convey an adequate precise description of what part was repealed, or what part remains in force. All that the great body

of the people know is, that the code is not abolished, and the precise value of the partial repeal is unappreciated by them: their walk in life being secluded from the great track-way of commerce, it naturally requires a great lapse of time, before their intercourse with the world will produce the same oblivion of ancient prejudice, which has certainly taken place among the higher, middle, and commercial orders of their fellow-Catholics. Add to this, that in all the public exhibitions of authority, judicial or executive, which fall under the observation of the peasant, the outward visible signs are all those of penal exclusion. The Judge who presides over his life, for property he has none, is exclusively Protestant; the Sheriff, who presides over the execution of the laws, is exclusively Protestant; even the counsel at the bar, whatever his talents, or however the interests of his numerous clients would claim precedence were he Protestant, exhibits his religion to the view of his fellow-Catholic peasant, the sole bar to his advance in honourable competition. Again, like the constables of a Protestant sheriff, the tithe-collectors of a Protestant rector are usually Protestant. It is only, therefore, a complete and effectual repeal of the whole code which will eradicate those degrading feelings, and consequent jealousies and artifices, from their minds.'

The proximate and apparent causes of the unquiet and miserable state of Ireland, as enumerated by this writer, are much the same as those which Mr. Denis Browne assigns; and about which, indeed, we believe that no real difference of opinion exists. One inquirer may, perhaps, ascribe the more pressing mischief to the non-residence of land-owners, and to the defective administration of the magisterial functions; another to the interposition of middle-men between tenants and landlords, and to the severity of tythes and tythe-proctors; or another to the fearful operation of the revenue-laws, which are daily and hourly infringed, in spite of a whole army of revenue-officers always on the watch. In truth, it is the *co-operation* of *all* these grievances, eternally goading and irritating, which constitutes the proximate evil: but the removal of all and every one of these would not restore peace, confidence, and unanimity, without the erasure of the last syllable of the penal code, and the declaration of entire civil equality between Catholic and Protestant.

In commenting on these 'Reflections,' we should have been induced to give a very considerable extension to the present article, had we not so lately expatiated on the state of Ireland: for the author is minutely acquainted with its general and local circumstances; and the measures which he recommends, as accessory to and subsequent on that main and indispensable measure, Catholic-emancipation, are unfolded with perspicuity and enforced with much impressive reasoning. Among others, we meet with some very good observ-

observations on the best plan of educating the Irish peasantry, divided into three branches, religious, literary, and practical. As to the first, some persons would forbid the use of the Bible in schools, unless accompanied by the Catholic exposition of controverted passages: others would present it to Catholic children with a Protestant exposition; and a third set would introduce it without any note or commentary. 'I am persuaded,' says this writer, 'it would have been as easy for the Marquis Wellesley in India to introduce animal food into an Hindoostanee repast, as to teach any religious doctrine to the Catholic peasantry in opposition to their own church.' Reading, writing, and parts of arithmetic, are all that can be required under what is termed the literary division; and it is to the practical branch that we would call particular attention, being much inclined to think that it is very insufficiently managed in England as well as in Ireland.

With the following judicious remarks on this subject we feel ourselves compelled to close the present article; again recommending the tracts which introduce it to those, particularly, in whose hands the destinies of Ireland are placed:

'Next to a want of a good system of morality, ranks the want of systematic order, punctuality, and methodized arrangement, among the poor. This defect is usually corrected by a great increase in the value of labour in countries in an advanced state of civilization; but it may be much promoted, or, indeed, receive its birth, from the application of maxims to practice in the course of early education. Two instances of those defects are very prominent, among the many that are discoverable in the Irish peasantry—the want of an apt division of labour, and the ignorance of the value of small portions of time, and, I may add, of money. Arithmetical calculations exercised by the children, and well pointed to those objects, may be resorted to with effect: but without the introduction of works generally in schools, the practical illustration will be still wanted. It is not easy to devise works fit for male children to practise at schools, without requiring too much time to learn, or too much expense in teaching. It is therefore necessary for that purpose to choose manufactures, the learning of which is of easy acquirement; the raw material of which is inexpensive, and the use of which is general and applicable even to the peasant's cottage. The advantage of a judicious division of labour, as well as of cleanliness, may be exemplified in almost any manufacture. The value of small portions of time may also be suggested by arithmetical calculations of the total yearly amount of diurnal fragments; but it may be most usefully exemplified in their practical employments. The art of passing rapidly from one species of occupation to another, without that idle chasm which separates the foregoing from the succeeding employment of an Irish manufacturer or labourer, can also be inculcated by similar practice. The inertness of the disposition of an

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Irishman,

Irishman, and his inability to appreciate the value of time, (occasioned, as already observed, by the cheapness of labour,) will always leave a wide vacuum, particularly if the near approach of Sunday or an holiday furnishes an additional excuse for indulging in this propensity. To the success of inculcating this practical education, nothing would more conduce than interesting the country schoolmasters in its adoption, by proportioning their profits to its success. Prizes also might usefully be given, for the best essay on such subjects written by a schoolmaster of a given district; for the peasantry of that district would pay more attention to such a tract, however defective in style, than to the productions of Adam Smith himself. The advantage also of instructing the teacher himself, by his reflections on the subject, could be best attained in this way.

‘The species of employment, however, which would be most useful in schools of this kind, would be a miniature system of husbandry. This might be effected in the following manner, at little or no expence. If the endowment of a plot of ground could not be obtained, the parents of each child might be charged for his education the usual rates of the country, instead of nominally enjoying a free school; with this the rent of a field might be paid, and a certain small portion be allotted to each boy to cultivate, principally with green crops and potatoes, as affording practice at all seasons; a regular diary to be kept, as a journal of the hours and kinds of labour, quantity of seed, &c.; the produce sent to market, accompanied by the grower himself; the father reimbursed his expences; and the balance given to the child.

‘I have rarely known a peasant boy, or farmer’s son, who evinced an early taste for embellishing the cottage in which he was reared, or its garden, that failed of becoming a successful farmer or expert labourer; and this taste is of easy acquirement, in the manner I have proposed. I am also convinced, that the earlier a peasant’s child is taught to acquire money, paid at once into his own hand, for the produce of his own labour, as in this case, (however trifling the amount,) the better chance there is of his industrious exertions in life, and the less dangerous the period between boyhood and manhood is likely to prove.’

We ought to add that the topic of all others most elaborately, earnestly, and we may add learnedly argued, is that of tythes. The author, having drawn a most frightful picture—but drawn it from life—of the oppression produced by the present exactions, first shews that the constitutional right of control over tythes exists in the legislature, and has been exercised on various occasions; secondly, that it ought *now* to be exercised in diminishing the overgrown incomes of ecclesiastics; and, lastly, that not merely the mode of collection but the source of these revenues should be changed. This subject must be considered by the legislature ere long; and many useful remarks on it will be found in the anonymous volume before us.

ART. IX. *Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society.*  
Vol. IV. For the Years 1821-22. Part I. With Ten Engrav-  
ings. 8vo. pp. 260. 10s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

WE have to commence our report of the present continu-  
ation of these Memoirs, by intimating to our readers  
that a half volume will in future appear every six months, so  
as to obviate the inconvenience of more protracted delay in  
publishing the essays of contributors. The first of the series  
of papers before us is intitled,

*On the Crystallizations of Copper-Pyrites.* By W. Haidin-  
ger, Esq., of Freyberg. — Mr. Haidinger's object is to prove  
that the crystallizations of copper-pyrites cannot be legitimately  
deduced from the regular octahedron, or from any other form  
of the tessular system, but that it properly belongs to the py-  
ramidal system of Mohs. The analytical illustration of this  
position, however, involves an incessant reference to the plates.

*Notice of the Attempts to reach the Sea by Mackenzie's River,  
since the Expedition of Sir Alexander Mackenzie.* — It may be  
in the recollection of such of our readers as take an interest  
in remote expeditions, that, since the period of Sir Alex-  
ander Mackenzie's voyage, two attempts have been made to  
reach the sea in the same direction; namely, by Mr. Living-  
ston, in 1799, which terminated fatally for that gentleman and  
his party, as they were overpowered by the arrows of the Eski-  
maux; and in 1809, by Mr. Clarke, who, to avoid a similar  
disaster, found it prudent to retrace his route. The inform-  
ation obtained from such abortive expeditions is necessarily  
very scanty and defective; and the amount of the present ano-  
nymous communication is comprized in a few sentences.  
There is reason to presume that Sir Alexander Mackenzie  
either saw the sea, or had approached within a short distance  
of it. Rocky mountains range along the western side of  
Mackenzie's River, at a greater or smaller distance from its  
banks, 'in some places receding to the distance of 70 miles,  
at others approaching the very verge of the stream, and at  
one spot, below the Great Bear Lake River, a continuance of  
the same ridge appears on the eastern side of the same river.'  
— The *Ovis Montana*, or *Argali*, a species of Wild Antelope,  
and a large variety of the Rein-deer, frequent these mountains.

'The natives make knives of a white translucent stone,  
which they detach in large sharp-edged flakes, by greasing a  
portion of the rock, and kindling a fire upon it. They also dig  
up an edible unctuous earth, similar, probably, to that which is  
found at the mouth of the Orinooko; and use as a pigment a mi-  
neral substance, which they find at the bottom of a small subter-  
raneous stream. It is in the form of round, flattish, ponderous  
grains,



grains, of a shining black colour, with a greasy feel, and adheres to the skin only when mixed with grease. A large specimen of native silver was also found in that neighbourhood in 1796. Near the Great Bear Lake River, there are some coal-mines on fire. And there are several fountains of mineral-pitch, one in particular, which rises in the channel of the river, at a spot which, from that circumstance, is named the Flaming Point.'

The narrative of Capt. Franklin, which is reported to be in a state of great forwardness for publication, will probably furnish us with more satisfactory details relative to these unfrequented latitudes.

*Geological Notices, and Miscellaneous Remarks, relative to the District between the Jumna and Nerbuddah; with an Appendix, containing an Account of the Rocks found in the Bai-tool Valley in Berar, and on the Hills of the Gundwana Range; together with Remarks made on a March from Hussingabad to Sangar, and from thence to the Ganges.* By Dr. Adam, of Calcutta. — In his line of march, Dr. Adam appears to have been no idle or indifferent spectator of the structure and aspect of the circumjacent countries: but a more deliberate survey, than was compatible with his professional duties, would have imparted to his observations greater extent, precision, and consistency. This remark particularly applies to his notes in the Appendix; though he has evidently turned his passing opportunities to the best account. After having crossed the Jumna, he found the light-coloured micaceous soil of the plains of Hindustan exchanged for a dull black earth, more impregnated with argil and vegetable recrements, which continues nearly the whole way to Besseramunge. In the vicinity of Banda, a range of small conical or rather pyramidal hills runs from N. W. to S. E. On ascending one of them, it was found to be composed of a reddish, small-grained granite, disposed in irregular blocks, of great size, some of which were scaling off at the surface, but most of them were very compact and entire. About 12 miles from Banda, a more extensive groupe of detached granitic hills crosses the country in different directions, shooting abruptly from the plain. At Kurtul, masses of bluish trap-rock are found; and a superficial stratum of the same material is traced over the granite for a considerable way up the hill, but without presenting any very distinct arrangement. An upper formation of sand-stone is first observed beyond Kurtul, particularly at the Fugueers' hill. The fort of Adjyghur, also, like that of Callinger, placed on the summit of an insulated hill, owes its principal strength to a tabular face of sand-stone rock. Within the walls of these forts, fine remains of antient Hindu architecture are observable. The  
Ghaut,

Ghaut, or Pass of Besseramgunge, incumbered with masses of granite, trap, and sand-stone, conducts to table-land, elevated about 1200 feet above the plain of Bundlecund; chiefly composed of a ferruginous gravel, in which are the diamond-mines of Tonng Punnah. The diamonds are generally found at a few feet beneath the surface, and obtained by repeated washings and ransacking of the soil: but the employment seems to be far from lucrative. 'It is remarkable,' says Dr. Adam, 'that the gravel-conglomerate should form the matrix of the diamond in Asia and America, and, I believe, in every quarter of the globe where the gem is found; while almost all the other precious stones are included in solid rock, of which they constitute, as it were, an integrant part, or are found along with its debris.' We suspect, however, that this allegation is somewhat too unqualified; since the specimen of the matrix of diamond brought to London by Dr. Heyne from Banagam Pally, in the Decan, appears to be of trap-formation, and a variety of amygdaloid; while another from Brazil, and now deposited in the Imperial Museum at Vienna, is said to be a fine grained sand-stone.

For the Doctor's ingenious remarks on the site of Palibothra, on the calcareous concretion called *Kunkur*, and on the fine statuary marble quarried on the banks of the Nerbuddah, &c., we must refer to the paper itself; which, within the compass of a few pages, contains much to awaken the curiosity of the geological reader.

*Notices regarding the Fossil Elephant of Scotland.* By Robert Bald, Civil Engineer, &c. &c. — Of the elephantine tusks here described, the first was revealed in the course of digging the Union Canal, on the estate of Sir Alexander Maitland Gibson, of Clifton-hall; and in a description of soil which Mr. Bald terms the *old alluvial cover*, usually consisting of sand, gravel, clay, and boulder stones, and not hitherto recognized as a repository of organic remains. This tusk was perfectly fresh, weighed when washed  $25\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. avoirdupoise, and measured 39 inches in length and 13 in circumference at the middle. The other was discovered in 1817, near the rivulet called Carmel, in Ayrshire, on ground corresponding in composition to recent alluvial soil. It measured three feet five inches and a half in length, about  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches in circumference, and weighed  $20\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. Its interior substance was much decomposed, and resembled rotten wood. Beside it lay another tusk, too much decayed for preservation. Both were found in a horizontal position, at  $17\frac{1}{2}$  feet beneath the surface, with several small bones near them, and marine shells in the dark coloured earth. As the spot in which the bones were

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deposited



deposited had an offensive smell, the entire animal had probably undergone decomposition, and it perhaps formed one of a race of elephants which, at some remote period, appears to have inhabited the more northerly regions of the globe: a conjecture which derives support from the carcass of an animal of this genus having been found which was long locked up in the ice of Siberia, and also from the circumstance of a deep hollow at the small end of the tusk in question. We may add that most of the Scandinavian and Runic monuments exhibit the rude figure of this animal, which is possibly emblematical of some moral or mythological quality.

*Description of Seven New Scottish Fungi.* By Robert Kaye Greville, Esq. — These are denominated *Sporotrichum minutum*, *S. tenuissimum*, *S. sulphureum*, *S. aurantiacum*, *Penicillium candidum*, *Stachylidium candidum*, and *Botrytis diffusa*. They were observed about Edinburgh, and are neatly described and figured. We hope that Mr. Greville will be induced to persevere in the exercise of his cryptogamic talents on the northern portion of the island, which promises to reward his researches with numerous discoveries.

*Meteorological Journal kept at Clunie, Perthshire, for Twelve Years, from 1809 to 1820.* By the Rev. William Macritchie. — It results from Mr. Macritchie's tables that the average temperature, at nine o'clock A. M. for the twelve years, was  $46\frac{1}{2}$ ; that the average pressure of the atmosphere was  $29.8\frac{1}{2}$ ; and that the lowest fall of the barometer was 28.1., which occurred at noon of the 5th March, 1818: that the highest rise of that instrument was 31.2 on the 8th of January, 1820; and that the warmest day was 12th June, 1818, when the thermometer stood at  $84\frac{1}{2}$ . 'The coldest day during the twelve years was the 18th January 1820, when the thermometer fell before sunrise to zero, and at ten o'clock A. M. rose to  $7^{\circ}$ . Hence the greatest range of the thermometer in the shade, here, during the twelve years, was from zero to  $84\frac{1}{2}$ .'

*A Description of a new Species of Grimmia, found in Scotland.* By Robert Kaye Greville, Esq. &c. — Mr. G. designates this non-descript *G. leucophæa*, and lays down its characters with great distinctness. It abounds on rocks in the King's Park, near Edinburgh, but has not yet been noticed elsewhere. The mosses to which it is most nearly allied are *Grimmia campestris* of Burchell, and *Campylopus lævigatus* of Bridel. 'Before the capsules arrive at maturity, the leaves of *G. leucophæa* gradually assume a blackish hue; which, contrasted with the hoariness arising from the long silvery terminations of the leaves, gives an appearance to the plant that belongs

belongs not to any other, particularly when viewed covering a large surface of rock.'

*On the Geognosy of Germany, with Observations on the Igneous Origin of Trap.* By Amie Boué, M. D. — In this paper, Dr. Boué rapidly sketches the outlines of the stratified and unstratified rocks of various districts of Germany, assigning their counterparts in certain portions of France and Great Britain: but we cannot pretend to accompany him in his accelerated march, with any degree of satisfaction to our readers; and we regret this circumstance the less because he promises to transmit the details of his geological wanderings at some future period. It is, however, of importance to remark that the Erzgebirge furnished him with numerous appearances which might be quoted in support of the Huttonian theory, and that many of the German basalts are quite analagous to those of Ireland and Scotland: one class of these rocks having been apparently formed under water, and another bearing evident marks of having *flowed* in the open air. The points of discrimination between these two classes are thus enumerated:

' 1. The igneous rocks formed under water, at least those posterior to the chalk-formation, do not rise into hills of so great a height as those formed above the surface, and, in general, the first class of rocks must have certainly, in all periods, had more difficulty in attaining the same height as the second.

' 2. The first class produce veins or dikes more easily, and in greater number, than the second.

' 3. When the first class of rocks form a kind of coulée or stream, these streams seem generally not to unite the length and the small breadth of the streams (coulées) above the water.

' 4. The rocks of the first class are generally more compact than those of the second.

' 5. The basalts of the first class are often intimately united with basaltic tuffs, and the porphyries with some kind of felspathic breccia; an appearance which is almost entirely unknown in the basalts produced above the surface of the water, because in them the small pieces which form the tuffs had been ejected by the volcanoes under the form of rapilli.

' 6. Rocks with the vitreous character abound much more in the igneous rocks formed above water than in those formed under it.

' 7. The igneous rocks formed under water contain many substances, produced by infiltration, unknown in the other class of rocks, and more frequently also substances produced by sublimation.

' 8. The basalts formed under water show imbedded, very often, pieces of the neighbouring rock, which are more or less indurated or altered. Beautiful examples of this I observed in the basaltic cone of Dosenberg, near Warburg, where the rock is full of

of pieces of the shell lime-stone (*Muschel kalkstein*); and in the small clinkstone-cone near Banow, upon the borders of Hungary and Moravia, the rock contains great and small masses of clay and sand-stone, so much indurated and altered, that they are like the rock of Portrush in Ireland.

‘ 9. The neighbouring rocks are rarely altered near the lavas: on the other hand, near the basalts formed under water, these same rocks are very often subjected to various indurations, alterations, and penetrations of igneous gaseous matters.’

We have transcribed this passage because it may, if we mistake not, materially conduce to explain the natural history of basaltic rocks in general, and to bring near to a termination the jarring discussions to which they have given rise.

*A New Arrangement of the Genera of Mosses, with Characters, and Observations on their Distribution, History, and Structure.* By R. K. Greville, Esq. &c., and G. A. Walker Arnott, Esq. — This memoir, which we hope is only the first of an intended series, bespeaks much familiar acquaintance with the structure and history of the elegant and minute plants comprized under the order of *Musci*, and much critical acumen in expounding the principles of their arrangement. The method, as far as it is unfolded by the joint authors, embraces the double advantage of correctness and simplicity; and, if successfully prosecuted to its completion, we doubt not that it will prove eminently serviceable to the student of muscology. Having explained the names and nature of the parts on which they found their criteria of generic distinctions and of family groupes, the writers proceed to give a definition of the tribe, and to state the characters and history of the genera *Andrea*, *Sphagnum*, *Phascum*, and *Voitia*. They reject the idea of ascribing stamens and pistils to acetyledonous plants: they have availed themselves, with judicious discrimination, of the acute remarks of Hooker, Brown, Hornschuch, and other celebrated cryptogamists; and they advert to some of the crude and hasty statements of Bridel and Palisot de Beauvois.

*Andrea* is placed in the first station, because it forms a closely connecting link between the *Hepaticae* and *Musci*. All the four species are natives of Great Britain, but are by no means confined to it. Three are common on all the mountainous rocks of Europe: but *A. viridis* has been detected only on the summit of Ben Nevis in Scotland, and on some of the more elevated of the Swiss Alps. Hitherto none of the species have been found out of Europe, to whose rocks nature seems to have restricted them.

To the preceding genus *Sphagnum* is related by artificial affinity: but it is obviously separated from it by the integrity of

of the theca, the deciduous operculum, &c. Being a very natural genus, it has by some persons been reduced to perhaps too few species, and by others extended to too many: but all of them inhabit damp or wet situations; and they enter, in a very large proportion, into the composition of turf and peat bogs.

The fructification of *Phascum* is characterized by a dimidiate and very fugacious calyptra, which is generally much shorter than the theca, while the latter is deciduous from the seta. In this country; only two species seem to have been known in the days of Hudson: but eleven are now enumerated as accurately ascertained species by Drs. Hooker and Taylor, in their *Muscologia Britannica*. Their most congenial abodes are moist banks and open fields in the low countries.

In *Voitia*, the theca falls along with the seta, and the calyptra is large and persistent; characters that separate it from *Phascum*, to which it is in other respects so nearly allied. The species appear to be two, *Nivalis* and *Hyperborea*; and they have been hitherto found only on the summit of the Carinthian Alps, and on Melville Island.

The text of the present memoir is well illustrated by figures of different parts of the plants described, more or less magnified.

*Short Account of the Rocks in the Neighbourhood of St. John's, Newfoundland.* By Mr. John Baird. — According to this report, the stratification of St. John's is sufficiently simple; consisting of a regular series of trap-tuff, much harder than that compound rock is usually found to be, and gradually shading off into amygdaloid, on which reposes green-stone. Above the last are strata of clay-stone, and with this alternates compact felspar. Such is the geological constitution of the island, as far as Mr. Baird's observations extended. — The general direction of the strata is from N. E. to S. W.; and their angle of inclination varies from 35 or 40 to 70 or 80, according to the materials of which they are composed, the dip of the trap-tuff being the greatest. The country presents a tolerably uniform outline of hill and dale, and abounds in lakes and forests. The soil is generally light, but yields crops of oats and barley, and esculent vegetables. The summer is short and warm, the winter uncommonly severe, and the spring and autumn are very variable.

*Observations on the Snowy Owl, Strix Nyctea, Linn.* By Laurence Edmonston, Esq. — This gentleman first ascertained that the Snowy Owl occurs in Unst, the most northerly of the Shetland Isles, where it is also supposed to breed. There

There it preys chiefly on Sandpipers, and towards evening; generally remaining through the day beneath some stony projection, — affecting solitary, rocky, and elevated districts, — but, on the approach of twilight, descending to the low grounds in quest of mice and small birds. ‘Its form and manner are highly elegant: its flight less buoyant, and more rapid, than that of the other owls; and the superior boldness and activity of its disposition, the uncommon size of its talons, and vigour of its limbs, secure it against danger from feathered enemies.’ Although it seems to swallow its food entire, the stomach is comparatively small, and less membranous than in most carnivorous birds. Unless wounded or irritated, when it hoots vehemently, it is silent; or, at least, it is never heard to utter the romantic screams described by Pennant.

*Meteorological and Hydrographical Notes.* By Capt. R. Wauchope, R. N. — In the first of these notices, we are presented with a table of the relative temperature of the surface of the water of the ocean, and of the atmosphere, between the island of St. Helena and England. The importance of keeping such registers is obvious, because they may frequently contribute to determine the situation of banks and shoals; ‘for, when the bank approaches the surface within 140 fathoms, the temperature upon it will be found to fall very considerably below that of the surrounding water.’ In the like manner, we may judge of a near approach to land when other indications are wanting, and when perseverance in the same course may be dangerous. — In the second note, an apparatus is described for ascertaining the temperature at great depths; by means of which it is found that the difference in 1000 fathoms is not less than 31 degrees. — The third relates to the effects of the weather on the barometer at the Cape of Good Hope. As these effects appear to be very steady, they are so much the more valuable; and the multiplication of similar records would prove of signal service to nautical science. In the author’s own case, the state of the barometer enabled him to provide against a violent gale, which he could not otherwise have anticipated. It will readily occur to him, however, that the variations of this instrument, in tropical climates, though less sensible, are more reducible to general rules of interpretation than in the temperate regions, where the state of the atmosphere is more fluctuating and capricious. — The three remaining notes, on *under-Currents*, on *the Range of the Barometer at St. Helena*, and on *the Phosphorescence of the Sea*, are of less practical utility; for the existence of currents beneath the surface of the ocean is no longer questionable; — the range of the barometer at St. Helena, which

which Capt. Wauchope found, in the course of many months, never to exceed 45 parts of an inch, was already known to be very limited; — and the luminous appearance of the sea had been repeatedly proved to be owing, at least in a very considerable degree, to animalculæ.

*Account of the small District of primitive Rocks near Stromness, in the Orkney Islands.* By Mr. George Anderson. — It results from Mr. Anderson's very brief report, that the greatest length of the gneiss-formation of the Orkneys is from six to eight miles, and its greatest breadth from two to four; that the primitive lands are on the west; and that 'the gneiss in Pomona appears in the form of a nucleus, round which, or towards which, the secondary strata uniformly tend.'

*Account of a New Species of Larus, shot in Zetland.* By Laurence Edmonston, Esq. — This bird corresponds with a specimen brought home by the expedition under Captain Ross, and denominated *Larus Islandicus*; differing, in various respects, from the species with which British ornithologists are most familiar. A full-grown male, submitted to the examination of the Society, 'weighed five pounds; its breadth, between the wings, was five feet two inches; the length, from the point of the bill to the tip of the tail, two feet five inches. The back and upper part of the wings pale blue, head and neck streaked with grey. The upper part of the two middle tail-feathers ashy, but this appearance is quite accidental and unimportant; the rest of the plumage and the primary quills white; irides pale yellow; the claws are dusky; the feet and legs much like those of the Herring Gull, but considerably larger; the wings, however, proportionably shorter; the general shape of the body fuller, and less tapering; the neck is unusually thick and strong; its flight is more equal and measured, and has less of that kite-like soaring which others of its tribe affect. The bill is long and powerful, not so much hooked as that of the *Larus Marinus*; and when the bird is alive, it is of a pale yellow color, with a patch of a deeper shade near the point of the lower mandible; its length is four inches.' This gull arrives in Unst about the middle of autumn, and leaves it about the end of spring, never breeding in Shetland. On its first appearance it is uncommonly fat. It is very greedy of carrion; keeps aloof from other gulls, never warning them, as many of its congeners are known to do, of the approach of the sportsman; is indued with much muscular vigor; and, when wounded, is not to be touched without caution.

*Notice relative to Two Varieties of Nuphar Lutea, found in a Lake in Aberdeenshire.* By Mr. W. Macgillivray. — These plants



plants are inferior in dimensions to *Nuphar Lutea*, in its ordinary appearance; and they also present other differences, especially in the leaves, but scarcely sufficient to constitute distinct species.

*Geognostical Sketch of Part of the Great Glen of Scotland.* By Mr. George Anderson.—In this paper are described four mountain-ranges, and the alluvia of the intervening valley. The first range, extending from Cromarty to Dochfour, and rising from 300 to 500 feet, with an outline generally waving, consists of red sand-stone, composed of minute particles of quartz, and a few scales of mica, either simply attached or connected by a basis of red felspar. Its coarser varieties form a conglomerate of round and angular pieces of granite, gneiss, mica-slate, felspar, and common quartz. In a quarry in this sand-stone, near the village of Clachnaharry, is found that rare and beautiful mineral, foliated celestine, both in minute detached crystals and in veins, occasionally associated with calcareous spar. The strata of red sand-stone are generally horizontal, but frequently also much inclined, and sometimes even perfectly vertical.

The second range, which commences at Phopachy, crosses the red sand-stone at a small angle; and the mountains composing it are distinguished by their superior elevation, (some of them rising to 3000 feet,) their bolder and more rugged outline, their steeper acclivities, and the more uniformly vertical position of the strata. They are composed of a beautiful red variety of granite, in which the felspar and quartz greatly predominate. A small tract of grey gneiss is interjected between these granite hills and the sand-stone range.

‘The most interesting circumstance attending these strata is the occurrence of granite veins. These are extremely numerous, and their courses are completely displayed on the sides of the gully. They seldom coincide with the strata of gneiss, but generally cut across their direction, at an angle variously inclined, rarely perpendicular. Granite veins vary in thickness from half an inch to two feet. These veins consist of a red or white, large, granular granite, similar in general to the granite just described as occurring in the mass of Phopachy hills, but differing as to the intensity of the colour and lustre, as well as in hardness. This latter property is often so great, that I have observed the granite veins hanging over a precipice after the softer gneiss had been swept away. Their colour also points out their direction among the grey strata of gneiss. These veins afford a fine study to the geologist, exhibiting a great variety of intersection, shifting, and branching; and although the gneiss near to them is sometimes contorted, it also exhibits the same structure where no veins are visible.’

In



In some places, strata of foliated granular lime-stone have been discovered, containing actynolite, fibrous tremolite, &c.

The third range, which is less conspicuous than the preceding, and possibly derived from the Grampian chain, is chiefly composed of granite and syenite; and near the fall of Foyers it is connected with lofty hills of quartz-rock, of a brecciated character. — The fourth, termed the *Leys*, stretches in an unbroken outline from the borders of Loch Ness to Nairn. Its strata are mostly concealed by alluvial depositions: but, as far as their composition can be determined by the inspection of a few quarries, they appear to consist of slate-clay, red sand-stone, and conglomerate, occasionally approaching to greywacké. — The alluvial covers of the soil are principally composed of the debris of the neighboring mountains: but they also present gravel and boulders, which seem to have been conveyed from a distance. They are disposed in nearly horizontal beds, and vary in fineness from the minutest sand to round boulders of several feet in circumference: but the most ordinary size of the fragments is that of a man's head, or of a large cannon-ball.

*Observations on the Immer Goose of Zetland.* By Laurence Edmonston, Esq. — The author here adds his satisfactory testimony to the identity of the Immer and the young of *Colymbus glacialis*, or Great Northern Diver; and, while he rejects the fabulous assertions of the elder ornithologists relative to the natural history of this species, he furnishes us with some notices of its manners, from his personal observation. Though it generally dives to elude its pursuers, it is capable of flying with ease and rapidity, but it does not employ its strong muscular wings to assist progressive motion under water. It is partial to sheltered and retired bays, but is also frequently found in the most exposed situations, and can brave the fury of the tempest. It moves gracefully on the water, on which it also sleeps; and it is not only a very expert diver, but has the power of remaining submerged for a long time. From the fulness of its plumage, and the thickness of its skin, it is not easily shot, except when its back is turned to the sportsman.

‘It is exceedingly tenacious of life. I have seen it even when mortally wounded, with its head literally shattered, and the brain perforated in various directions; still struggle to escape, with almost undiminished vigour and sagacity; and as it seemed impossible to kill it speedily, without unfitting it for being a specimen, the sportsman, relenting at its torments, has been compelled to put an end to them by beheading it.’

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*A Description of two new Plants of the Order Alga, found in Scotland.* By R. K. Greville, Esq. — These plants are *Echinella circularis* and *Gloionema apiculatum*. The latter, which is well characterized by its apicles, is found in pools among the rocks at low water, near Leith, &c. Both species are described with neatness and perspicuity.

*Some Observations on the Natural History and Habits of the Mole.* By the Rev. James Grierson, M.D. — Had the information contained in this paper been more original, we should have deemed it incumbent on us to have analyzed it with some degree of specialty: but Derham and Pennant have preceded the author in some pertinent remarks on the organs of vision in the Mole, and on the nice adaptation of the structure and instincts of this humble quadruped to its mode of subsistence. Some of the suggestions of the ingenious mole-catcher, Mr. Fletcher, and the notes on two captive Moles by Mr. Stark, may however be perused with interest. — As Dr. Grierson appears to be solicitous of collecting 'pandects,' we would recommend to his attention a passage on mole-catching in Dr. Darwin's *Phytologia*; an extract, on the same subject, from a German publication intitled *Economische Hefte*: De la Faille's *Histoire Naturelle de la Taupe*; Cadet Devaux *sur la Taupe*; and Gautier's *Mélanges d'Histoire Naturelle*.

*Account of the Island of Foula.* By Captain Vetch, Royal Engineers. — Having been engaged with the party who conducted the trigonometrical surveys, Captain Vetch had occasion to visit Foula in the summer of 1821: and his sketch of this lovely island, though brief, is attractive, and will to many of his readers be not less novel than if it had referred to Madagascar. The bold and abrupt appearance of Foula, at sea, recalls the features of Gibraltar; and its precipitous cliffs, as seen from Westra in Orkney, a distance of 70 miles, form a picturesque and striking object. Its greatest length is three miles and a half: its greatest breadth, two miles and a half: and its greatest elevation above the level of the sea, about 1500 feet. It is chiefly composed of sandstones incumbent on primitive rocks: and the stratification of the former is in one spot singularly interrupted. Among the lower beds of the sandstone are some layers of indurated clay, from two inches to a foot thick, containing minute scales of mica. The sandstone in the immediate vicinity has much the appearance of quartz-rock, and fills up numerous rents and openings which in the course of stratification, previously appeared similar to what one assumes in dry-  
ing. The only except of deep water is covered to a con-

considerable depth with peat earth, which is not improvidently pared off, as in some other islands. White and red clover spontaneously spring up along the sides of the brooks; and the whole island might be advantageously converted into pasture. The number of inhabitants is about 165, among whom a marriage had not taken place in the course of seven years, nor had an illegitimate child been born. The Foulaese are decently clothed, temperate in their habits, and frank and amiable in their dispositions; presenting a striking contrast to the natives of Fair Isle, who are much addicted to smuggling.

The Skua Gull here breeds exclusively on the Snuke, at an elevation of about 1300 feet above the sea. Captain Vetch corroborates the accounts of the courage and obstinacy with which it repels any attack on its nest: but it is naturally a quiet and even a docile bird. The young are nimble and spirited: on the approach of danger, they cover themselves in holes, or behind stones, with great address; and when captured, they make a sham and ludicrous resistance. The breeding pairs on the Snuke are supposed not to exceed thirty: but the Arctic Gulls, perhaps to the amount of a hundred couples, have selected for their breeding station an elevated platform under Combe Hill, and are very tenacious of their range, although some detached pairs may be seen in other places.

‘ They are equally fierce with the Bonxie [Skua Gull] in the defence of their nest, and make up in superior velocity their deficiency of weight. The rushing noise that accompanies the darting resembles that of a small rocket. The Arctic Gull employs the same stratagems with the Plover to decoy enemies from its nest. Placing itself at some distance from its retreat, it assumes the appearance of being disabled and incapable of flying, even making repeated tumbles, and continues to excite pursuit in a direction opposite to that of its nest, till a safe distance is obtained; the Arctic Gull then mounts with extraordinary velocity: and I may venture to say, that, to a person ignorant of the trick, the stratagem is conducted with an art that never fails of success.

‘ In approaching the nest of the Arctic Gull, an attack still more fierce than that of the Skua commences. The intruder receives constant flaps with the wings of the bird. Judging from the rapidity of the dart, and their just grazing the head of the person, I imagined, if any hard substance was suddenly elevated above the head a few inches at the moment previous to the graze, the animal would probably terminate its existence against it. I accordingly elevated the muzzle of a fowling-piece a few inches above my head, and after a few trials, in which the bird shewed a most extraordinary power of altering its course when almost touching the gun, the experiment ended by its death; and so great was the force with which it struck the gun, that its brains

were forced out, and the death was instantaneous; and I have no doubt an adroit person might kill numbers in this way.'

The Kittiwake, in the breeding season, congregates in crowds in a natural arch by which the cliff of Foula is perforated. Puffins breed in great numbers among the lofty rocks; as does the *Procellaria pelagica*, or Mother Cary's Chicken, which many sailors foolishly believe to nestle under water.

By a register of the weather kept on the Snuke hill, from the 8th to the 30th of July, (both inclusive,) 1821, it appears that the highest temperature, 56°, occurred at eight o'clock in the evening of the 22d; and the lowest, 41°, at eleven o'clock A.M. on the 8th.

ART. X. *Don Carlos; or, Persecution. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Lord John Russell. Fifth Edition. 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed. Longman and Co. 1822.

WE so far agree in the sentiment of Dr. Johnson, that "when a nobleman appears in print he should be welcomed handsomely," as to allow that it is very desirable to encourage, by every means compatible with truth and justice, the application of the time and talents of those who are distinguished already by birth and fortune, to the pursuits of science and literature. The many direct and collateral advantages, which may be derived from such an encouragement, are too obvious to need illustration. In addition, however, to this general bias, which we think it is honorable to feel and to acknowledge, we own another also, of a more particular kind, which does not influence our judgment, but increases our satisfaction, in bestowing praise on the noble author before us. Consecrated as the House of Russell has so long been to the support and promulgation of the principles of rational and constitutional freedom, it must be gratifying to us, who are now almost octogenarian combatants in the same cause, to witness the present member of that illustrious family not only maintaining the cause of his ancestors in the great political arena, but adorning and dignifying the spirit of the patriot with the liberal acquirements of classic knowledge, and the taste and vigour of poetic ability. This we feel assured will also be the gratification of every mind, in every party of the state, which by its own attainments is capable of appreciating those of the accomplished young nobleman in question: but, more especially, will it delight that truly English class of men who look to the union of high station with honesty, and of talent with learned information, to res-  
cue

cue them from the *opposites* of each of these qualities; by whose fatal introduction into our councils, nothing but the degradation and ruin of the state could with any sound judgment be anticipated.

We shall now turn to this first effort of Lord John as a candidate for Thespian laurels; and, with the same impartiality of ~~censure~~ as of applause, we shall endeavour to estimate the rank which it holds in our dramatic compositions.

The tragical fate of Don Carlos is known to all readers of history; and we gave a particular account of it so recently as in our last Appendix, from Dumesnil's History of Philip II. At present, however, we must take the story as Lord John Russell has offered it in his tragedy. The prince here appears as having been betrothed to Elizabeth of France, and as having retained his affection for that princess after her marriage with his father. This partiality, under the management of the noble author, stands in the most innocent light in which such a feeling can possibly be represented, but is revealed with very different meaning and effect to Philip by the designing art of the Great Inquisitor, Valdez; and by Leonora, the wife of Don Luis Cordoba. All these three persons are fatally hostile to Don Carlos, for their own several reasons, and in distinct ways: the lady, *vengefully*, brings ruin on him whom she once loved in vain; her husband nourishes a base spirit of *revenge* against the Prince for having struck him, many years before, in the impetuosity and violence of youth; and Valdez, availing himself of the lawless feelings of these two instruments of his malice, *avenges* the cause of the Inquisition on Don Carlos, who, generously, and in the spirit of true Christian piety, had defended the interest of the unhappy Lutherans, when exposed to all the power and malice of bigotry under his father's government. — Such is the outline of the materials of the play before us; and, *so considered*, it assuredly affords a very noble basis for the superstructure of the dramatic poet. By some mischance, however, which none can regret more than we do, Lord John Russell seems to have done all in his power to destroy the merit of his own choice of a subject, by shewing us, at length, and with minute details from history, quoted in his Preface, how irreconcilable with truth his fairy creation is! Surely, it would have been sufficient to suggest that the play varied from history, and merely to refer to the authorities where the facts were to be found: but, in the teeth of these facts, to give us his play as an appendix to the full statement of its own misrepresentations of characters and events contained in the Preface, and to attempt the feeble argument (we must so

denominate it) which is there found in defence of violations of history occurring in fictitious works;—to do this, we say, furnishes us with a cause of serious regret. We shall be sorry, in the first place, to see the writer lose any thing in reputation by so injudicious a process; and, secondly, we shall be grieved, in a much deeper sense, if the authority of Lord J. Russell should have any effect in countenancing or excusing such abuses of the laws of fiction as he advocates in this Preface. After some obvious matter about the partialities, or, as they might be called, the falsifications of Hume and Voltaire, occasioned by the favor of one to the Stuarts ('*his heroes*,' as they are here well denominated,) and of the other to the *glory of France* under Louis XIV., Lord John proceeds to defend the liberties taken by "the author of *Waverley*" in his novel of "*Old Mortality*." If among these liberties, which are numerous, and calculated to corrupt the pure stream of history in a degree to which few readers seem to have their eyes open, Lord John Russell includes the attributing to Balfour of Burley the murder of Cornet Grahame, we do say, (*as we were the first, we believe, to say*,) that the liberty in question is a gross violation of historic truth; and that it deserves to be held up as a beacon to all future novelists, who venture to build a fictitious tale on the foundation of truth. We anxiously trust (for this is an important point, and not a mere matter of taste,) that Lord John Russell will see reason to revise his opinion on this subject; and that, when occasion offers, he will either acknowledge that he has so done, or at least he will not repeat the dangerous delusion.

For ourselves, we shall avoid, as far as we are concerned, the *effect* which must be produced by contrasting the discrepancies between the real and the fictitious account of any transaction here brought forwards; and we shall advise our readers to peruse the play first, as we did ourselves: then, if they *must* do so, as we were obliged to do, let them peruse the Preface, after the play. It may be a new mode: but it is a very expedient plan on the present occasion.\*

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\* On this point of historical authorities and representations, we shall only farther observe that Lord John Russell cites Llorente's History of the Inquisition for the statement of Don Carlos's fate and the causes of it, but does not appear to have been aware of Dumesnil's work on this specific period of history, to which we have already alluded as being fully considered in our last Appendix. — The latter writer differs in several respects from Llorente, and combats his representations with severity.



The only extensive selection that we shall make from this tragedy is the principal and decidedly the best passage in it. We adopt this course for several reasons : first, because it will give our readers the fairest opportunity of judging of the powers of the author, as well as of the poetry and language of the drama itself ; secondly, because we are sure that the free and noble sentiments, in which the play abounds, will rouse a host of enemies against it from the two Antipodes of Politics, the inhabitants of the Servile and of the Violent Regions ; and, thirdly, because the principles and feelings here embodied in eloquent and ardent dialogue are of the last importance and deepest interest to mankind.

Don Carlos having been “ put under arrest ” by his father, the latter enters his apartment.

‘ *Philip.* — Don Carlos, ’tis with heavy grief  
The safety of the state has forced me thus  
To place a guard upon your sacred person :  
Your Highness has been charged with crimes —

‘ *Carlos.* Who dares  
Impeach my honour ? who —

‘ *Philip.* Softly, my son —  
I came not to accuse ; yet were I not  
Your father, and see in your lineaments  
Myself renewed, I might have stood aloof,  
And bid blind justice do her office : now  
I come with friendly and paternal care  
To heal, not punish : listen to my words.  
It may be that my royal power and state  
Have waked aspiring thoughts within your breast,  
And like a gallant courser seeing the speed  
At which his fellow flies, you chafe and fret,  
In dull inaction curbed.

‘ *Carlos.* By Heaven, not so.

‘ *Philip.* Nay, interrupt me not. If it be thus,  
Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait  
Upon a king ; Care with his furrowed brow,  
Unsleeping Watchfulness, lone Secrecy,  
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night :  
He stands the guardian of a beacon tower ;  
If storms arise, they rage around his head ;  
If lightnings fall, they strike upon his roof ;  
And in the gladness of a summer day,  
As in the tempest of a winter night,  
He walks apart, companionless, to watch  
If ’gainst the common-weal a foe appear,  
And call the world to arms.

‘ *Carlos.* Oh ! far from me  
Is lust of that sad power : I hate it all.

‘ *Philip.* If truly, ’tis with reason ; our vain pomp  
Gives but a hollow joy and lasting grief ;



'Tis for our subjects' honour, not for ours.  
 The garlands and the gold that deck the bull,  
 Denote the sacrificing people's pride,  
 And not the victim's fortune.

*Carlos.* I know not  
 What means your majesty.

*Philip.* Listen, Don Carlos!  
 Your honoured grandsire, when a manly beard  
 Scarce plumed his cheek, rose to a height of power  
 Such as the world for ages had not seen;  
 Castile and Arragon, long separate,  
 Became compact beneath his happy sway;  
 Granada, late a strength of infidels,  
 Lay bowed beneath his yoke; in Germany  
 The imperial crown was placed upon his head,  
 While to his vacant treasury a new world  
 Across the ocean wafted tides of gold,  
 Won by the valour of his officers,  
 Who in their conquests were as mighty kings,  
 And in fidelity obedient subjects.  
 America for him unlocked her mines;  
 Asia for him produced her balmy spice;  
 Africa saw, and trembled at his arms;  
 Europe was one vast echo to his fame:—  
 Yet he, thus glorious, when his term of years  
 Betokened wisdom, (far from doting age,  
 When sense grows torpid,) saturate of power,  
 Aspired to private life, and humble rest.  
 So now do I: fatigued with slavery,  
 Miscalled command, I purpose to resign  
 My kingdom to your hands, reserving only  
 The isle of Sicily, where with my queen  
 I may conclude in peace a stormy life.

*Carlos.* Nay, king, my father, speak not so, I pray,  
 I feel my heart so full, I cannot utter  
 The thoughts which crowd my mind—I have not been,  
 Nor ever will, a traitor—am not fit  
 To fill the throne though it were vacant, now  
 'Tis filled most worthily—none ever grasped  
 The sceptre with such majesty, or made  
 Obedience seem so due, so natural,  
 As my most honoured king and dearest father.

*Philip.* You do not wish to take it from me then?

*Carlos.* Not I, by Heaven; here upon my knees  
 I pray for your long reign.

*Philip.* He is sincere:  
 This stratagem does well.

*Carlos.* I cannot speak  
 All that I should; how little I deserve  
 So kind, so good a father! thanks! and thanks!

*Philip.* He is too warm for guilt, and yet, methinks,  
 Too grateful for a perfect innocence.

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Thou art deserving of my love, my wish  
Is to meet yours, speak then if there is aught  
Thou hast desired and feared to ask.

‘ *Carlos.* My heart  
Will break with so much kindness : father, king,  
Here I confess my fault — nay, do not start  
As if I were a villain ; never thought  
Of harm to thee or to thy crown has found  
Admission in my breast.

‘ *Philip.* How then ? what fault ?  
What strange offence ? —

‘ *Carlos.* The tale is long to tell,  
But, with your pleasure, my whole mind and soul,  
As it affects your state, shall be unrolled.

‘ *Philip.* Give me your utmost confidence — proceed !

‘ *Carlos.* I do remember well — too well, alas,  
My age but scarce fourteen, your royal self  
Absent in Flanders, I was bid preside  
At the great Act of Faith to be performed  
In fair Valládolid : at that green age  
Quite new to life, nor yet aware of death,  
The solemn pomp amused my careless mind.  
But when the dismal tragedy began,  
How were my feelings changed and clouded ! first  
Came there a skeleton, upon its head  
A cap with painted flames ; this thing had been  
A lady who throughout her life had borne  
A name unsullied ; twenty years had past  
Since her remains had rested in the ground,  
And now by sentence of the Holy Office,  
The dull disgusting mass of whitened bone  
That once had been her garment, was dug up  
To clear some flaw in her theology :  
Then came a learned priest, his name Cazalla ;  
With countenance serene and calm devotion,  
He walked to death, and as he passed me by,  
With earnest manner he entreated me  
For his poor sister’s offspring ; she condemned  
To prison for her life, and loss of goods,  
While twelve unhappy children were bereft  
Of parents and of food ; I wept, and thought  
Of the poor orphans.

‘ *Philip.* You should have rejoiced  
To think so many infant souls were saved  
Perversion.

‘ *Carlos.* How ! rejoice ! not to have wept  
Were then impossible ; I sobbed for pity.  
But soon a sterner sight braced up my nerves,  
Rigid with horror, for the murderous pile  
Was lighted for the sacrifice : unmoved,  
The Great Inquisitor beheld his victims.

Cazalla too was undisturbed : the mind  
 Might fairly doubt which of the two were judge,  
 And which the culprit, save that gleams of joy,  
 Like one who sees his haven, spread their light  
 Upon Cazalla's face. The flames burst forth,  
 And with slow torture singed the limbs of him,  
 Who seemed alone amid the multitude  
 To be unconscious of this earthly hell.  
 But as we looked amazed, sudden he rushed  
 From forth the flames, and while by-standers fled  
 In sudden panic, bore from off a heap  
 Fresh store of wood, upbraiding the weak wretch  
 Who stood beside it ; this he flung amain  
 Upon the pile, and raising high his voice  
 Exclaimed, " Farewell ! thou sinful world, farewell !  
 Ye — earth, and sun, and moon, and stars, farewell !  
 Welcome my God ! welcome eternal life ! "

‘ *Philip.* Blasphemous error ; — could this heretic  
 Have hope of heaven ?

‘ *Carlos.* Such was his belief ;  
 Perhaps mistaken.

‘ *Philip.* Prince, did I hear you right ?  
 Perhaps mistaken ?

‘ *Carlos.* Patience a little while ;  
 You shall know all my thoughts. Cazalla, he  
 That stood so tall before me in the strength  
 Of a high soul, was now a cinder, tost  
 And scattered by the air : but there was more  
 Of this too dreadful pageant ; I beheld  
 Fourteen of our poor brethren suffer death  
 From Cain's descendants.

‘ *Philip.* Peace, Prince !

‘ *Carlos.* I have done  
 My narrative, but that I should have told  
 That ere the hecatomb began, Valdéz,  
 As Great Inquisitor, tendered an oath  
 Which I unwilling took : I thereby swore  
 If ever I should see, or hear, or know  
 By any means, of *ought concerned the faith*,  
 Of friend or stranger, parent, brother, son,  
 I should reveal the same without delay  
 Unto the Holy Office : that dark oath  
 I took, but thanks to heaven, I broke.

‘ *Philip.* You broke !

‘ *Carlos.* More than a thousand times : the horrid glare  
 Of that dread sacrifice fell on my mind  
 And drove the senses from my brain ; my thought  
 Hung on the place where virtue had been slain,  
 Where I had been a chief of murderers.  
 Long while I suffered ; still by day and night  
 The features of Cazalla, old and grey,

With

With mildness mingling somewhat of reprobach,  
Haunted my couch, nor could I gain relief  
Till I sought out the wretched seats of those  
Who err in faith and feel themselves impelled  
To seek for heaven by martyrdom on earth.

‘ *Philip.* You sought them out! you should have hated them.

‘ *Carlos.* Many of these I have assisted, bade  
Them fly this perilous air of Spain, conversed  
With several of their leaders, viewed their lives,  
Pure as the light; their faith still steadfast worshipped  
Christ and the book of life. Forgive me, father,  
I could not, can not, will not hate these men.

‘ *Philip.* You hate them not — you, Prince of Spain!

‘ *Carlos.*

Alas!

I know how scruples of this hue offend  
The eyes of Spanish rulers; I have weighed  
Each separate argument, conned one by one  
The reasons that our church puts forth to spur  
Her sons to persecution.

‘ *Philip.* Call it not.

By that unworthy name, nor is it fit  
A child like you should mount the judgment-seat  
To censure policy which Spain has deemed  
The way of health, by sages pointed out  
To Ferdinand the Catholic — approved  
By counsellors grown grey in the state’s service,  
By saints and martyrs of our holy church,  
By the pope’s wise decree infallible,  
In fine, by God himself.

‘ *Carlos.* That I deny.

‘ *Philip.* Don Carlos, hold your peace.

‘ *Carlos.*

King, I have drunk

The stream of Revelation at its source:  
That book, to common eyes denied, to me  
By Osma’s reverend bishop, my preceptor,  
Was early given; best and dearest gift  
That man can give to man, becoming thus  
The minister of God, and angel-like  
Carrying glad tidings to the immortal soul:  
There have I read, assisted by the lore  
Of my dear master; there too have I read  
Alone and unassisted, late at night,  
And early in the morning, words of peace,  
Forgiveness ev’n for sin; brotherly love,  
And charity that beareth, hopeth all,  
I found and wept with joy; but to this hour  
Find I no precept that commissions man  
To slay his erring brother.

‘ *Philip.*

Prince, beware:

Dread my displeasure.

‘ *Carlos.*

impossible, we would suggest the curtailing of sundry speeches, which are too prolix to be heard with patience by a modern English audience, and also that some few things be added by the author. For instance: a word or two to raise Donna Leonora (a soliloquy, perhaps, would suffice) out of the insignificant being which she now appears, when compared with the mighty effects that she produces; — a contrast which may be philosophical, but is not dramatic. It is a great point to avoid *irritation* in an audience, which nothing is more likely to produce than effects arising from apparently insufficient causes: for they transfer, in such cases, a part of their hatred of the character to the author himself. Other changes we must leave to the joint wisdom of the writer and his friends; — especially of that highly gifted person to whom he dedicates his work.

Several lines occur to us, on looking back through the tragedy, which are too prosaic even for the *necessary transaction of business* in dramatic poetry. These passages, the connecting links of the disjointed intelligence and meaning of the actors, are among the *curses* of poetry: for they *must*, without a wonderful happiness, in modern times especially, be either too high or too low: it is all smooth sailing while the writer is allowed to be *poetical*: but, as soon as he becomes *narrative*, if he has any fancy, he grows bombastic, or perhaps confused. Dryden indeed could relate in verse, and some few others: but it is a rare talent, and therefore an author must rather pray for it than hope for it. Every reader of discrimination will discover that Lord John Russell has some *very* prosaic lines, especially in the earlier part of the play, before he appears to have been warmed with his subject: but afterward they are not numerous; nor does he frequently offend by terminating his verses with insignificant grammatical particles, which can bear no such separation from their connecting words, and which close the line with most unsatisfactory import and most undignified intonation.

To redeem any blemishes of the kind to which we have referred, the play abounds in little detached passages of beauty, of which we shall quote a few examples. We have purposely left the peripeteia (if there be any) and, at all events, the catastrophe of the play, to the discovery of those who peruse it entire.

‘ The Prince is in that melancholy mood,  
The offspring of a young and teeming fancy,  
That boys call love; but no more like to love,  
Than the weak lightning of a summer night,  
That plays upon the horizon’s edge, is like

To

To that which issues from the loaded cloud  
And rives the oak asunder.' —

' As when upon the dark blank world the sun  
Pours forth his beams ; when undistinguished space  
Grows rich with meaning ; hill, and lake, and plain  
Glitter in new-born light, and hail the day : —  
Such is the queen when to our quiet hours  
Don Carlos gives his leisure.' —

' *Philip.* In fortitude  
Our nation ever was pre-eminent :  
But most of all it doth become a king,  
To stand aloof from common sympathies ;  
We have a separate life, the place we hold,  
We hold from heaven ; we should free ourselves  
From cumbrous trammels of humanity  
That bind men down to earth : we stand on high,  
As Muley Hassan\* that o'erlooks the plain  
Of fair Granada, or those mightier hills  
Our soldiers speak of, hiding half the sky  
Of Indian Peru, which view unchanged  
The change of seasons, whilst the vale below  
Shows all vicissitude : speak on.' —

' *Carlos.* My faculties but ill become a prince :  
Our mother Nature with a strange caprice  
Fits us for other parts than those we play :  
A priestly robe covers the brawny limbs  
And lion-heart that should have been a soldier's ;  
While many a delicate fibre that seems formed  
To be for ever wrapt in silken bonds  
Is torn by peasant toil, or wastes itself  
Beneath the scorching Phœbus, or night-storm,  
In guarding camps. I, even I, was framed  
To wander idly all the day in woods,  
To gather flowers, to feed on the wild grape,  
To drink the natural spring, to list to birds,  
And find my joy in breathing balmy air —  
I was not made for courts or camps.' —

' I am myself a member of your church ;  
I hold her doctrines, follow her commands ;  
Yet dare I not condemn my fellow-man,  
Who sees salvation on the same hill-top,  
But treads another path to reach it.' —

—— ' Thus weak man  
Scans the horizon bounded by his sight,  
And thinks he sees the world : but the large eye  
Of heavenly mercy compasses the globe,  
And kens the savage Indian, distinct  
As the great King of Spain.'

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\* One of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada is so called.'



The address of Don Carlos to the traitorous Don Luis and his wife is powerful, but too long for our present purposes. The introduction of the mild and enlightened Bishop of Osma is also very pleasing, as a virtuous contrast to the horrible Valdez. — We must quote the following soliloquy, which could not fail to remind us of that of the younger Foscari, when in the prison of the senate of Venice, in Lord Byron's play of "The Two Foscari." (See Rev. January, 1822, p. 95.)

*Don Carlos in prison.*

' The light is disappearing through the dim  
And narrow window of my cell — 'tis evening !  
At this same hour of evening, I have stood  
Upon the borders of the mountain-ridge  
That skirts the plain of Seville : the broad sun  
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky  
Poured his last flood of brightness : the brown hills,  
The aloe's hedge and rhododendron wild,  
The golden orange and the purple grape,  
All seemed as clothed in light ; and now 'tis gone !  
The god of day has vanished : a low bell  
The general stillness breaks, but not offends ;  
All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to heaven ;  
And soon again the light guitar is heard,  
And aged grandsires with young hearts behold  
The tender maidens that with graceful step  
Lead on the village-dance — and yet how many  
Of those who thus rejoice, and sleep at night,  
And wake at sunrise with a heart at ease,  
Would fain be Philip's heir ; and dream that then  
They should indeed be happy — poor vain worm. —  
Osorio — welcome !'

Osorio, this only true friend of Don Carlos, must be heartily welcomed by all readers and spectators. — Again, the King :

<p>' <i>Philip.</i> I am not moved by the base populace ; And yet, methinks, their jests, their ribaldry Might spare their sovereign's honour : the low vapour, That scarcely lifts itself above the marsh In which it is engendered, can yet dim The glorious sun ; how may the vilest wretch Perplex Heaven's chosen king !'</p>	<p>Nay,</p>
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The last scene between Philip and his son is very fine, as a dramatic spectacle ; — and we think that much *must* be made of it by Messrs. Young and Charles Kemble. The scene also of the trial, before the Inquisition, might be conducted nearly as the celebrated scene in Henry VIII. has so successfully been managed.

Here

Here we should end, according to our proposed plan : but there is one other speech of Don Carlos which we must give:

‘ It is too late — I feel death strangle me —  
 But a few moments more and all is over ;  
 Thanks be to Heav’n — my life has not been happy,  
 But short and void of crime : had I been doomed  
 To stay a longer space upon the earth,  
 What strife, what struggles were prepared for me !  
 Had I been fortunate, ’twere scarce with innocence,  
 Had I been innocent, why then not happy !  
 I was a summer plant that prematurely  
 Bloomed in the early spring. Perhaps a day  
 May come when Spain will ask to know my fate,  
 And, knowing it, not censure my intent :  
 To make men love each other was my wish,  
 I die the victim of their hate — I feel —’

ART. XI. *The Loves of the Angels* ; a Poem. By Thomas Moore.  
 8vo. 9s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

THE popular and meritorious poet, who now appears before us as the very *Doctor Angelicus* of the schoolmen, has certainly several peculiarities of intellectual character, which form an honorable distinction between Thomas Moore and all his contemporaries. Wherever such an eminent reputation is attained, without producing any numerous or well known sect of imitators, we may be assured that there is something *inimitable* in the original ; and the fact, in this instance, warrants the observation : for, while we can with propriety and decision speak of the school of Byron, the school of Scott, or the school of Wordsworth, and not only preserve the imaginary distinction clear and established in our minds, but illustrate it by many living examples in each kind, we shall, on making the attempt with regard to the admirers and followers of Moore, quickly perceive the difference. Thoroughly to investigate the causes of this poetical phenomenon, which we do not recollect to have seen remarked before, would lead us too far from the ‘ *Loves of the Angels*,’ and their learned and tuneful hierophant : but we may be allowed to touch, briefly, on some of those characteristic marks of the genius, attainments, and style of the author, which, by being placed in this point of view, may incite future critics to develop their merits more adequately than we can pretend to do on the present occasion.

We shall state the last-mentioned peculiarity first in our examination. In style, then, we conceive it will be allowed by all good and attentive judges that Mr. Moore eminently  
 excels

excels the very best of his rivals. More clear and more correctly *English* than Lord Byron, he at the same time is manifestly more varied, figurative, and poetical than Wordsworth. Never idle, like Scott; never prosaic, like Crabbe; free from even the remaining *antique affectations* of Milman, and of some of the others before mentioned; he appears to us to stand alone in the possession of a quality, highly deserving of praise in our present loose and irregular mode of fashionable writing, viz. that of pure, intelligible, poetic *English*. Mr. Moore also is *generally* able to make proper stops, even in his longest sentences; an accomplishment wholly despised by some of the great writers whom we have before recorded, and who seem to possess souls above punctuation.

We by no means intend all this panegyric, or that which is to follow, to be understood as admitting no exceptions to the contrary. Some of these exceptions we shall be obliged to adduce in each division of our remarks; and, for the first, we have here to observe that, as every excellence has its corresponding defect, and as "thin partitions do their bounds divide," so do Mr. Moore's virtues of style too often run into their most congenial vices. His simplicity of language, for instance, sometimes too manifestly betrays the hand of *art*; and, like that pervading quality in the *Heloise* of Rousseau, it occasionally stands forth plainly revealed as the *laboured* production of study and design. It is not, in a word, the easy and natural simplicity of Goldsmith, but something *beyond*; namely, a very close resemblance of that voluntary reduction to a state of infancy, which forms so interesting and innocent a trait in the poetical character of the principal author among the *aquæ potores*, or *tea-table* minstrels of the Lakes.

Art, Study, Design, and Labor, are indeed very prominent peculiarities, and generally speaking very honorable parts, of the character of the poet now before us. In an age in which "*scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim*" is the most obvious motto that we can bestow on our literature, Mr. Moore decidedly belongs to the latter division, or the learned class, of our writers. Throughout his works, we trace every mark of research in collecting his materials; of unbounded pains in ransacking the most recondite and even the most unpromising sources, for fresh elements of thought; and of unwearied exertion in digging in the mines either of ecclesiastical antiquity or of scholastic dullness itself, for the scattered gems and pieces of pure gold that may be sifted from the rubbish with which those depositaries of "all such learning as was never learnt" so copiously abound. From those  
early

early indications of such a taste, which are betrayed in a careless and harmless note relating to the question of "how many spirits could dance together upon the point of a needle without jostling," down to the present performance, we may observe a disposition in this author not only to avail himself of the *humours*, but of the more serious *brilliances*, of profound or witty ecclesiastics in every age. The notes to the work before us contain many striking specimens of this propensity; in some instances quite unobjectionable: but in others, we think, farther reflection will convince the highly gifted writer that it would have been better not to have indulged his fancy. To this point we must briefly refer before we conclude.

With regard to the other attainments of Mr. Moore, we need only refer to the abundance of oriental knowlege that is not only sprinkled over the pages or dropped at their feet in "*Lalla Rookh*," but actually interwoven throughout the whole texture of the work; proving the poet to have lived so long in the atmosphere of an eastern library, as to have imbibed almost the living character of an oriental poet.

Now *this* also is quite peculiar to Mr. Moore: for we find no such *strong* marks of deep and accurate acquaintance with his subject in any one of his contemporaries. If it be said that some of them have equal knowlege, but do not display it so ostentatiously, this is *to a certain degree* an invidious remark; for, besides that "*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*," as far as the author's learning is made available to the right uses of his imagination, it is plainly of the greatest advantage to him, and raises his character as a poet above those who possess it not. Now we contend that such is the case, splendidly and beautifully set forth, in the poems of Mr. Moore; although, at the same time, we are here again forced to observe the besetting sin of genius itself; namely, the too liberal and *prominent* use of its resources. Undoubtedly, there is some ground for this latter charge; and in all this writer's works, by the too frequent interspersion of *studied* luminous patches, the mind is placed in a state of watching and expectation for the recurrence of these sparkling spangles; these images and illustrations which (to change our own metaphor rather rapidly) go off like minute-guns, and keep us too much in a balance of impatience and alarm as to the exact period of repose, which the intervening seconds of comparative calm and silence may allow us to enjoy. That this redundancy of knowlege and fancy as displayed by Mr. M. is to be classed among the "*dulcia vitia*," the "luscious excesses" of composition, will surely be denied by none of those critics who have formed their taste on the established

models of judgment in such matters, guiding and correcting their own observations of nature. We are not ungrateful for such repeated fire-works; such Catherine-wheels, rockets, and Roman-candles, succeeding to each other in varied and bright alternation: nor do we thanklessly turn away from the delicious flowers, and aromatic scents, that are presented to us between the acts of this magnificent exhibition; or refuse to partake of the preserved sweets and French rolls, iced-pine-apple, or pink Noyau, which are handed round as refreshments at brief intervals; while we *heartily* delight in the Music throughout. All that we mean to say is that a little more management and distribution are wanting; — the good things tread too closely on each other's heels; — and we are vexed that we cannot, as uninterruptedly and composedly as we wish, pursue the course of Mr. Moore's beautiful and tender imaginations, because we are too frequently called off by sensations of pleasure wholly different; namely, by being summoned to admire some pointed epigram or shining morsel of wit, in the shape of a sudden simile, which recalls us at once from the scene before us, and fixes our thoughts with wonder and regret on the poet himself. Those who read only with a view to select brilliant detached passages will find their favorite occupation so much facilitated by this "sweet fault," that they will not merely forgive but will highly applaud it: while those who are honestly desirous of following the author's genius, at a humble distance indeed, but with heartfelt enthusiasm, will mourn whenever they see it diverted from its natural and wholesome exercise, and broken in its noble and continuous flow, by these "ambitious ornaments." In a word, let them not be "*ambitious*," and we shall not have to complain of their excess.

Mr. Moore announces, in his preface, a fact very interesting to his readers; namely, that for two years, at intervals, he has been employed on a poetical work, of which these '*Loves of the Angels*' in a different and minor form were intended as an episode. After what we have said on all occasions concerning the peculiar and high genius of this poet, — the *very* first, take him altogether, of *song-writers*, who have appeared in any age or country, and certainly *one* of the first among his contemporaries of any kind or degree, — it cannot be necessary for us to express our anxiety to see something *still* more perfect than "Lalla Rookh;" more uniform in design; grander in object; as rich in *suppressed*, and *intwoven*, and *allusive* learning; as nobly patriotic, and instinct with liberty, as the Fire-Worshippers; as deeply tender as certain parts of the Veiled Prophet; as magnificent and

and vigorous as other passages: but emancipated from the degrading and even cruel exposures of the rest of that poem; wholly free from the *sweetmeats* of the "Light of the Haram;" and breathing *all* the aërial beauty and goodness of "Paradise and the Peri." *This, even this*, we confidently anticipate Mr. Moore's power of presenting to his *improved* as well as *delighted* readers; and if any one word that we have said shall contribute to put him on his guard against the *sirens of epigrammatic wit*, which constantly tempt his vessel to be wrecked on their coast, — if we can in any degree secure him from those Cleopatras of far-fetched and abruptly-introduced simile, for which he seems content to lose the poetical heaven as well as earth, — we shall indeed rejoice in the time and trouble that we have bestowed on so worthy an object.

'The Loves of the Angels' are *not* founded on a *scriptural* subject, properly so called; and Mr. Moore cautiously and sufficiently guards himself, *in this point*, from the imputation of irreverent meddling with the sacred text. That text (Gen. vi. 2.) is interpreted, we believe, by *most* divines, to allude to the intercourse of the sons of Seth with the daughters of Cain; while *some* refer it to the nobles and chief men of the land, who with lust and violence intermixed with the daughters of the people. Mr. Moore has adopted the now universally confessed *apocryphal* interpretation of this passage, as the basis of his poem; and, in recording the 'loves of the angels' for women, he violates nothing of higher sanctity than the book of Enoch, (if he violates *that*,) and the unauthorized and exploded opinion of some of the more fanciful among the Fathers. So much in answer to any objections on the score of Mr. Moore's *choice* of a subject. In his *management* of it, with the exception of a few passages in the text which pained us in the perusal, and a few more in the notes, which (to say the least of them) are very unnecessarily employed on such matters, we have the satisfaction of saying that we find nothing to which we can reasonably object, with reference to religious *feeling*; though much which a more delicate *taste* on such awakening subjects would have chosen to avoid. The tendency, or *doctrine*, of the stories (if we may refer, for such points, to the *Doctor Angelicus* in question) is decidedly moral; teaching that even *angels* are liable to be debased, and excluded from their higher and holier enjoyments, by yielding to their *passions*, however veiled under the form of delicacy, and excited by *almost* heavenly appearances of beauty and of love. The women are obviously, and with a laughable sort of *gallantry*, which is very French, and very *mal-à-propos* (as we conceive), made the superior beings throughout the work. One of them (and



far from the most severely tempted) is changed into a *star*, before our faces; leaving her disappointed and deserted angel on earth! Another is most miserably burnt to death, for indulging nothing more than the natural curiosity of her sex, as displayed in the character of Blue Beard's wife long ago; and, still before the æra of the Blue Chamber, in the case of Semele and Jupiter. (See *Ovid's Reports*.) Indeed, this latter case is much too close a parallel with that of Mr. Moore's second angel, not to have been quoted as the original of his copy by an author of scrupulous exactness in the acknowledgement even of mythological larcenies. "*Cuique suum*" is a good wearing motto; and really the request of Semele to her heavenly visitant is so exactly that of the lady in the present text, and the consequences of his granting it are so precisely the same, that all originality is out of the question in this passage, except the brilliancy of the vehicle of language and versification in which the old story is conveyed. We were prepared, indeed, for what seemed to us a much more tender and touching conclusion of this tale; namely, the inability of the angel, from his own voluntary degradation, to grant the *whole* request of his love; and we think that the moral lesson, as well as the poetical picture, might have been greatly improved by representing this fallen being as unconscious of the extent to which he was "shorn of his beams," until he in vain endeavoured to display *all* his supposed remaining glories to his expecting but disappointed companion. Such a "dropping of his wings" might have been very pathetic under the author's best management; and we regret that he threw away the opportunity, on a hackneyed and revolting fable.

Determined to avoid the error which cast a considerable cloud over the splendor of his "*Lalla Rookh*," by placing the worst story at the end of the volume, Mr. Moore has on this occasion concluded with what we consider as much the best and most pleasing effort in the production before us. From this poem we shall make ample extracts; reserving to the termination of them our references to some of the passages in other parts of the book to which we have objected.

The name of the first spirit is not given. He was

' A spirit of light mould, that took  
The prints of earth most yieldingy.'

His diviner though earthlier love was 'LEA.'

The name of the second spirit was

— ' RUBI, once among the prime  
And flower of those bright creatures, named  
SPIRITS OF KNOWLEDGE.'

The history of the third angel shall reveal itself.

*Third Angel's Story.*

- ' Among the spirits, of pure flame,  
     That round the' Almighty throne abide —  
 Circles of light, that from the same  
     Eternal centre sweeping wide,  
     Carry its beams on every side,  
 (Like spheres of air that waft around  
     The undulations of rich sound)  
 Till the far-circling radiance be  
     Diffus'd into infinity !  
 First and immediate near the throne,  
     As if peculiarly God's own,  
 The Seraphs \* stand — this burning sign —  
 Trac'd on their banner, " Love divine !"  
 Their rank, their honours, far above  
     Ev'n those to high-brow'd cherubs given,  
 Though knowing all — so much doth Love  
     Transcend all knowledge ev'n in heaven !
- ' 'Mong these was Zaraph once — and none  
     E'er felt affection's holy fire,  
 Or yearn'd towards the' Eternal One,  
     With half such longing, deep desire.  
 Love was to his impassion'd soul  
     Not, as with others, a mere part  
 Of its existence, but the whole —  
     The very life-breath of his heart !
- ' Often, when from the' Almighty brow  
     A lustre came, too bright to bear,  
 And all the seraph-ranks would bow  
     Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare  
     To look upon the' effulgence there —  
 This spirit's eyes would court the blaze,  
     (Such pride he in adoring took,)  
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,  
     The power of looking, than *not* look !  
 Then too, when angel-voices sung  
     The mercy of their God, and strung  
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,  
     The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,  
 When some repentant sinner's feet  
     First touch'd the threshold of the skies,  
 Oh then how clearly did the voice  
     Of Zaraph above all rejoice !  
 Love was in every buoyant tone,  
     Such love, as only could belong  
 To the blest angels, and alone  
     Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song !

---

\* The Seraphim are the spirits of Divine love.'

- ‘ Alas, that it should e’er have been  
 The same in heaven as it is here,  
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,  
 But it hath pain and peril near —  
 Where right and wrong so close resemble,  
 That what we take for virtue’s thrill  
 Is often the first downward tremble  
 Of the heart’s balance into ill —  
 Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,  
 So holy, but the serpent, Sin,  
 In moments, ev’n the most secure,  
 Beneath his altar may glide in !
- ‘ So was it with that angel — such  
 The charm, that slop’d his fall along  
 From good to ill, from loving much,  
 Too easy lapse, to loving wrong. —  
 Ev’n so that am’rous spirit, bound  
 By beauty’s spell, where’er ’twas found,  
 From the bright things above the moon  
 Down to earth’s beaming eyes descended,  
 Till love for the Creator soon  
 In passion for the creature ended !
- ‘ ’Twas first at twilight, on the shore  
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute  
 And voice of her he lov’d steal o’er  
 The silver waters, that lay mute,  
 As loth, by ev’n a breath, to stay  
 The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;  
 Whose echoes still went on and on,  
 Till lost among the light that shone  
 Far off, beyond the ocean’s brim —  
 There, where the rich cascade of day  
 Had, o’er the’ horizon’s golden rim,  
 Into Elysium roll’d away !  
 Of God she sung, and of the mild  
 Attendant Mercy, that beside  
 His awful throne for ever smil’d,  
 Ready, with her white hand, to guide  
 His bolts of vengeance to their prey —  
 That she might quench them on the way !  
 Of Peace — of that atoning Love,  
 Upon whose star, shining above  
 This twilight world of hope and fear,  
 The weeping eyes of Faith are fix’d  
 So fond, that with her every tear  
 The light of that love-star is mix’d ! —  
 All this she sung, and such a soul  
 Of piety was in that song,  
 That the charm’d angel, as it stole  
 Tenderly to his ear along

Those hulling waters where he lay,  
Watching the daylight's dying ray,  
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,  
An echo, that some spirit gave  
To Eden's distant harmony,  
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea !

Quickly, however, to its source,  
Tracking that music's melting course,  
He saw, upon the golden sand  
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,  
Before whose feet the' expiring waves  
Flung their last tribute with a sigh —  
As, in the East, exhausted slaves  
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die —  
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,  
As if unequal to the tide  
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,  
She rais'd like one beatified,  
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given  
To be ador'd than to adore —  
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,  
But ne'er were rais'd to it before !

Oh Love, Religion, Music — all  
That's left of Eden upon earth —  
The only blessings, since the fall  
Of our weak souls, that still recall  
A trace of their high, glorious birth —  
How kindred are the dreams you bring !  
How Love, though unto earth so prone,  
Delights to take Religion's wing,  
When time or grief hath stain'd his own !  
How near to Love's beguiling brink,  
Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies !  
While Music, Music is the link  
They *both* still hold by to the skies,  
The language of their native sphere,  
Which they had else forgotten here.'

The last passage in this extract, the feeling and fanciful common-place beginning, 'Oh Love, Religion, Music,' appears to us to surpass any thing of the sort in modern poetry. There are also some most lovely fancies, and most tender feelings, in the preceding lines : but, strong as our sense is of their merit, we must be just to our duty of maintaining what we conceive to be a correct *taste* ; and to that higher duty of not suffering any example "*ludendi cum sacris*," unconscious as we fully believe *all* such instances to be in this author, to pass without animadversion. We do not dwell on the expression of '*God's own*,' though we do not like it, particularly in that association of ideas which attends

it: but to the description of Zaraph watching '*The Almighty brow*,' we object as being irreverent. Whatever may be pleaded from Milton, (who had *that* to plead which no subsequent poet can have had,) this is too much. For the love of humility, of heaven itself, let us ever remember Pope's line, that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Of the same unintentional character of irreverence is the following passage in the same story:

'Yet never did that God look down  
On error *with a brow so mild*;  
Never did Justice *launch a frown*,  
That, ere it fell, *so nearly smil'd*.'

This is many degrees below the heathen Jupiter; and when we recollect to WHOM it is applied, surely the author himself will agree with us that such things had better not be!

The poet is a little too severe against the desire of knowledge in women; too nervously afraid of that *Blue Chamber*, to which we have been compelled to make an allusion before. It does not follow that, because *Sara* (as Mr. Moore calls her)

— 'Near  
The tabernacle stole, to hear  
The secrets of the angels,'

therefore, all women will abuse their sacred or their profane knowledge; and the example of the sad fate of his second angel should not have *so far* operated on him, as to make him run into the contrary extreme, — with a want of discrimination unworthy of an advocate for the diffusion of knowledge, and for a proper division of rights between the sexes. But this *ὡς ἐν παροδῷ*.

The succeeding passage, we think, is most delightful:

'And thus in humbleness they trod,  
Abash'd, but pure before their God;  
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight  
So meekly beautiful as they,  
When, with the altar's holy light  
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,  
Hand within hand, and side by side,  
Two links of love, awhile untied  
From the great chain above, but fast  
Holding together to the last —  
Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,  
Which buds with such eternally,  
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all  
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their

- Their only punishment (as wrong,  
     However sweet, must bear its brand,)
  - Their only doom was this — that, long
  - As the green earth and ocean stand,
  - They both shall wander here — the same,
  - Throughout all time, in heart and frame —
  - Still looking to that goal sublime,
  - Whose light remote, but sure, they see,
  - Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
  - Whose home is in Eternity !
  - Subject, the while, to all the strife,
  - True love encounters in this life —
  - The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
  - The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
  - To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
  - The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
  - That in his very sweetness lies.
  - Still worse, the' illusions that betray
  - His footsteps to their shining brink ;
  - That tempt him, on his desert way
  - Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
  - Where nothing meets his lips, alas,
  - But he again must sighing pass
  - On to that far-off home of peace,
  - In which alone his thirst will cease.
- All this they bear, but, not the less,
  - Have moments rich in happiness —
  - Blest meetings, after many a day
  - Of widowhood past far away,
  - When the lov'd face again is seen
  - Close, close, with not a tear between —
  - Confidings frank, without control,
  - Pour'd mutually from soul to soul :
  - As free from any fear or doubt
  - As is that light from chill or stain,
  - The sun into the stars sheds out,
  - To be by them shed back again ! —
  - That happy minglement of hearts,
  - Where chang'd as chymic compounds are,
  - Each with its own existence parts,
  - To find a new one, happier far !
  - Such are their joys — and, crowning all,
  - That blessed hope of the bright hour,
  - When, happy and no more to fall,
  - Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
  - Rise up rewarded for their trust
  - In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
  - And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
  - From their emancipated wings,
  - Wander for ever through those skies
  - Of radiance, where Love never dies !

The remainder, to the end of the work, is generally beautiful in expression and *melody*, which Mr. Moore seems to have the art of making into *harmony*, without destroying its touching tenderness: but it is so obviously capable of a ludicrous application,—of an

“ *Ostendi digitis, et dicier, hic est !* ”

particularly the last line, that we shrink from quoting it, and earnestly recommend its alteration in another edition.

We grieve to feel the necessity of justifying our censure of occasional passages by farther citations: but, besides the marks of a deficiency in *due awe* which we have already pointed out, the following instances must be specified:

‘ To save *one minute’s* pain to her,  
Let mine last all eternity!’

This is at least a flippant way of talking of *eternity*. We know how lovers talk: we recollect

“ Ye gods ! annihilate both time and space ! ” &c. :

but we really cannot hear such rhapsody as the above, from an angel’s lips, without taking notice of it. Immediately afterward, the dreadful question of *eternal punishment* (with which we do not interfere in this place) is decided in the most summary manner; and in a way of which we can neither discern the wisdom nor appreciate the feeling.

In another page we have ‘ the *moultings* of heaven’s dove.’ *Honi soit qui mal y pense* : — but, in plain truth, it is impossible to forget the old story of the old gentleman in the “ adjoining box,” and his admonition to the two young men about what they had forgotten in the history of Jacob’s angels. Why will Mr. Moore suggest such ideas? Unintentionally, no doubt, he does it: — but let him remember,

“ *Mens sibi perpetitur, quæ sine mente gerit.* ”

It must be allowed us also to object, in the *text* of this work, to the inordinate quantity of eyes, cheeks, and wings (especially *wings*) with which we are furnished throughout. Sheridan’s remark on Whitbread’s Phoenix, “ that it was more like a poulterer’s than a poet’s Phoenix,” should always be in the memory of those who talk of *wings*. Sidesmen, mitres, backbones, pinions, (above every thing,) and almost all the parts of the body specified in the Almanack, are apt to rush on the fancy of those who read, or those who write, so abundantly on any of the divisions of bodily matter. In one word, Mr. Moore’s angels are too corporeal, altogether. They have neither the light nor the lightness of his own Peri, even out of Paradise.

We



We come now to the notes; and here we must say, with sincere reluctance, that we find a considerable display of undemanded learning. Why does the author drag back into light the buried and forgotten follies of superstitious ages? What is the purport of telling us that 'the comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, and the proportion which it bears to that of Adam, is another point which has exercised the tiresome ingenuity of the commentators?' *Such a subject is not to be so discussed; neither in this manner nor in this place.* In the outset of his work, Mr. M. seems to guard himself (as we have observed) prudently, and in a praiseworthy manner, from the accusation of offending those 'whose opinions he respects:' but has he not forgotten this delicate and honourable sentiment, to a certain degree, when he talks of *scriptural* matters quite as freely as he deals with those which are *apocryphal*? For instance; if, in the honest expansion of charity, the religious mind overlooks the foregoing indecorous manner of speaking of the first transgression, how can it reasonably omit to censure what follows?

'So far indeed does the *gallantry* of another commentator, Hugh de St. Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the words, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," as a proof that the sex was from that moment *enlisted in the service of heaven*,' &c.

Is *this* the way to speak

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree?"

Be the opinions of any person what they may, he owes more respect to others, and we will add to himself, than to talk about '*gallantry*,' &c., when he is alluding to the tremendous basis of the faith of millions; and to a transaction which, however philosophically viewed, involves the most solemn and melancholy consequences.

It is not, however, in this serious manner that we wish to part with Mr. Moore: but we have deemed it right — we trust, without bigotry, and we are sure with the sincere wish of doing good to all concerned, — to enter our protest thus far against some particular passages, in a book of which we have acknowledged with deserved praise the general inoffensiveness and moral design. Whatever the author may at present think of so honest an expostulation, in the plenitude of his poetical glory, we know this one truth, that he has evidently too much sense and too much good feeling, not to agree a few years hence *with a large portion* of what we have now thrown out. — We have scarcely left room for the lighter, but by no means the agreeable part of our proposed task;

think; namely, that of corroborating our opinions on the poet's occasionally false simplicity of style, and frequently overloaded splendor of ornamental illustration, by appropriate quotations: but we must try, though in a cursory manner, to give our readers a clue to our meaning.

Perhaps it may be said that the first example below, and some others, should be classed under the head of unnecessary, and therefore affected, innovations in language. At all events, they appear to us, each in its several degree, instances of a false and corrupted style;—stains on the general purity of this poet's composition; resembling those examples of too prolonged and too licentiously *overlapping* sentences of verse, of which we are at present wholly unable to take due notice, but which we can assure the author we shall do (without the fear of "*Fadladeen*" before our eyes!) on the first becoming opportunity.

‘ Among those youths th’ *unheavenliest* one.’

We find that we must combine our instances of ill introduced similes and figures, with those of faulty language.

—— ‘ like a sun-flower, by a brook,  
With face upturn’d.’ ——

A beautiful woman compared to a sun-flower! It will not suffice to say that the ‘*upturning*’ of the face is alone intended. These *partial* similes, common to Homer and all his worthy followers, must be so managed as not to suggest any unworthy comparison in the whole image.

‘ But ere I could again unseal  
My restless eyes, or even steal  
One side-long look, the maid was gone.’

An angel ‘*stealing a side-long look!*’ Comparisons are odious: but let the reader refer to Montgomery's “*World before the Flood*,” and see whether his angels, and *men*, are not more ætherial than these? not so *brilliant*, but *brighter*; not so liquid in their sound, but purer in their essence. — The moon, too, in the following verses, is represented as

—— ‘ *in all her charms*  
*Of full-blown light!*’

Surely, there is something of the “fat, fair, and forty,” in this.

‘ Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds — the *one*, that small,  
Belov’d, and consecrated spot,  
Where *Lea* was — the other, all  
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not*.’

This

This we perceive to be intended for simplicity, but we view it as antithesis and epigram. It is a *plan* for a contrast. It is not easy and natural. The idea is good, though common; the expression is laboured, though plain.

An angel talking of '*tearing*' his wings, (p. 11.) we cannot admire; nor the following simple *effort* again:

' Dwelling up there in purity,  
Alone, as all such bright things are.'

Nor (for another reason) can we like the '*flinging*' the fire of the censer 'towards the shrine'

' Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One,'

High Mass, in a Roman Catholic chapel!

' To love, *bye burn* for, with a flame  
To which earth's wildest fires are tame,'

is *somewhat* extravagant.

' Not angry — no — the feeling *had*  
No touch of anger — but most sad.'

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger:" — but this is all very well.

' 'Twas 'madd'ning, 'Twas — but hear even worse.' (P. 92.)

' Downward again, with me to drink  
*Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!*'

Enough of rare alliteration, and of repeated "labored simplicity."

' Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her  
Than *all* heaven's proudest joys without.'

How near are extravagance and impiety!

' But to return — *that very day*  
A feast was held.'

There is no *labor* in this. Wordsworth himself could not be more inartificially simple.

' Why, why have hapless angels *eyes*?' (P. 19.)

"Why was I born with elegant desires?" *Jaffier.*

"Why was I born with all my sex's softness?"

*Unknown Author.*

We shall, however, bring this strain to a close: it is too *ungracious* a task for us to fulfil; and we are pleased to throw the rest of our memoranda into the fire, whether relating to errors of diction, or to more general defects of poetic skill and judgment. It seems *ungrateful*, indeed, as well as *ungracious*, to find

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

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POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 12. *The Bride's Tragedy.* By Thomas Lovell Beddoes, of Pembroke-College, Oxford. 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed. Rivingtons—1822.

Were we quite sure that our suggestions would have any weight with Mr. Beddoes, we should feel inclined to bestow some of our time, and a few of our pages, on 'The Bride's Tragedy:' but, in his preface, he has thrown out a sort of menace on the gentlecraft of criticism; and, as we feel no doubt of his making another appearance before the public, we shall for the present content ourselves with giving him a little good advice in a compact form. He possesses many of the essential qualities of a true poet;—a warm, rich, and brilliant imagination; a great play of fancy; and an ear susceptible of harmony. Occasionally, too, he displays deep and tender feeling. With all these advantages, however, he is in great danger of throwing away his chance of a reputation which in all probability would prove highly honorable to him, by yielding to the sin of affectation. He *affects* to write not as nature and his genius prompt him, but as our elder dramatists wrote, and as the pseudo Mr. Barry Cornwall has *attempted* to write. We would earnestly exhort Mr. B. not to be led away by this spirit of imitation: but, if he *will* follow our old writers, let him endeavor to resemble them in their glorious conceptions and subtle discrimination of character, in the power of their feelings, and the grasp of their thought; not in the turn of their expressions, the quaintness of their antique phraseology, and the conceits and perversions in which they often indulged. By far too much *ingenuity* is visible in this poem: the images and illusions are too recondite; and the feelings have scarcely ever fair play. As a pure tragedy, it has few claims to our attention; and it betrays all those marks of a juvenile hand, which we might expect when the author informs us that he is yet a minor. We could select many pleasing passages: but we must content ourselves with giving two specimens, — one of the writer's best and the other of his worst style.

Considerable fancy is displayed in the following vision of the Queen of Love:

— ' Suddenly,

Methought, a cloud swam swan-like o'er the sky,  
And gently kissed the earth, a fleecy nest,  
With roses, rifled from the cheek of Morn,  
Sportively strewn; upon the ethereal couch,  
Her fair limbs blending with the enamoured mist,  
Lovely above the portraiture of words,  
In beauteous languor lay the Queen of Smiles.  
In tangled garlands, like a golden haze,  
Or fay-spun threads of light, her locks were floating,

And

And in their airy folds slumbered her eyes,  
 Dark as the nectar-grape that gems the vines  
 In the bright orchard of the Hesperides.  
 Within the ivory cradle of her breast  
 Gambolled the urchin god, with saucy hand  
 Dimpling her cheeks, or sipping eagerly  
 The rich ambrosia of her melting lips :  
 Beneath them swarm'd a bustling mob of loves,  
 Tending the sparrow-stud, or with bees' wings  
 Imping their arrows. Here stood one alone  
 Blowing a pyre of blazing lovers' hearts  
 With bellows full of absence-caused sighs :  
 Near him his work-mate mended broken vows  
 With dangerous gold, or strung soft rhymes together  
 Upon a lady's tress. Some swelled their cheeks,  
 Like curling rose-leaves, or the red wine's bubbles,  
 In petulant debate, gallantly tilting  
 Astride their darts. And one there was alone,  
 Who with wet downcast eye-lids threw aside  
 The remnants of a broken heart, and looked  
 Into my face, and bid me 'ware of love,  
 Of fickleness, and woe, and mad despair.'

The opening lines of the poem are characteristic of the author's faults :

' Now eve has strewn the sun's wide billowy couch.  
 With rosered feathers moulted from her wing,  
 Still scanty-sprinkled clouds, like lagging sheep,  
 Some golden-fleeced, some streaked with delicate pink,  
 Are creeping up the welkin, and behind  
 The wind, their boisterous shepherd, whistling, drives them,  
 From the drear wilderness of night to drink  
 Antipodean noon.'

We presume Mr. *Lovell Beddoes* to be sprung from a family of genius on both sides, and we therefore trust in his improvement. A descendant of the *Edgeworths* and of *Dr. Beddoes* ought to warrant and to realize this anticipation.

Art. 13. *The Sun Flower ; or, Poetical Truths for Young Minds, Religious, Moral, Miscellaneous, and Historical.* By *Mary Elliott*, (late *Belson*.) Author of "Simple Truths." 12mo. 1s. 6d. half-bound. *Darton*. 1822.

Children have more correct taste than many persons suppose, and regard with *Hotspur's* aversion all "maudlin poetry." — The verses published by the family of *Taylor*, of *Ongar*, and some few others, are favorites because they possess talent and simplicity : but such compositions as the present, consisting of tales and reflections in inharmonious verse, will be less relished than simple prose. They are, however, commendable in point of morality.

Art. 14. *Zaphna, or the Amulet ; a Poem.* By *Isabel Hill*. 12mo. 5s. Boards. *Sams*. 1823.

We think, and *have* thought, that there are proofs of very considerable poetical talents in Miss Hill's compositions, but hitherto such powers are far from being developed. Although this is her third appearance before the public, she is still a very young writer, and we may anticipate improvement as her taste becomes matured and her judgment more correct. From her preface, she appears very willing to take advantage of all critical observations, and that critic must be harsh indeed who could treat with discourtesy so young and gentle a disciple. 'If any sincerity ever did exist,' says she, 'in a defiance of criticism, I, at least, cannot comprehend it, receiving correction humbly and with gratitude, and ready if I am at last pronounced incorrigible to bow beneath the award of better judgments, and so be heard no more.' We trust, however, that Miss Hill will not be compelled to make this submission, but that she will be heard again, and with increasing pleasure. Her present poem contains a considerable portion of elegant verse, and occasionally a considerable display of feeling and imagination. The opening is very pleasing.

' Where Brahma is adored, this eve  
The moon outshines her former power ;  
And sad sweet airs sigh to relieve  
The breasts so fever'd many an hour ;  
And there, within a dewy bower,  
Wild music's odorous veil and throne,  
Silent, as each o'erhanging flower,  
A most fair woman sits, alone.'

We would advise Miss H. to abstain from writing when she finds that she can only write *tolerably*. — The great fault of the poem before us is, not that it commits any glaring offences against good taste, or that it contains any absolutely bad verses, but that it betrays too much *mediocrity*. We do not, however, find any proofs that the author is not capable of higher efforts.

#### NOVELS.

**Art. 15. *Reformation.* 3 Vols. 12mo. 18s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.**

Mrs. Hannah More's novel of "*Cœlebs*" may be charged with having led the fashion of religious romances ; and we question whether this union of light and serious subjects be judicious, even when conducted by a writer of distinguished piety and talents : but, when it seems attempted only to make the book acceptable to a particular set of readers, and, as in the work before us, extravagant love-scenes, romantic sentiments, and pious reflections, are jumbled together in mawkish admixture, — the author (like the fabled traveller) blowing hot and cold with the same breath, — it then becomes a pernicious olio which deserves censure. This flimsy and improbable tale needs scarcely be analyzed : but the scenes of Arthur's shipwreck and of Lord Glenmurray's death are perhaps the nearest approaches towards tolerable writing ; and, *per contra*, we may notice, among those incidents which bear con-

tradiction

tradition on their very face, the death of Miss Meyer, who had run away with a gentleman whom she had seen but twice, and, on being brought back by her brother, expires from apprehension lest the neighbours should know the circumstance: together with the pious contrivance of Lady Norman, who *steals* her friend's child, in order to give him a religious education.

In some passages, we find absolute nonsense; as in vol. iii. p. 220., where an '*aquiline blue eye*' is mentioned; and the author betrays ignorance of the expressions usual in polished society when he makes his hero, Captain Montgomery, repeatedly say, 'Yes, your Ladyship;' — 'Certainly, your Ladyship,' &c. &c.

Art. 16. *Which is the Heroine.* 12mo. 2 Vols. 12s. Boards. Robins. 1822.

Great fluency of language, and an acquaintance with the novelist's common-places, have enabled this writer to produce a couple of volumes, in which, though all goes on smoothly, no approach is ever made to nature and probability. The tale begins with describing a morning visit of two fair friends to the inhabitants of a cottage, (with a double coach-house, no doubt,) in which the '*music-room* and the *library*, exquisitely fitted up, afford charming retreats from the heat of the noon-day sun,' and they are received by 'an elegant woman whose dress is of a snowy white:' (*vulgò*, a clean white gown:) but in the next paragraph the noon-day sun has "sunk to rest," for we are told that 'the *evening* is devoted to those *elegant amusements* which harmonize the spirits, and dispose the heart to receive impressions of *virtue and piety*.'

What a relief would it be to us if the writers of such books, whether male or female, would wisely

—— "lay them by,  
And learn to mend their stockings!"

#### T R A V E L S.

Art. 17. *Journal of a Tour through the Netherlands to Paris, in 1821.* By the Author of "Sketches and Fragments," &c. &c. Crown 8vo. 8s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

Report ascribes this volume also to the pen of the Countess of Blesington, whose preceding publication of "Sketches and Fragments" we announced in our Review for September last; and the same general character belongs to it as a production, and as an index to the fair writer's mind. The observations are lively and elegant, and far from wanting acuteness and good sense: but they do not indicate profundity of thought or research, and probably we shall be told that they do not pretend to it. — From the preface, we learn that this Journal is published without Lady B.'s knowledge, and during her absence on a renewed tour; and we are not certain that the friend who has committed it to the press is acting with sound judgment and real kindness.

We have been so profusely supplied with narratives of journeys over the ground occupied in this little volume, that we cannot expect much new information respecting either the persons or the



places whom it introduces to us : but we shall quote a few specimens of the style in which the Countess thinks, writes, and describes. — She appears to be partial to the great talents of Napoleon, of whom she speaks favorably on various occasions.

For example :

‘ We viewed Château Lacken, or the palace of Schonenberg, built by the Archduchess Maria Christina, during her residence in the Low Countries, and afterwards inhabited by Buonaparte, who fitted it up with great magnificence, and resided there sometimes. It is at present the occasional residence of the King of the Netherlands, who now occupies it.

‘ The house contains some good rooms, and the inlaid floors, which are of a different pattern in each, are very pretty. The *salle à manger* is capacious, but plainly furnished. A magnificent circular room of immense height, lit by a dome-light, and supported by twelve pillars, joins this ; it opens on a handsome terrace, and commands a fine view of the country through which the canal winds very gracefully. This apartment has two fire-places, which correspond in shape with the windows and doors, and round the frieze are allegorical groups representing each month, beautifully executed. The floor is of black and white marble, paved in stars, and the whole effect is truly grand. The third room is furnished with purple velvet, richly trimmed with gold lace, and hung with tapestry representing the nine muses. It contains some fine pier-glasses. The fourth room, or chamber of council, is fitted up with green velvet, trimmed with gold fringe, and opens into a cabinet, or writing-room. The next is the bath-room, which is very superbly furnished, and leads to the bedroom once occupied by Buonaparte. It is hung with crimson Genoa velvet, trimmed with rich gold lace, and a sort of colonnade is formed of white and gold pillars to receive the bed. The furniture of this single apartment is said to have cost 80,000 francs.

‘ How many reflections did this room give birth to in my mind. It was here that, as a conqueror receiving universal homage, reposed that head whose cogitations so often agitated all Europe. Here, pillowed on down, and surrounded by all the appendages of state and luxury, reclined that form which lately found its last resting-place on a soldier’s hard bed, and is now hid beneath a tomb simple and unadorned as that of the humblest soldier that ever fell beneath his banners. I looked from the windows, whence he too had viewed the prospect ; and I felt a melancholy pleasure in fixing my eyes where his also had often glanced. How frequently in the desolate island where he pined in captivity, and beneath a roof unworthy of sheltering a head that had once worn a crown, must he have recalled the memory of past days, when, master of empires, and possessed of palaces, he little dreamed of drawing his last sigh in exile, denied even the comforts which his debilitated frame required. It is said that it is from days of past prosperity that adversity borrows her sharpest darts. How must the recollection of his past greatness have increased the sufferings of Napoleon ! Unfeeling must the mind of that person be, who can view  
any

any of the palaces which he so long possessed, without feeling a pang, while contrasting it with the spot where he spent so many years of anguish, and where, exhausted by bodily and mental sufferings, he breathed his last sigh; unattended by wife or child, and indebted to the attachment of a few faithful friends for the last duties of humanity. While Napoleon possessed empires, and gave laws to the half of Europe, I could condemn his overweening ambition and selfishness, and shrink from his hardness of heart and want of principle; but since he has fallen from his greatness, I can feel no sentiment but pity for his situation, and disgust at the littleness of mind that could lead his enemies to trample on a fallen foe, and abridge his days by ill treatment.'—

'I know that Buonaparte has been severely censured for what have been called his plunders, but I view the business in a different light. Who ever accused the celebrated Duke of Marlborough of plundering; and yet the trophies and warlike ornaments that decorate the front of Blenheim were brought from Flanders; and whether by Marlborough or for him, still they may as well be viewed in that light as Buonaparte's bringing to the capital of his empire works that must have improved the national taste, and excited the bravery and emulation of the whole nation, who could never behold those sublime trophies of their own prowess, without feeling an increase of courage. No one ever understood human nature better than Napoleon, and he never gave a more convincing proof of this, than by making the Louvre the boast of France and the envy of all the rest of Europe.'

The magnificent palace at Compiègne is thus described:

'This was the favourite residence of Buonaparte, which he furnished with surprising magnificence for the reception of his Empress, Maria Louisa. It remains in the same state, except that all the eagles, bees, and N's are defaced, and their places supplied by *fleurs-de-lis* and L's, while the fine suite of apartments are assigned to other owners. Buonaparte's own rooms are now called the King's, and the voluptuously beautiful suite of Maria Louisa are assigned to the Duchess D'Angoulême. This palace was commenced by Louis XIV., and partly finished by Louis XV. and XVI. It was reserved for Napoleon to complete it, which he has done in a style of magnificence that surpasses all description.'—

'We proceeded through different suites of inferior rooms to those occupied by the late Duke de Berri, which are truly magnificent. The bed, dressing, and bath-rooms, boudoir, and drawing-room of the Duchess de Berri, are not only splendid but tasteful. The suite assigned to Monsieur are also magnificent, but the rooms of the Empress surpass every thing I have ever seen in grandeur and elegance of taste, particularly the bed-room. The ceiling is exquisitely painted; the centre represents Aurora, and gives a delicious picture of rosy joyous morn. The Seasons are beautifully painted in pannels, and the furniture is of the finest crimson silk embroidered with gold flowers, rich gold embroidered borders, and very deep gold bullion fringe. The bed is beyond every thing splendid. It is carved in fine relieve and gilt; the curtains of

white satin superbly trimmed with gold fringe, held back at each side by an angel of full size, and beautifully carved and gilt. I can find no words to describe the furniture, glasses, sofas, &c. &c. of this apartment, and the bath-room which opens into it.

‘ This last is a circular room with a deep recess, lined each way with looking-glass; in this recess is placed a beautiful bath, that is formed into a sofa or bath at pleasure. The room is hung with white lustrous trimmed with gold fringe, and all the furniture is of white and gold. The suite occupied by Napoleon joins this, and is indeed grand, combining all that can be imagined of comfort, luxury, and magnificence. The drawing-rooms, presence-chambers, and other state-rooms, are all superb. The hangings are of the richest velvets and silks, embroidered in the finest taste with gold, trimmed with deep gold bullion fringe, and all the furniture to suit. Three of the rooms are hung with beautiful tapestry, containing the most interesting fables exquisitely wrought, the chairs and sofas worked to correspond. In one room, the pannels contain the finest coloured flowers, and the chairs have similar ornaments. The flowers are so finely raised, that it seems a pity to press them by sitting on them. Another room contains La Fontaine’s fables of the birds; and here also the chairs and sofas are made to match. But it is in vain to attempt a description, where all is grandeur and magnificence. The ball-room is a perfect fairy scene of enchantment: it conveys more the idea of an eastern dream than of a scene of reality.

‘ It is 144 feet long and 44 feet wide, with an arched roof, supported by Ionic pillars finely gilt, between each of which are arched high windows, and doors opposite of the same height, striped with panes of looking-glass. The ceiling is painted in compartments, beautifully finished, and richly ornamented with wreaths of flowers and gilding. At each end is a large mirror, the height of the room, and of immense width; and on entering, it has all the effect of a room of gold: never did I behold so gorgeous a scene. The principal apartments open on a raised terrace that overhangs the gardens; these have a vista cut through the centre, which reaches to the front of Compiègne, and is terminated by a considerable eminence of wood. The gardens are all the works of Napoleon, and are laid out with great taste in the present improved style of English landscape-gardening. They are filled with fine trees, and the borders are luxuriantly adorned with flowers.’

A fine specimen of French china, of the Sevre manufactory, also gives occasion for strewing another leaf of laurel over the tomb of Napoleon:

‘ Took a tour through the curiosity shops, which are remarkably good. Saw a most beautiful table of modern Sevre made for the city of Paris, and presented to Napoleon. On the restoration of the Bourbons it was banished from the situation in which it was once so proudly placed, and its present owner purchased it for a small sum. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this table; the centre contains a fine miniature full-length portrait of Napoleon, in his

his full dress as Emperor, while the border is formed of miniatures of all his marshals, in their state-dresses. The portraits are by Isabey, and are considered good likenesses; the mounting and whole finishing of this table are superb. What a proof of the instability of greatness does this fragile piece of furniture present; brittle as are its materials, it has outlived the fortunes of him to whom it owes its formation, and a small sum has purchased that which, but a few months before, the largest sum could not have procured. The price demanded for this table, by its present owner, is three thousand pounds, and he expects that his only chance of selling it will be meeting with some liberal Englishman, who remembers and admires what the ungrateful French have, with their natural fickleness, ceased to regard.'

On the national character of the French and the English we have these remarks:

'I am every day more and more convinced that there is much less rational enjoyment of life in Paris than in London. Here the people are continually out, and seem to live in the open air, so that there can be but little time for reading, and none for study. Indeed the conversation of even the French literary characters gives abundant proof that their information is derived from oral sources, and betrays a great poverty of mind joined to an exuberance of words.

'The English think more than they speak. The French speak more than they think. They accuse us of coldness and want of animation, while we are disgusted with their flippancy and exaggeration of manner. I can give them credit for a great many good qualities, and even for some that we do not possess; but of profound feeling, or at least any continuance of it, I cannot believe them capable. There is a sort of stage-effect attached to every thing they do, that never could be practised when not feelingly excited. The French wish to appear amiable and instructing, and are always acting to convey this impression. The English, satisfied with the good qualities which they know they possess, wrap themselves up in habits of shyness and taciturnity, and rather seek to conceal than display their merits.'

If the fair writer be somewhat inclined to be a Bonapartist, she still professes herself to be a thoroughly good Englishwoman; for she exclaims, towards the conclusion of her journal,

'Oh, England! dear, happy England! it is only by seeing other countries that we can prize thee sufficiently; and ungrateful must thy travelled children be, if they do not return to thy bosom more devoted to thee, by contrasting thee with all other nations.'

#### PHILOSOPHY.

Art. 18. *The Antient Principles of the True and Sacred Philosophy*, as lately explained by John Hutchinson, Esq., originally published in Latin, by A. S. Catcott, LL.B. Translated, with additional Notes, and a Preliminary Dissertation, on the Character and Writings of Moses, by Alexander Maxwell, Author  
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of "Plurality of Worlds." 8vo. pp. 236. 9s. 6d. Boards. Maxwell, Bell-Yard, Lincoln's Inn. 1822.

The work here translated is well known among the curious as an excellent compendium of Mr. Hutchinson's singular theory. The translator has subjoined several additional notes, and has also given a learned preface, in which he urges that Adam was taught the real system of the universe (p. 49.); that Moses, besides his inspiration, had extraordinary aids from his human learning (p. 43, 44.); that Joseph probably instructed the Egyptians in useful and sacred knowledge, and perhaps was the author of Æsop's fables (p. 55.); that Pythagoras *most likely* journeyed from Egypt through Persia and Chaldea; and that both he and Plato, *most likely*, (p. 89.) read the Hebrew books; and that the integrity of Justin Martyr is unimpeachable (p. 80.), 'as well as that of Philo (p. 76.). It is true that some authors have entertained different opinions on these points, but Mr. Maxwell very easily brushes his opponents out of his way, by arguments short and pithy; as for instance (p. 87.), 'Are we to discredit the accounts of the journey of Pythagoras from Egypt through Persia and Chaldea, and his conversations with the Magi and the Indian Gymnosophists, because they are encumbered by a few chronological difficulties? The fact may be true, though the time may be false.'

On the whole, this preface (if we do not mistake the *gist* of it altogether) is an elaborate defence of the antient and modern Jews; and the scope of it is best expressed in the following passage:

'Are we to judge of the antient Hebrews by their present low and degraded condition? Are we to estimate the learning of Solomon and the men of that age, by the corrupt traditions, or the verbal and cabalistical fancies of later ages? Even with respect to the state of learning among the modern Jews, how little is known to the Christian world! A whole nation is sometimes libelled by a few petty scribblers, who are not able to decypher the titles, much less the contents of the works, of which they presume to be such learned critics. The modern Jews have printed books and manuscripts in abundance, upon every known branch of science and human knowledge, written in pure Hebrew, and which have not been read or examined by the most learned Christians. And it will not be denied, that the Jews have natural faculties, equally quick, piercing, and profound with the rest of mankind.'

Numberless quotations are subjoined as notes to each page of the Preliminary Dissertation, supporting or contradicting almost every word of the text. Thus in page 104. we are told:

'The Cabbala of the Jews is evidently fictitious. If it ever had any rational foundation in traditional authority, nothing remains at present but a wild chaos of fanciful opinions, which are absurd and trifling.—(Note.) A learned Jew, who is yet alive, assured the writer, that the genuine Cabbala had never been committed to writing—known only to a few of their learned rabbies—and the secrets never communicated but to Jews only, and to them under the most

most sacred oath, never to divulge the same to any but a Jew and that Jew eminently distinguished for rank and learning. Whether there is any such Cabbala existing, the writer does not himself presume to assert.'

The note, however, which surprized us most, and which we least expected to find in the book before us, is the following citation from Warburton: which forms in fact the most just critique that we have seen on the volume which Mr. Maxwell has undertaken to translate, as well as on the theory which that volume is intended to illustrate.

' "How miserably, for instance, hath the Mosaic account of the creation been dishonoured by the wild and jarring expositions of men devoted to this or that sect of *Philosophy* or *Mysticism*? Platonists, Materialists, Cartesians, Chemists, Cabalists, and all the impure fry of physical, philological, and spiritual enthusiasts, have found their peculiar whimsies supported and made authentic, in the first and second chapters of the book of Genesis?" — *Warburton's Sermons*, vol. i. p. 14.'

We trust that some Heathen, or some Christian, and not one of Mr. M.'s learned Jews, is responsible for the gross blunders with which the Greek and Latin quotations in this work abound. We shall mark only one or two of the most palpable. P. 33. note, *Θεοπνευστος*, for *Θεοπνευστος*; and *Θεοπνευστον*, p. 53. note. P. 51. note, "*nulla simulacre*" for *nulla simulacra*: — 'the different cosmogonia of the antients,' p. 93. line 10.: — 'every species of corpusculis or atoms,' p. 125. line 3.

#### EDUCATION.

Art. 19. *Gleanings and Recollections*, to assist the Memory of Youth. By a Parent. 12mo. 1s. Relfe. 1822.

This is a serious and moral little production: but it may be objected, that the disquisitions against drunkenness and evil company are calculated for youth; while the account of events in the New Testament, the poetical pieces, and other parts of the collection, are written in a style fitted merely for children.

Art. 20. *The Gift of Friendship; or, The Riddle explained*. By Mary Elliott (late Belson). 12mo. 1s. 6d. half-bound. Darton.

A pretty little book, from the pen of a writer who has already furnished some moral and agreeable additions to juvenile libraries.

Art. 21. *The English Mother's Catechism for her Children*. By the Rev. T. Clark. 12mo. 9d. sewed. Souter. 1822.

The cuts in this book may afford amusement, though an attempt to teach children a little of every thing at once is more apt to bewilder than to enlighten them. Mr. Clark is not accurate when he states that Captain Cook was killed and eaten by cannibals at Otaheite: (see page 72.) — the lamented death of that great navigator having taken place on the island of *Owyhee*, and the circumstances which ensued not being so clearly known even by his officers



officers as to warrant the statement of his having been devoured by his murderers.

Art. 22. *The British Constitution; or, An Epitome of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, for the Use of Schools.* By Vincent Wanostrocht, LL.D. 12mo. 12s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

This abridgment seems to be carefully compiled, and contains all the essential parts of the "Commentaries," omitting what is merely technical as unsuitable to the design. Dr. W. has adhered as nearly as he could to the words of the original, which was certainly the safest and best plan, and he has succeeded in producing a volume which may be read with great advantage by graver personages than school-boys. He has not confined himself to very narrow limits; for, although the work forms only a single duodecimo volume, it contains nearly half as much matter as the four volumes of the "Commentaries." It would perhaps have been better to have continued the epitome down to the present day, by referring to any important alterations in our law; such, for instance, as the 1 Geo. IV., amending the practice in ejectment: but, when the object of the editor is considered, this is not a defect of the first consequence.

#### L A W.

Art. 23. *A Digest of 58 Geo. III. c. 45., for building and promoting the building of additional Churches in populous Parishes; 59 Geo. III. c. 134., to amend and render more effectual the first Act; and 3 Geo. IV. c. 72., to amend and render more effectual both the former Acts.* By George Branwell, of the Inner Temple, Honorary Secretary to the Society for promoting the Enlargement and building of Churches and Chapels. 8vo. pp. 43. Rivingtons, &c. 1822.

As this seems to be an extremely correct and well arranged Digest, we doubt not that it will meet with the attention that it deserves from those who are concerned in the enactments and proceedings to which it relates.

Art. 24. *A Legal and Constitutional Argument against the alleged Judicial Right of restraining the Publication of Reports of Judicial Proceedings, as assumed in the King v. Thistlewood and Others, enforced against the Proprietor of the Observer by a Fine of 500*l.*, and afterwards confirmed by the Court of King's Bench.* By J. P. Thomas, Esq. 8vo. pp. 148. 7s. 6*d.* Boards. Sweet. 1822.

This publication was occasioned by a fine imposed on Mr. Clement, proprietor of *The Observer*, a Sunday news-paper, for reporting the trial of Thistlewood and Ings. The only cases which Mr. Thomas produces in support of his argument are *Curry versus The Times* (1 Bos. & Pull. p. 525.), and the *King versus Wright* (8 Term Reports, 293.); and the observations of Lord C. J. Eyre in the first of these cases, and those of Mr. J. Lawrence in the latter, well deserve the attention of those who would examine the question



tion on solid and constitutional grounds. If Mr. Thomas had merely published these judgments, with a few plain and simple comments, we think that he would have served the cause which he has espoused, and which is in truth very important, much better than by the present diffuse and rhetorical dissertation. We cannot imagine why the most familiar passages from Coke, or Hale, or Fortescue, instead of being quoted from the printed editions, are here taken from MSS. in the British Museum.

As a sample of Mr. Thomas's style, we extract his remarks on Custom; and we can assure the reader that, if he desires farther amusement of the same kind, he will be amply gratified by the perusal of the work itself.

'The force and obligation of custom can scarcely be seriously resisted, or it would be a source of no little interest, to display the immense extent to which it extends throughout the law and the country. It would doubtless be a matter of labour, but it would be labour well repaid, and I would with pleasure undertake the task, for the amusement of my readers, did I not consider that it would be regarded as almost an abuse of their understandings, laboriously to depict, in a minute and detailed manner, the proof of that, of which every day's experience renders them personally sensible. The accidental interest of single individuals is a mere shadow, when compared with the fixed stability of the laws, and when we place in competition the possible injury of one member of the state with the general benefit of all, our feeble contest is but sciomachy at best: well might the soul-enchanting Ossian say, "Lovely are the words of other times — they are like the calm shower of spring, when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills."\* And again, "Draw near to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul: my memory beams on the days that are past. \* \* \* Your fame will be in the song; the voice of your renown shall be in other lands. Fingal himself passed away, and the halls of his fathers forgot his steps. And shalt thou remain, when the mighty have failed? Thy fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven, which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind."† So may our customs ever flourish!'

**Art. 25.** *Curia Oxoniensis*; or Observations on the Statutes which relate to the Vice-Chancellor's Court, and the Power of searching Houses; with some cursory Remarks on the Procuratorial Office, in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Ridgway. 1822.

We have here a publication of several letters, most of which appeared in a provincial paper at different times from the year 1814 to 1818, all relating to a very singular local jurisdiction. The author is evidently a person of much humanity, and we are happy to find that some of his applications met with the attention which they deserved. — A few passages will give a notion of the legal power of the University of Oxford, which will seem both "new and

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\* Oss. Po. Fingal, vol. i. book i. † Ibid. vol. ii. Berrthon.  
strange'

strange" to those who have not become acquainted with it by a residence there, either as students or as inhabitants of the town.

' In the Vice-Chancellor's court, that officer himself, or his assessor (who is appointed by him), sits as judge, assisted by the two University Proctors, whenever they may think fit to attend. The process is carried on "in a course much conformed to the civil law;" that is, the evidence is all in writing, and there is no jury. "In this court, the University has the liberty of claiming cognizance, in exclusion of the King's courts, over all civil actions and suits whatsoever, when a scholar or privileged person is one of the parties, except in such cases where the right of freehold is concerned.\*" —

' As the matter stands at present, to put an hypothetical, though not an exaggerated, case: let an act of the most gross injustice be committed in Oxford by the proctors against any individual, though he may be a perfect stranger to the place, and quite unconnected with the University, his only possible mode of seeking — redress is through the medium of this court: a court, in which there is no jury, in which the expences are great, and the process tedious; and in which (for that material circumstance should not be omitted) the defendants, if they think proper, may sit as judges.

' Under these circumstances, the situation of the inhabitants of Oxford is peculiarly hard. They are put out of the protection of the common law of the land in every case (short of felony) in which they may be aggrieved by the Proctors, or any matriculated man. They are subject to the most odious kind of interference from the University officers. By a particular statute they are liable to have their houses searched both by day and night, at any time that the Proctors (who are frequently young men, without much experience or knowledge of the world, and often elated by the power entrusted to them by virtue of their annual office) may think fit; and no redress is to be obtained, for any excess or abuse of power, however enormous it may be, but from a court in which there is no jury, in which the expenses are so great as to operate to the total exclusion of the poorer clients, and in which the very persons, who may have committed the injury complained of, are entitled to sit as judges.' —

' The writer is aware, that it may be said, although the right exists of searching the house of every inhabitant, without any distinction or limitation, that the practice of searching has, of late years, been confined to houses inhabited by prostitutes and women of bad character.† But this reply is unsatisfactory and vague, as

\* Blackstone's Commentaries, b. iii. ch. 6. § x.'

† [Since the above was written, the house of a respectable tradesman in the High Street was searched, on account of some gownsmen running into his shop, and escaping through his garden from the pursuit of the Proctors. The tradesman, at the time, showed the way by which they escaped; but he was not believed, and his house was so strictly searched, that even the chamber in which his wife lay ill was not exempt from intrusion.]'

the power still remains of carrying it into execution to its full extent; and as it gives the Proctors the liberty of deciding on the characters of all the female inhabitants of the place, and of condemning them, from partial representations, or individual caprice.

‘ However desirous we may be to suppress prostitution, we should recollect, that we are not justified in punishing offenders beyond the limits marked out by the law. The method which has been lately used in Oxford of apprehending women of this description for merely appearing in the streets, though walking orderly and quietly in the day-time, and sometimes when they have left their homes to purchase things in the shops, is surely a rigour beyond the law. By what statute of the University, or law of the land, the conviction, and consequent commitment to prison, by the Vice Chancellor, is justified, the writer (though he has taken the greatest pains in examining the statutes) is not able to discover.

‘ The mode of conduct lately pursued towards these unfortunate females seems to be both cruel and inefficacious.

‘ All severity of punishment, and particularly in these cases, is unjustifiable, unless preceded by some attempt to *reform* the objects who are amenable to it. Without such an attempt being made, what can be more cruel than to commit to a cold and damp cell of a prison, and perhaps in an inclement season of the year, a female whose constitution may have been weakened by disease. The lamentable consequence of such a proceeding is sometimes a rheumatism so severe and inveterate as to cripple the patient for life; and an instance is well known to have occurred in Oxford of an unfortunate prisoner being driven into a state of insanity from which she never recovered.’—

‘ The Proctors lately took the trouble of going two miles out of Oxford, late at night, and entered a cottage where five or six girls of bad character were dancing with some countrymen, who lived in their neighbourhood. On finding that no gownsmen were there, it is said, that they all demurred, except one of the Pro-Proctors, who declared that his walk should not be in vain. The fact however was, that they took the girls to Oxford, and the Vice Chancellor committed them to the county gaol. On what legal authority, on what law of the land, or statute of the University, the commitment was founded, still remains a problem, which might be solved, could the cause be brought into any other than the Vice Chancellor’s own court.’

Instances are added of well known facts, which shew the extreme impropriety of the exercise of this power, and the disgraceful state of the prison to which the victims of it are consigned. The matter evidently requires careful attention; and, as it appears to have been thus agitated, we trust that all due modifications or alterations of the law and the custom will be effected. Should our readers yet doubt the necessity of such a revision of both, let them peruse the following statement:

‘ On the 29th of November, 1811, two young women, the daughters of a widow in the middle rank of life, resident in Oxford.

ford, were in the High Street, near St. Mary's Church, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when two gowns men crossed the way, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with them. One of the Pro-Proctors, accompanied by the Marshal of the University, stopped the young women, and charged them with having conversed with the gowns men. They in vain denied the fact. The Pro-Proctor desired them to follow him, which they did, attended by the Marshal. The gowns men perceiving that the young women were stopped, and supposing that it might have been occasioned by their having been in their company, returned and begged leave to assure the Pro-Proctor, that no blame whatever was imputable to the young women; but they were desired to go to their college; and the females were escorted to Exeter College, where the Marshal learned that the Vice Chancellor was engaged, and would not be spoken with. The Pro-Proctor, upon being informed of this circumstance, desired they might be taken to the Marshal's house, and said that he would send the senior Proctor to them. The Marshal obeyed the Pro-Proctor's directions, and conducted them to his house, where the senior Proctor came soon afterwards. The young women asked what they had been brought there for. The Proctor said that the Pro-Proctor had informed him, that they had been talking with gowns men. This they denied, and begged they might be liberated. The Proctor replied, that they must be confined there all night, and taken before the Vice Chancellor in the morning to exculpate themselves. They then requested that their mother might be sent for; but this was refused by the Proctor, who immediately left the house, desiring the Marshal to confine them. The Marshal conducted them into a room up-stairs (the usual place of confinement for common prostitutes) and locked them up. Perceiving that the Marshal, before he left the room, was about to take away the candle, the girls begged they might have a light and a fire; but he told them that it was as much as his place was worth to allow them to have either the one or the other; and they were confined all night, without fire, candle, or any sort of refreshment. In the course of the evening, their mother, and two of their friends, wished to be admitted, but were refused. About nine o'clock the following morning, the Marshal desired them to prepare to go before the Vice Chancellor, and then left them. He returned to them at twelve o'clock, and told them, that they were to be liberated without going before the Vice Chancellor, upon which they came down stairs and walked home.

An action was brought in the Court of King's Bench against the Proctor, the Pro-Proctor, and Marshal, for false imprisonment. The University claimed cognizance of the cause, which was allowed. The plaintiffs, whose expenses amounted already to a considerable sum, were advised to drop all further proceedings, as the cause must have been determined in the Vice Chancellor's court, where there is no jury, and where it might have been protracted to a great length of time, and have been attended with much additional expense; not to mention this trifling circumstance,

stance, that the Proctor himself; the very man who was one of the defendants, might have sat with the assessor, and his brother Proctor, as one of the judges!

‘ Now it must be observed; that the conduct of the Proctors seems to have been not only unnecessarily harsh and severe, but illegal. That this was the opinion of the Vice Chancellor, may be inferred from the circumstance of the young women being liberated without appearing before him, who, if any thing whatever could have been proved against them, would not have dismissed them without a reprimand. It would have been unjustifiable and illegal; even if the young women had been common prostitutes, for they had been guilty of no ill behaviour; and the Proctor interposed his authority at a time of the day when he had no lawful nor statutable power of exerting it, except on matriculated persons. Punishment, in this case, if inflicted at all, should have been inflicted on the gowmsmen; but they were allowed to escape with impunity.’

By the re-appearance of these letters at this distance of time, we should apprehend that the original cause for them has not been removed.

#### M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

**Art. 26.** *The Rural Walks of Cowper*; displayed in a Series of Views near Olney, Bucks: representing the Scenery exemplified in his Poems; with Descriptive Sketches, and a Memoir of the Poet's Life. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Sherwood and Co. 1822.

The style of this *new* Memoir of Cowper may be appreciated from one sentence: — ‘ It has been asserted, and is generally believed, that his talents as an essayist were equalled only by those of Addison.’ — The best thing in the ‘Memoir’ is the republication of the beautiful little poem from the “Olney Hymns,” which shines in that collection as the greenest oasis that it can boast, and is one of the few compositions which cannot be too often read. — It gives us sincere pleasure to be able to add that we find nothing in this volume which calls forth the strong censure that we felt obliged to express on some late occasions; when the secret sufferings of the gifted but most unhappy subject of this work were detailed with a minuteness, which nothing but the unsocial and indelicate taste of *methodism* could for one instant have endured.

Fifteen pleasing engravings decorate this little volume, explained by letter-press, of various but not transcendant merit. It is, however, a very soothing and pleasing sort of reminiscence of Cowper, and must be truly delightful to his intimate friends and enthusiastic admirers. Indeed, *all* the lovers of goodness love to trace it to its retreats; and, when melancholy and poetry have thrown their double charm about it, there are few human pictures that have a better chance of exciting a general interest. We hope that *such* a representation will always continue to have its natural effect: but we earnestly deprecate the hardening of the heart, and the bewildering of the head, which must accrue  
from

from the unfeeling exposure of the details of the most degrading of all human miseries.

Art. 27. *Tales of my Father and my Friends.* Crown 8vo. pp. 172. Underwood. 1823.

Perhaps the most that can be said of this neat little volume of tales is that the reader will not be a loser by them; for we think that he will find just a sufficient degree of amusement in them to counterbalance his expenditure of time, and no more. The labors and the pleasures of a critic are by no means synonymous; and yet, in the present case, we felt ourselves so far interested, that we were grateful to the author for not having put our patience to that severe test by which it is sometimes tried. We meet with no novelty in these tales, which turn on the usual topics of love and war, and misanthropy and treachery: but, for our own part, we are contented with the same excitements which satisfied our fathers, and can sympathize with passions represented for the thousandth time.

‘Sir Edgar Boyd,’ the first tale, is the best: the scene is laid in India, with which country the author seems to be acquainted; and indeed, from the whole character of the narratives, we should imagine that they proceeded from a hand which had exchanged the sword for the pen. We have seldom read a more spirited description than that of the sally from the fort in India. — ‘Moreland’ is too wild and inconsistent; yet it displays considerable powers; and such a character, it must be confessed, is not altogether out of nature. — ‘Alavia’ is the worst tale in the collection. It gives no answer to the question *cui bono?* but, when the reader has finished it, he cannot imagine why the author wrote it. He seems to have had some other plot in his brain, which he abandoned on account of its difficulty. — ‘The Tourist’s Tale’ is an ordinary love-story.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

The style of *R. C. S.*, and the good sense of his observations, — granting him his facts, — would intitle his letter to our serious consideration: but these supposed facts are *not* facts, and therefore he is only reasoning rightly from wrong premises.

“O that it were with us as in times past,” we could not help exclaiming when we had read the lively epistle signed ‘*Harriet Byron*’: we might then hope to find in our corps a *Sir Charles Grandison*, (or something like him,) to enter the lists with our fair correspondent, and be a “thriving” candidate for her favor. As it is, we shall try what *justice* will permit us to enact in the court of criticism, rather than what *gallantry* might enable us to achieve in the court of love.

The APPENDIX to VOL. xcix. of the Monthly Review is published with this Number, and contains the usual proportion of FOREIGN LITERATURE, with the *General Title, Index, &c.* for the Volume.





THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,  
For FEBRUARY, 1823.

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ART. I. *The present State of England in regard to Agriculture, Trade, and Finance; with a Comparison of the Prospects of England and France.* By Joseph Lowe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 480. 12s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

FOR the first two or three years after the close of the late war, that is to say, when the price of corn was comparatively high, our manufacturing towns were in the greatest embarrassment; masters could find no profitable vent for their commodities; workmen were driven on their parishes in a state of starvation; and Spa-field riots, Manchester riots, Glasgow riots, and Birmingham conventions, were the order of the day. With the sinister design of imposing fresh shackles on the people, these explosions were called political insurrections, and ascribed to a spirit of disloyalty and disaffection: but, as soon as the price of corn fell, and hungry artisans and mechanics could obtain their daily meals, they proved the falsity of this charge by the perfect tranquillity of their demeanour; and we have not heard of any tumultuary movement since. The burden is taken off their shoulders, but only to be transferred to the shoulders of others. Agriculturists, however, are a more sluggish and less irritable set of people: they have very little communication with each other, and no "Standing Committees," no "Friendly Societies," no Clubs, no Village-Orators. They are dispersed over the whole surface and periphery of the circle, instead of being congregated in its centre; and if they meet once a week in small unconnected bodies at some market-town, they hasten home to their families as soon as they have sold their corn. They bear a great portion of suffering before they complain. Now and then we hear of a county-meeting, indeed, and of the deliberations of one county rousing another from its lethargy: but how slow, and heavy, and infrequent must the movement of a whole county be! One of the Alps or Appennines in motion! Mont Blanc shaking his snows in anger, and rattling his glaciers in defiance!

If, however, distress and discontent have only been moved from one class to another, — if the various branches of our



war, which in former days was accounted a season of distress, in the present age wore the *semblance* of prosperity; and though it closed with a vast addition of permanent burdens, it terminated also with an increase of income which seemed to be a counterbalance. Mr. Fox and his small band of followers foresaw the financial difficulties which would ultimately and inevitably follow the lavish expenditure in which we engaged, but their warnings were derided, and their prophecies treated with scorn.

Of the war which commenced in 1793, and ceased for a few months in 1802, the average annual expenditure was 27 millions; taking the total money raised by loans and taxes, but deducting from it 18 millions annually, as the probable disbursement of Great Britain and Ireland if the war had not broken out. The progression of the expenditure, however, is not the least remarkable feature. The sums raised during the first two years were 14 millions: during the last two, 89 millions. Yet these were nothing to the loans and taxes required for the renewed war of 1803 and twelve following years,

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*in fact, maintained by the labor of the people, generally; when discharged, wages become lowered by the competition of additional numbers of laborers, and many are thrown on their parishes. The distress of farmers arises solely from the large annual additions which have been made to the number of productive laborers since the peace! It is accordingly proposed, "with a view to tranquillize the public mind," &c. &c., "that this House should declare that they will not, for the period of five years, further reduce the army or navy, or break faith with the public servants; and above all, that this House will never consent to any measure by which the public creditor shall be injured." As these non-earning consumers "receive the means of subsistence from the taxes, and are in fact maintained by the labor of the people generally," &c. &c. it is also resolved, "that it is equally the duty of this House to prevent the repeal of any tax, without ascertaining that its repeal will be the means of giving employment to a greater number of laborers than it will throw on the market." These Resolutions close with a declaration that there is no reason to believe that any supplies of foreign grain will be wanted for several years, and that the existing duties will operate as an absolute prohibition for five; the House is accordingly called to declare its opinion, "that it is expedient, for the above-mentioned period of five years, to abstain from all further discussions on agricultural distress! Experience having convinced them that such discussions tend to increase and not to remedy the evil," — *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. The wolf is but ill concealed under the lamb's fleece; and, as soon as the savage animal tries to imitate its *bleat*, he breaks into his own growl, and discloses the fraud.*

which

average value per cent. in 1801 was 91*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*, and the depreciation was consequently 8*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* In 1802, its value per cent. was 92*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, and its depreciation 7*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* In 1803, it recovered to the average value per cent. of 97*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, and its depreciation diminished to 2*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* With small fluctuations, it remained in this state till 1811, when the difference per cent. between the market and the Mint price of gold was 24*l.* 10*s.* At the close of the war, in 1814, the difference was 30*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* From that period, the value of the currency kept gradually recovering, and it was restored to *par* in 1820–21. — The financial and commercial difficulties of the country, in 1802, were comparatively speaking inconsiderable: but Mr. Lowe is of opinion that, ‘had the reduction of our military establishment been permanent, we should have experienced in 1802 no small share of the embarrassment of late years.’ This is a most tremendous and fearful proposition, when stated without comment and explanation: for it leads directly to the position that it is for the interest of this and of every other country to keep embodied a large military establishment; and, for the sake of promoting consumption, to increase the number of non-productive consumers, who are to be maintained out of the public taxes, as a means of encouraging domestic industry. We do not charge Mr. Lowe with having stated this proposition nakedly; and perhaps we should not have noticed it, had not a string of Resolutions been presented to the House of Commons in the last session, in which it is thus stated, and a legislative measure was advised to be grounded on it.\* — The fact, however, undoubtedly is that  
war,

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\* In the short compass of a note, we must be allowed to say a few words on this specimen of state-logic. The syllogism is this: Production going on, deficient consumption causes excess of supply: the army, navy, and civil offices of government, are large consumers; *therefore* keep up a large establishment in all the civil and military departments. This cannot be done without taxes; but “taxes are borne by the people generally;” *therefore*, abolish no more taxes: for taxes enable those to consume who do not produce, and the object is to diminish production and extend consumption. — We have here drawn no caricature. In these precious “Resolutions,” the hard case of the agriculturist is most pathetically deplored, and no crocodile ever shed more tears while in the act of devouring its victim. They begin thus: a change from war to peace diminishes the consumption of commodities, which are the product of human labor; and this lessened demand for labor takes place at the time when an addition is made to the mass of productive laborers. *When men are embodied as soldiers, and receive the means of subsistence from the taxes, they are,*

the renewal of hostilities in 1803, the produce of our annual supplies in that year was 16 millions. The progression is exhibited in the following table :

1803,	-	£16,000,000	1810,	-	£45,000,000
1804,	-	23,000,000	1811,	-	43,000,000
1805,	-	28,000,000	1812,	-	41,000,000
1806,	-	31,000,000	1813,	-	45,000,000
1807,	-	36,000,000	1814,	-	48,000,000
1808,	-	40,000,000	1815,	-	48,000,000
1809,	-	41,000,000			

*Respective Proportion of Loans and Taxes.* — Of the total sum of 1,100,000,000*l.* expended during the war, the amount added to our permanent debt was 460,000,000*l.*, so that the aggregate of the supplies raised within the year amounted for the whole war to 640,000,000*l.*

The next and most important step in this inquiry is, from what sources were these supplies obtained? Not from an extension amounting to monopoly of foreign commerce as it is generally supposed; for a reference to the return of exports and imports, computed in two ways, *first*, according to the fixed official standard of the Custom-house, calculated by the weight or dimensions of package, and, *secondly*, by the declaration of the exporting merchants, shews that our foreign commerce was not so great at any time during the war as it has been since the peace. Our exports, by the declaration of the merchants, were on an average of the ten years from 1791 to 1801, both inclusive, - - - £48,890,000  
Average of the ten years from 1801 to 1810, - 52,847,000  
Average from 1814 to 1820, both inclusive, - 62,330,428  
manifesting an annual increase of exports to the value of 6 millions sterling, since the peace, after an adequate allowance for the reduced value of foreign and colonial goods. Various other sources of supply have been imagined; namely, the occupation of our conquered colonies of Trinidad, Demarara, St. Lucie, Guadaloupe, &c. in the West Indies; — each, however, draining capital from this country, and yielding little present revenue. Another source has been specified in the suspension during the war of the navigation of France, Holland, and other hostile states dependent on France: but it is well known that the transfer of navigation from those countries, whose flag could not appear on the ocean, was less in favor of British vessels than of neutrals, Americans, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, and Prussians. Our prosperity during the war has been ascribed by others to a fancied reduction of the manufactures in the hostile states: but, with regard to those of France, it appears that they have undergone no reduction since

since the Revolution; for during the last thirty years they have been progressively increasing, and have always kept pace with the wants of the country. How, then, is the financial enigma, of sustained prosperity during an expensive war of twenty-three years, to be solved? We should answer this question in a very few words, by saying that we were in the situation of a spendthrift who is living on his capital, regardless of the limits of his income; and things always go on very merrily for a time when this is the case. It was the encouragement given to *domestic industry* in all its innumerable branches, by an exhausting and ruinous excitement. This country had been at peace for ten years when the war of 1793 broke out, and gave occupation to every age, rank, class, and capacity. The army, the navy, and the public offices of government, opened a career to glory and emolument; and the transient impulse was felt in agriculture, trade, and the professions, raising the wages of the lower and the salaries of the higher ranks. An addition to the revenue naturally followed this state of things. The gross revenue from the Excise in 1805 was 23,194,000*l.*; which progressively augmented every year during the war, and in 1815 amounted to 27,207,000*l.* An increase of employment, from whatever cause it arises, confers, for the time, a greater ability to pay taxes; and the expenditure of immense loans in recruiting, clothing, and victualling the militia, army, and navy, in the building of ships of war, repairing fortifications, purchase of stores, maintaining garrisons abroad, &c. &c. gave an impulse to the active powers of the whole nation. These loans averaged 20 millions for each year; and Mr. Lowe asserts, — with too little reserve, however, — that this bold use of our credit, this free draft on our future resources, was *almost all* expended directly or indirectly in the extension of our domestic industry: giving so great a stimulus to it, and so large an addition to the income of individuals, as to explain at once our ability to meet the war-taxes. The product of these taxes, also, (which formed an average amount of 47 millions annually for twenty-three years, our total expenditure averaging 67 millions,) was circulated over the country.

Here we have arrived at the commentary on that proposition, of which we have spoken as nakedly presented in the wily "Resolutions" already mentioned; namely, that the cause of our present distress is to be found in the increase of productive laborers, in the disbanding of a certain portion of our army and navy, and in the repeal of a certain portion of our taxes! Mr. Lowe, it is true, asserts that the expenditure of vast sums of borrowed money imparts a stimulus to productive industry, but he terms it 'a premium given to the existing

generation at the charge of posterity,' and compares it to a stream diffusing fertility and luxuriance as long as it continues to flow : but, springing from an unnatural and temporary source, it must ultimately fail, and then a permanent sterility ensues. Mr. Lowe certainly ascribes more merit and less mischief to the war-taxes than we do ; and he is inclined to regard taxation, *when expended at home*, 'less as a privation of wealth than as an instrument of circulation,' which, by extending employment, increases the income of individuals, and enables them to meet its demands. His own exception, however, is so sweeping as to render the position somewhat less objectionable ; for he admits that taxation enlarges the income of certain individuals, by diminishing that of all others who are incapable of indemnifying themselves ; and, in a national sense, that when the magnitude of the burden is such as to reduce the profits of labor and capital materially below those of other countries, the distress, as in the case of the agriculturists at present, is ruinous, and irremediable except by a reduction.

There is another point of view in which we regard excessive taxation with double horror, and which the author quite overlooks ; viz. in its effects on the constitution of the country, by destroying the national character for independence, by corrupting and debasing all ranks and classes, to whom it makes money appear the *summum bonum*, or the "one thing necessary," and by furnishing those who would invade our freedom with the means of bribing its natural defenders and protectors to betray their trust. Moreover, when Mr. Lowe palliates the mischief of taxation by calling it an instrument of circulation rather than a privation of wealth, and thus makes way for the monstrous conclusion that, as long as taxes are expended in the country, the amount of them is immaterial, — provided also that other countries are as heavily taxed as we are, — he entirely disregards the important difference between a circulation of their own property carried on by agriculturists, merchants, and tradesmen, economically, and with a profitable return, and a circulation carried on by government with the property of other people, forcibly taken away from them, and lavished in every direction with the most wasteful and corrupt extravagance. In the first case, the capital would have been so employed as to yield an additional revenue, and an accumulation of capital at the end of the year to be again profitably employed in reproduction ; — in the other case, at the end of the year it is dissipated nobody knows how and gone nobody knows where, leaving nothing but "a wreck behind." It has given employment, however, to our manufacturers, it seems, in furnishing ammunition, clothing, food, &c. to soldiers and sailors. True : but the

the author cannot suppose that it would have been hidden in holes and locked up in coffers, if government had not providentially taken it under its care and thrown it into circulation. He cannot imagine that the six or seven millions, which were annually squeezed out of the pockets of the agriculturists by the abominable income-tax, would have been buried in their fields; and even if it had, they would in this period of distress have known where to look for relief. No; it would not have remained idle and inert: it would have been productively employed; and all those heavy debts and mortgages, which they were compelled to incur by such abstractions from their annual returns, and which now involve them in ruin, would have been avoided, both principal and interest.

One more remark on this momentous subject we are desirous of pressing on the attention of Mr. Lowe; viz. that an increase of taxation has always been followed by a corresponding increase of pauperism. For the truth of this assertion we can appeal to documents which he will not dispute, because we collect them *principally* from those with which he has himself furnished us in different parts of his work.

Average Amount of Poor-rate in the three Years ending with	Amount of the National Debt at the Peace of
1750 - 700,000	Aix la Chapelle in 1748, - £78,000,000 *
1760 - 965,000	Paris in 1763, - - 134,000,000
1770 - 1,306,000	
1780 - 1,774,000	Versailles in 1783, - - 238,000,000
1790 - 2,567,000	
1800 - 3,861,000	Amiens in 1802, - - 452,000,000 *
	1810

\* In referring to Dr. Hamilton's valuable work on the National Debt, p. 65., and table iii. p. 256., (second edition,) we find some discrepancies between his statements and those of Mr. Lowe, who gives round numbers. For instance, Dr. H. makes the funded debt, at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, 78,298,313*l.*, and, at the peace of Amiens, the funded debt, including the loan of that year, - - £567,008,978

Of which redeemed, 67,225,915

Balance, - 499,783,063, instead of 452,000,000*l.*

No reduction of the national debt took place during the short peace which followed the treaty of Amiens; and the funded debt on the 1st of February, 1813, amounted to - - £812,013,135  
Of which redeemed, or converted into life-annuities, 212,422,938

Balance, - 599,590,197

The national debt at the Revolution, 1689, was 1,054,925

These



Average Amount of Poor-rate in the three Years ending with	Amount of the National Debt at the Peace of
1810 - 5,407,000	
1812 - 6,680,000	Paris in 1814, nearly - { 700,000,000 }
to which adding the debt of Ireland, somewhat more than - - - - -	{ 100,000,000 }
we come to the present total debt, in round numbers, - - - - -	800,000,000.
1813 - 6,679,658	
1814 - 6,297,331	

Thus far we have taken the returns of the poor's rate from the present volume, pp. 185—187., and the amount of the national debt at corresponding periods from p. 293. We shall now proceed to confirm our opinion that it is the pressure occasioned by taxation, rather than a high price of corn, which has caused the extension of pauperism; by shewing from returns to the House of Commons of the sums expended in maintaining the poor since the peace of Paris in 1814, accompanied by the average depreciation per cent. of the currency in each year, that *those sums have regularly increased as the price of corn has diminished*,—not, certainly, in consequence of that diminution, but in spite of it; for it is notorious that the price of corn has been declining regularly, and with very little fluctuation, ever since the peace.

Returns to the House of Commons of sums expended on the maintenance of the poor from				Average Depreci- ation per Cent. of the Currency.		
Mar. 25. 1814, to Mar. 25. 1815,	£5,072,028			£25	2	6
- - - 1816,	5,673,490			16	14	3
- - - 1817,	6,859,992			16	14	3
- - - 1818,	7,822,735			2	13	2
- - - 1819,	7,468,384			2	13	2
- - - 1820,	7,329,594			4	9	0
- - - 1821,	6,958,445			2	12	0
- - - 1822,	return not received; cur- rency at par.					

These returns vary somewhat from those which Mr. Lowe has collected in his Appendix, p. 59.: but not very materially, except in the year 1815, where he has made the amount

These discrepancies, however, are not material: our object is to shew that the progression of the debt has been accompanied by a corresponding progression of poor-rates, making every fair allowance for the increase of population. The number of those who receive parish-relief in England and Wales, without reckoning children, amounts to nearly a million: more than one-twelfth part of our entire population!

5,418,846l.

**£5,418,846*l*.** He has added to each year the corresponding price of the bushel of wheat: but we are too well acquainted with the manner in which averages of the price of corn are taken to place the least reliance on them. In the years 1820 and 1821, prodigious quantities of corn were so much damaged by wet and mildew, that no purchasers could be found for them at any price; they were consequently given by farmers to their live-stock, sometimes in the straw, sometimes out of it; and therefore the averages must necessarily have been struck from the price of good samples alone. It will be observed, perhaps, that the last two years present a diminution instead of an increase in the amount of poor's rate: but it is merely nominal. Mr. Peel's Bill for the resumption of cash-payments passed in 1819, and its effect in restoring the value of the currency to its old standard was to reduce the apparent, while it added to the actual, pressure of this and all other imposts. The total of public burdens, which on the 5th of January, 1793, amounted to 17,656,418*l*., progressively rose to 78,431,489*l*. in 1815, being more than quadruple the former sum; and although an insignificant remission has taken place since the peace, yet the total amount on the 5th of January, 1822, was 60,671,025*l*., which acquired additional weight by the act of 1819. It was under a depreciated currency, which existed for twenty years, that the greater part of the national debt was incurred; and it is under a restored currency that the taxes to discharge the interest of it are now paid. By far the greater part of the burden of maintaining the clergy and the poor falls on the agriculturist; and it is his growing inability to employ and remunerate laborers which continues to throw a greater number of them on the parish. In the year 1822 he paid his poor-rates, as he is paying them now, with an undepreciated currency, the average price of wheat certainly not exceeding 40 shillings per quarter; and in the year 1814 he paid them with a currency depreciated more than 25 per cent., and when the average price of wheat, according to Mr. Lowe, (p. 59. Appendix,) was 98 shillings per quarter. We repeat the position, therefore, that it is the pressure caused by taxation, rather than any high price of corn, which has occasioned the extension of pauperism.

It must not be inferred that we consider a high price of corn to be a public good. There is a natural, direct, and necessary connection between the hand that produces and the mouth that consumes. Happily for the rest of the community, all the corn-laws in the world would be unable *permanently* to uphold a much higher price of corn in this country than in the countries on the Continent: but, if they could uphold it, this would

would be done to the manifest injustice of every other class in society ; to the destruction of the manufacturing and commercial interests in the first place ; and then, *by recoil*, to the destruction of the agriculturists themselves. The only way of relieving the farmer is to diminish his outgoings, and, which is of equal importance, the outgoings of his customers ; who are not fewer than every man, woman, and child in the empire. Inasmuch as taxation, direct or indirect, affects the farmer, it raises the cost of production, and he requires to be compensated by a corresponding rise of price on his produce : — inasmuch as it affects his customers, it disables them from paying that compensating price, and it therefore diminishes consumption by diminishing the means of consumers.

Mr. Lowe has made the following comparative statement of our public burdens, (*i. e.* taxes, poor-rate, and tythe,) and our taxable income :

Years.	Annual Burdens in the Money of the particular Year.	The same reduced to a uniform Standard ; viz. Money of the same Value as in 1792.	Our taxable Income computed by a uniform Standard; viz. Money of the Value of 1792.
1792, -	£22,000,000	£22,000,000	£125,000,000
1806, -	60,000,000	46,000,000	170,000,000
1814, -	80,000,000	50,000,000	188,000,000

The reduction to a uniform standard is indispensable to a correct conception of the amount of our burdens and revenue at different periods. By that reduction, the aggregate of our taxation, poor-rate, and tithe, amounting in 1806 to the very large sum of 60,000,000*l.* is brought, adopting the proportion of 130 to 100, to 46,000,000*l.* of the money of 1792 ; and the still larger sum of 80,000,000*l.* raised for the same purposes in 1814, becomes lessened in the proportion of 160 to 100, to 50,000,000*l.* of 1792.

It remains that we bring our reasoning to a point, by ascertaining the proportion borne at different periods by our burdens to our means. This is done by a calculation founded on the preceding tables, but modified by some considerations which shall be explained in our chapter on National Revenue and Capital. The result is that our burdens bore to our resources,

*Great Britain distinct from Ireland.*

In 1792, a proportion of nearly	-	18	to	100
1806, - of -	-	27	to	100
1813, or 1814, of -	-	27	to	100

*Great Britain and Ireland.*

1822, a proportion of	-	28	to	100
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This may be a correct statement, and a correct result ; but we do not exactly see why the author has included tythe among

among the public burdens. Properly, the public burdens of the country signify all that is raised from the people for the use of the state: but tythe is paid to the church, not to the state; nor is it raised from the people generally, being levied on particular species of property. Fundholders, mortgagees, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, professional men — none of these bear any part of the impost. Moreover, as a large portion of tythe is gathered in kind, an estimate of its aggregate amount must be of questionable accuracy. In adopting the proportion of 130 to 100, in order to reduce the nominal amount of taxation in 1806 to the standard of currency in 1792; and the proportion of 160 to 100 in order to reduce the taxation of 1814 to the same standard, Mr. L. must have taken, we think, not the average depreciation but the depreciation at its lowest point. In 1806, the average value per cent. of the currency was 97*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, and the depreciation 2*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* In 1814, the average market-price of gold per oz. was 5*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*, making a difference per cent. between that and the Mint price of 30*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The nominal amount of taxes in that year was 83,726,000*l.*, which, reduced to the currency of 1792 or to the present currency, was 58,333,000*l.*; and the total expenditure of the United Kingdom in that memorable year, including the expences of the debt and the sinking fund, amounted to the unparalleled and frightful sum of 137,348,000*l.*!

The fluctuations in the value of a non-convertible currency, issuable by the Bank *ad libitum*, were so great and rapid, that it is scarcely possible to estimate the rise of prices during the war, either in specific articles or specific years: but, from various calculations, Mr. Lowe infers that, from 1792 to 1806, (fourteen years,) a general rise of prices took place to the amount of 30 per cent.: from 1806 to 1814, (eight years,) a farther rise of 30 per cent.; and from 1814 to 1822, (eight years,) that a fall has taken place of nearly 40 per cent. This rise of prices during its progression was a very delusive indication of prosperity; since the augmented price of commodities only required a larger sum of money because it was of less value.

It is evidently impracticable for us to present our readers with any thing like an abstract, or summary, of a work which is full of arithmetical calculations and financial documents, pregnant with facts, and barren of speculations. The writer presents no specious declamations to delude, no general reasonings *à priori* to prejudice, but confines himself to facts and to deductions drawn from them. It has very rarely happened that we have not yielded to his inference; and sometimes, when at first we have felt dissent, an explanatory passage has brought

brought us together. On the subject, for instance, which we have just been treating, namely, taxation and its connection with pauperism, Mr. Lowe has called it 'an instrument of circulation rather than a privation of wealth,' and regards pauperism as more connected with a high price of corn: but we find him afterward (p. 203.) admitting that 'any reduction of the taxes on the necessities of life may with confidence be considered the forerunner of a reduction of poor-rate.' We are nearly agreed, then; being persuaded that very few if any taxes exist which do not ultimately fall on the necessities of life. French silks and Oporto wines are not, strictly speaking, necessities of life to those who consume them: they are both luxuries imported from foreign countries: yet they are so far necessities of life that they afford the means of living to those who produce them abroad, and equally supply the means of living at home to those of our own countrymen, the product of whose labor is given in exchange for them. The lower orders of England earn the necessities of life not from this country alone, but from every other in the world with which it has commercial dealings; and we perfectly concur with Mr. Lowe that, the more the charges on the necessities of life in this country are approximated to those of the Continent, the more we achieve towards confirming the superiority of our manufacturers: resting the support of our lower orders on the basis of the wide world instead of England, and substituting for an eleemosynary grant the earnings of independent labor. The practicability, however, of carrying any essential reduction into effect, is questioned by those who contemplate the vast desires of an ambitious rather than the constitutional wants of an economical government: but these persons would modify their objections, were they to attend to a few fundamental truths; such as that the only solid basis of taxation is productive industry; *that* productive industry, the increase of which is regarded as the source of all our distress in the "Resolutions" before mentioned; — that the proceeds of a tax by no means decrease in proportion to the reduction of its rate, but, on the contrary, in nine cases out of ten, augment as the rate is diminished; — and that new and unforeseen resources are opened by the enlarged and more extended activity consequent on such reduction.

Mr. L. has supplied us with a very excellent chapter on *our Agriculture*; containing an historical sketch of the corn-trade, and of the fluctuations of prices at various periods. The late returns manifest a rapidity of advance in our population, which for many years before had been the subject of dispute and doubt, and the main cause of which is probably

to be found in the universal adoption of vaccination; while an extensive improvement has also been taking place in the situation of the lower orders, in their diet, their personal cleanliness, the ventilation of their houses, &c. From this increase in the number of consumers, many inquirers have anticipated a speedy relief to the agriculturists; not sufficiently adverting to the consideration that producers multiply, though certainly not so fast as consumers; and that the productive powers of the soil are by no means confined within the imaginary limits of an arithmetical ratio, but are indefinitely augmented by the application of labor, machinery, and manure. Mr. L. observes that France, where manual labor forms the basis of agriculture almost to the exclusion of machinery, is just as capable of maintaining a population of thirty millions now, as it was of maintaining twenty millions in the beginning of the eighteenth century, or fifteen millions in the beginning of the seventeenth. In England, also, where machinery and capital are so largely employed, the next generation will, in all probability, raise a supply of subsistence as far beyond ours as ours is beyond that of the last age; and, on comparing the two periods, it may feel no little surprize at the negative predictions of some of our political economists.

‘ England is, after the Netherlands, the portion of Europe in which population is both most dense, as to numbers, and most closely connected by roads and canals. Compared to us, the inhabitants of France, on an equal surface, are in the proportion of only two to three; and the degree of separation is very materially increased by another cause — the inferiority of the roads, and the want of water-communication. Germany is still more inferior to England, both in numbers and in frequency of intercourse; and it is needless to show how much more the deficiency prevails in other parts of Europe, in Spain, Sweden, Poland, Russia. The point at issue is, to ascertain whether density of population necessarily tends to raise prices, to render a country dearer than its scantily peopled neighbour? That it has in an eminent degree that tendency is the general impression and report of those among our travelling countrymen, who found their inferences on a few points most obvious to common observation, such as the moderate price of labour on the Continent, and the no less moderate rate of excise duties; but they overlook the various considerations on the opposite side of the question, such as the general inferiority of machinery and workmanship, the loss of time caused by distance from towns, and by the necessity of doing personally that which, in a busy, commercial community, is prepared by others, and obtained by purchase. In a subsequent publication, when treating of “Economy and Retrenchment,” we shall take occasion to explain the distinction between real and apparent saving, and describe the habitual waste of time in petty occupations



pations by the inhabitants of provincial towns on the Continent: at present our wish is merely to lay down the general rule, that a population dense, improved, affluent, does not *necessarily* render a country more expensive than one that is poor and thinly inhabited. The difference is in the mode of living, not in the price of the articles. An increase of population, by leading to an abridgment of labour, and to the transaction of business *en masse*, brings with it a dispatch and an extent of accommodation; the ~~staying from~~ which is equal, we believe more than equal, to the enhancement in provisions attendant on augmented numbers.

This passage may be considered as a sort of preliminary to an ample and argumentative discussion, in which Mr. Lowe has engaged, chapter vii., on the much agitated subject of *Population*, and how far subsistence is limited by physical causes. We cannot go over the ground again which we have so recently trodden in examining the publications of Mr. Gray, Mr. Godwin, and Mr. Place, but we shall not disguise the satisfaction which we feel in the alliance of such a calm and careful writer as Mr. Lowe; who, far from coinciding in the comfortless doctrine that increase of numbers leads to increase of poverty, and that a want of work among the lower orders at the present moment is attributable to a population advancing too rapidly for employment, maintains with Mr. Gray (whose productions on this subject have been so amply noticed by us) that augmented population forms the basis both of individual and national wealth. He even goes a step farther; and discovers, in the prospect of a progressive enlargement of our numbers, a source of relief also from our financial embarrassment. The progress of improvement has a very close connection with the advance of population: but it is the assemblage of a dense population in towns, rather than an equal aggregate of rural population, which is the cause of that minute subdivision and velocity of labour, that skill and variety of workmanship; which give polish and refinement. It is from the contact, as it were, and collision of intellect that the electric sparks of science are struck off, and in towns only can this collision take place: were it not for the distinction between a town-population and a scattered one, Ireland would claim an equal rank with England, and Flanders take precedence of Holland.\* It may also be remarked that,

\* Availing himself of the official returns of population which have been made in most countries in the course of the present age, Mr. Lowe has furnished us with the following curious summary:

	Inhabitants per square Mile.
East Flanders,	554
West Flanders,	420
	Holland

that, as the power of attraction in the physical world is in proportion to the quantity of matter contained in any body, so, in this world of human activity and business, the attraction of men towards cities seems to be in proportion to

	Inhabitants per square M <sup>ls</sup> .
Holland (Province of),	362
Ireland,	287
England, distinct from Wales,	232
Austrian Italy, viz. the Milanese and the Venetian States,	219
The Netherlands, viz. the Dutch and Belgic Provinces, collectively,	214
Italy,	179
France,	150
The Austrian Dominions,	112
The Prussian Dominions	100
Denmark,	73
Poland,	60
Spain,	58
Turkey in Europe (conjectural),	50
Sweden (distinct from Norway and Lapland),	25
Russia in Europe,	23

The causes of this diversity, physical, political, and religious, are traced with much ingenuity. The following comparison may likewise be deemed interesting :

*Population Return of 1821.*

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.		FRANCE.	
London, Westminster, Southwark, and the adjoining parishes,	1,225,694	Paris,	720,000
Glasgow with suburbs,	147,043	Lyons,	115,000
Edinburgh, with Leith and their suburbs,	138,235	Marseilles,	102,000
Manchester, with Salford,	133,788	Bordeaux,	92,000
Liverpool,	118,972	Rouen,	86,000
Birmingham with Aston,	106,722	Nantes,	77,000
Bristol and suburbs,	87,779	Lille,	60,000
Leeds and suburbs,	83,796	Strasburg,	50,000
Plymouth, with Dock and suburbs,	61,212	Toulouse,	50,000
Norwich,	50,288	Orleans,	42,000
Newcastle on Tyne, with Gateshead,	46,948	Metz,	42,000
Portsmouth with Portsmouth,	45,648	Nîmes,	40,000
REV. FEB. 1823.	K	their	

their population and magnitude. Our cities and towns are increasing their numbers in a much more rapid ratio than our hamlets and villages; and therefore the consumers of corn do augment their numbers faster than the producers. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the agriculturists of England were considered to be 50 per cent. of the whole population of the kingdom; and Mr. Colquhoun estimated that the agriculture of the United Kingdom gave employment and support to five and a half millions of individuals, twelve years ago, when our population did not much exceed eleven millions, so that his proportion is 50 per cent. also; but the calculation is obviously vague, as it embraces not merely the cultivators of the soil but all those who are dependent on them for employment. Mr. Lowe reckons the agriculturists *now* to form 33 per cent. of the population; a very diminished ratio. Notwithstanding, or, more correctly speaking, in consequence of this natural tendency in men to accumulate in cities, we are so far from agreeing with Mr. Malthus that the amount of subsistence regulates the amount of population, and that the latter has a natural tendency to augment faster than subsistence, that we concur in opinion with Mr. Gray that the amount of population regulates the amount of subsistence, in the same way as it regulates the supply of clothing and housing, because the quantity of subsistence raised on a given territorial surface depends on the amount of labor and capital bestowed on it:—population has a tendency to advance, but this advancement carries in itself the power of supplying its wants. Another doctrine also is maintained by Mr. Gray, which is in itself exceedingly cheering, namely, that the increase of population has a tendency to augment wealth, not nationally only but individually. The truth of this doctrine Mr. Lowe has endeavoured to corroborate by a reference to the actual situation of various countries: that is to say, by a comparison of the returns of their taxation and public burdens with their population per square mile. We have strong doubts, however, whether any inference can be trusted which is drawn from this comparison. Mr. Lowe is himself aware that the proportion of public burdens, paid by each individual in different countries, does not afford an unexceptionable criterion of national wealth: but he thinks that it forms the least defective basis, the nearest approximation to truth.

In chap. viii., Mr. L. has drawn out a statement of our public burdens and national revenue, calculated for various periods:

‘ Great

*Great Britain distinct from Ireland.*

Years.	Public Burdens.	Our National Revenue or Taxable Income.	Proportion of Burden to Revenue.
1792	£22,000,000	£125,000,000	nearly 18 to 100
1806	60,000,000	221,000,000	27 to 100
1814	80,000,000	300,000,000	27 to 100
<i>Great Britain and Ireland.</i>			
1822	70,000,000	250,000,000	28 to 100

Thus it appears that our proportion of burden to revenue is greater now than it was before the commencement of the war, by more than one third, or about 36 per cent. ! Mr. Colquhoun estimated the property created in Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1812, at 430 millions ; of which agriculture in its various branches created 217 millions ; but, as he included under this head a very large sum for produce appropriated to the food of horses and cattle, which Mr. Lowe rejects, (though we cannot see why, unless Mr. C. reckoned this produce twice over, that is, a second time in some other shape,) the latter, confining himself to articles for the consumption of man, or for purposes of manufacture, assumes the annual amount of the production of Great Britain and Ireland at 350 millions ; and taking likewise about 30 per cent. of this sum as exempt from the visit of the assessor, he leaves our taxable income at about 250 millions. The rent of land, allowing 40 per cent. for abatements since the peace, he makes

-	-	-	-	£30,000,000
Tythe,	-	-	-	4,000,000
Rental of houses,	-	-	-	16,000,000
Farming income, positively nothing, but estimated, with a view to the future, at the medium rate of 6 per cent. on 200,000,000%	-	-	-	12,000,000
Income from trades and professions, exclusive of those below 50% a year,	-	-	-	22,000,000
Wages and incomes below 50% a year, computed on a population of more than 14 millions, (exclusive of Ireland,) and deducting somewhat more than a third, (say five millions,) for persons either above or below those who receive wages,	-	-	-	80,000,000
Interest of debt, funded and unfunded, since the reduction of the 5 per cent. stock,	-	-	-	39,000,000
Carry forwards,	-	-	-	£194,000,000

Brought forwards, -	£194,000,000
Conjectural amount of interest of money on private and public securities, -	50,000,000
Expenditure of government for army, navy, civil list, &c. exclusive of Ireland, -	12,000,000
	<u>256,000,000</u>

Ireland: taxable income computed during the war at £8,000,000; at present, - 25,000,000

Of which, lost to taxation, being expended abroad, - 4,000,000

Balance, - £21,000,000

Now, the connection between increase of population and increase of revenue is very remarkable here; for, taking the above statement, we have from the wages of labor, directly affected by an increase of population, - £100,000,000  
From capital and labor combined, a portion of national income which is also much affected by advance of population, - 80,000,000

Land, of houses, and interest of money, indirectly affected by the rise of population, - 100,000,000

Total, including Ireland, - £250,000,000

Taxation, as we may see by the authorities in p. 222, is higher in this country than in any other of Europe; in England alone it amounts, on a supposed proportion, to £24. on each individual, or, taking in Scotland and Wales, £22. 18s.; while in France it amounts to only £7. 14s. The following table, in chap. x. on our Finances, gives the result.

Comparative Taxation of Great Britain and France in 1823.

Great Britain and Ireland, compared for 1823, after deducting the Taxes on Salt, Leather, and Hosiery, lately reduced.

Gross Amount, inclusive of the Expence of Collection, -	
Assessed taxes, -	£6,500,000
Customs, -	11,000,000
Excise, -	27,000,000
Stamp, -	6,800,000
Land-tax, -	1,800,000
Post-office, -	400,000
Lottery, -	200,000
All other government receipts, -	1,000,000
Brought forwards, -	£56,000,000

Tithes



Brought forwards, -	56,000,000
Tithe, -	4,000,000
Poor-rate, after deducting the portion paid in lieu of wages, -	5,000,000
Total, -	<u>65,000,000</u>

FRANCE.

Gross Amount, including Expenses of Collection, -	Sterling.
Fancier, or land and house-tax, -	£9,000,000
Mobilier, a farther house-tax; also the window-tax, and the <i>patentes</i> or tax on professions, -	8,000,000
Customs, -	2,800,000
Excise: viz. duties on salt, tobacco, snuff, wine, spirits, beer, and some lesser articles, the whole comprised under the name of <i>droits reunis</i> , -	9,000,000
Stamps: viz. <i>enregistrement, domaine, et timbre</i> , -	6,000,000
Post-office (net receipt), -	600,000
Sale of wood from the public forests, -	800,000
All other receipts and contingencies, including a large municipal revenue collected from <i>octrois</i> , and other charges borne by the inhabitants of towns, -	6,800,000
	<u>£37,000,000</u>

Equal, after adding 20 per cent. for the greater value of money, to - £45,000,000

In this table of comparative taxation, the chief distinctive feature is the magnitude of our excise, customs, and assessed taxes, the proportion of which to the same taxes in France is as 46 to 20. Nothing can show more clearly the greater ability to pay on the part of a commercial community, of which so large a proportion are resident in towns; a circumstance conducive equally to ease of collection on the part of government, and to free consumption on that of the public. Hence, the magnitude of our receipts on spirits, beer, tea, sugar, wine, fruit; on certain articles of dress, as silk; or on that which more immediately marks a mercantile society, postage. Nothing, at the same time, lessens more the weight of an argument, frequently brought against our taxation, but the aid of which we disclaim, viz. that when computed at so much a head, it amounts to more than twice the average capitation of our neighbours.

Our taxation being much higher than that of other countries, the profits of stock and interest of money are accordingly less; and the natural consequence is the tendency of capital to be withdrawn from us to them. In order to check this daily increasing transmission of capital to foreign countries, not by legislative prohibitions, but by endeavouring to augment the



the returns on it, Mr. Lowe suggests the expediency of making a considerable abatement in the amount of taxation, and exchanging this amount for an annual loan. (See p. 338. *et seq.*) This is a novel proposition. He would not appropriate a large sinking fund or surplus revenue to the redemption of stock, but to the remission of taxes. Our debt admits of no direct reduction; and our hope of relief is in that diminution of pressure which will follow the augmentation of our means, of our numbers, and of our national income. He thinks that we are confined to a choice of evils, *viz. taxation, or borrowing*: but surely there is a more safe and obvious outlet, *reduction of expenditure*, which may be carried *much* farther than it is commonly imagined. However, his doctrine is quite true that to relieve ourselves from a portion of our burden is, in fact, to extend the resources of posterity; inasmuch as the magnitude of the present pressure, by sending abroad the family of the annuitant and the money of the capitalist, operates to curtail the fund which is destined to become, in the hands of the next generation, the basis of national wealth. Unquestionably a great difference prevails between a loan for the purpose of expenditure and a loan for the purpose of reducing taxes: but we have great doubts whether contractors would be found for a loan even of the former description, without a government pledge of the taxes to pay its interest; and to raise a loan for the sake of remitting taxes in the first instance, while, in the second, we raise taxes to pay the interest of the loan, appears to us a circuitous and very questionable operation.

We meet with another table (Appendix, p. 104.) of a nature so interesting, and indeed so pleasing, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it:

*Comparison of our present Burdens with those of 1792.*

Amount of taxation, tithe, and poor-rate, in Great Britain and Ireland in 1792,	£22,000,000
The increase of our population since then (nearly 50 per cent.) enables us, without additional pressure on the individual, to bear a further burden of	11,000,000
Continental countries, our competitors in productive industry, having, in general, increased their burdens in a ratio somewhat greater than their population, we are justified in regarding a corresponding increase on our part as not detrimental to our foreign trade. We add, on this account, a sum of	5,000,000
Carry forwards,	£38,000,000
The	

	Brought forwards, -	£38,000,000
The money in which taxes were paid in 1792, being, when compared with our present currency, as 100 to 120 in value, we make a corresponding insertion of	- - - - -	7,000,000
on the ground that to that extent the excess of our present taxation over that of 1792 is <i>nominal</i> .		
Amount of burden which can be borne by us at present, without greater disadvantage, in comparison with other countries, than we experienced in 1792,	- - - - -	<u>£45,000,000</u>

' We here assume the increase of population as the measure of the increase of national wealth, arising from our various improvements in agriculture, manufacture, navigation, &c. This proportion will be deemed considerably below the mark, by the majority of those who write or think on such subjects, whether it be the convert to Mr. Gray's doctrine, (p. 229.) that in the progress of society individual income increases in a *larger ratio* than population, or the practical observer, who founds his calculation on the surprising improvements, by steam-machinery and otherwise, during the last thirty years. These arguments rest, doubtless, on a very substantial basis, and nothing but the unfortunate fluctuations in individual property, attendant on our rapid transitions, would have prevented us from inserting a larger sum (probably 16 or 18,000,000 instead of 11,000,000,) as the measure of the increase of national wealth, arising from our improvements.'

This is rather a more cheering view of the effects of an increasing population, than that which is exhibited in the mournful phantasmagoria of Mr. Malthus. The connection between dense population and revenue is not imaginary; and the above table shews that, bad as the situation of the country now is, the means of its restoration to prosperity are yet within reach. The materials, the elements of wealth, are at hand, and only require to be skilfully combined and set in motion. Let us add to our productive industry; and not, with the *Resolutionist*, subtract from it, under the vain and absurd notion that an augmented consumption, to be liquidated out of the taxes, is a panacea, when it is a poison of the deadliest venom. Let us also convert our paupers, now consuming little and producing less, into productive laborers, by the aid of parochial loans; or, if that be insufficient, by the aid of a national loan of capital: make them producers, and they will certainly become consumers to the extent of their means. As their means increase, so will their consumption, and as the population of the country augments, so will its revenue, provided that a rigid and unrelenting economy be introduced

in every establishment, civil, judicial, and military. — There is another link in the chain. As our revenue increases, so will our ability to bear the burden of necessary taxation, and to preserve inviolate the national credit; for, like any other burden, the *greater is the number of shoulders on which it is made to bear, the lighter will be its weight to each.* Nothing can be clearer than that every advantage given to the productive powers of industry, such as the steam-engines, the spinning-jennies, the thrashing-machines, &c. — every thing, in fact, which diminishes expence in *producing*, — leaves a larger residue for consumption, and also a larger residue applicable to the purposes of government: but, whenever government seizes on more than the real exigencies of the state require, and encourages consumption on the part of the idle and extravagant by giving to them the hard earnings wrung from the industrious, then is the fabric of society undermined, the principle of dissolution is in full activity, and the proud column is “nodding to its fall.”

We have already intimated the impossibility of our making a regular analysis or epitome of the work before us; and indeed we have not attempted it, but have left a multitude of topics untouched: our object being rather to give additional publicity to it, and to recommend it to the very careful study of our countrymen, who, we are persuaded, will not be disposed to undervalue the laborious calculations and valuable public principles which it contains.

ART. II. *Sir R. K. Porter's Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, Armenia, &c.*

[*Art. concluded from p. 17.*]

ON the 14th of October, the author feasted his eyes with a distant prospect of Bagdad, the far-famed city of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid and his beauteous Zobeide; and early in the morning, the extremity of the horizon was ‘turreted with the long grey line of substantial walls, which embattle the great city of Bagdad.’ When he entered its gates, he was struck with the characteristic dresses of the inhabitants, so unlike those of Persia. Every man whom he met wore an outer garment, ample and flowing, a high turban, and a costly shawl. ‘Monstrous turbans of all hues, pelisses, and vests, of silks, satins, and cloths, in red, blue, green, yellow, of every shade and fabric, clothed the motley groupes, who appeared every where; some slowly moving along the streets, others seated cross-legged on the ground, or mounted on benches by the

the way-side, sipping their coffee, and occasionally inhaling a soporific vapour from their gilded pipes.' He was not impressed with any favorable notions of Turkish humanity, when he observed droves of dogs and cats like skeletons, wild with hunger, or tottering with famine, crossing him at every twenty yards; while the road was covered with sprawling kittens just ejected from the nearest houses, lying stretched by their mothers. The houses presented a novelty in their outward appearance, being built in different stories, with window-openings thickly latticed; the bazar was crowded with people; and numberless coffee-houses and shops were ranged on each side, all full of silent smoking guests. A low monotonous hum, and a rustling sound of slippered feet and silken vests, were heard from this numerous hive: but at times the swell of human voices increased, chiefly however from Jews, Armenians, and Persians. At the hospitable house of Mr. Rich, the East India Company's resident, the traveller was courteously received: but we lament to say that this gentleman has since paid a premature tribute to our common lot, leaving a name that will be long dear not merely to the natives among whom he resided, and to the Europeans who visited those remote regions, but to science and learning in general.

Mr. Kinneir has accurately stated the geographical limits of the pashalick of Bagdad. They may be more generally called the Euphrates and Arabian desert of Nedjid, to the west and south; Kuzistan and the stretch of Zagros, to the east; the pashalick of Diabekir, or Hollow Mesopotamia, to the north-west; and Armenia, with the Courdish territory of Julamerick, to the north: the whole forming an irregular oval, comprizing antient Babylonia and Assyria Proper. Bagdad, now the capital of Assyria and Babylonia, is the place of the Pasha's residence; and at such a distance from the seat of the Ottoman empire, if the character of that officer be bold and ambitious, he may be considered as an independent power: but Dowd, the existing pasha, who rose from a servile condition to his present greatness, confines his ambition within the limits of his duty, and preserves the appearance at least of subjection to the Porte. In its earliest ages, Bagdad occupied only the western shore of the Tigris: but Haroun-al-Raschid added to its grandeur on that side of the river, and continued its buildings along the opposite bank, uniting both towns by a bridge of boats. Old Bagdad, however, is now little more than a suburb to the modern city. A burial-ground extends over a large part of it, in the midst of which stands the tomb of Zobeide; built of brick, of an octagonal

gonal shape, surmounted by a conical superstructure. The interior is a single chamber, vaulted to the top, richly colored and gilded. Two sarcophagi, sadly neglected, stand in the centre ; the one containing the remains of Zobeide, the other inclosing those of the spouse of a succeeding caliph. — The Tigris is navigable only for 60 miles above Bagdad : but a float, called Kelek, carries passengers and goods from Mossoul to that city. It is made of a raft formed by the trunks of two large trees, over which bunches of osier-twigs are fastened with great ingenuity to the stems below. To this light bottom, sheep-skins are attached, filled with air : on them is laid the floor ; and the whole is then wattled. It is moved by two large oars on each side, a third serving as a rudder. The strength and rapidity of the current prevent the return of these vessels ; so that, when the voyage is performed, the materials are sold, excepting the skins, which are carried back by camels. Herodotus notices rafts on the Babylonian rivers, composed of willows and the skins of animals.

Bagdad is in latitude  $33^{\circ} 19' 40''$ , and in east longitude  $44^{\circ} 44' 45''$ . In summer, the heat is insufferable. At that season, says the author,

‘ The thermometer frequently mounts in the shade from 120 to 149 degrees of heat, according to Fahrenheit. Hence it may easily be conceived that winter is the most genial season here ; and the inhabitants tell me, that the air then becomes soft, and of the most delightful salubrity ; particularly, they say, from the 15th of November to about the middle of January. At present, towards the latter end of October, while I am writing, the skirts of the “withering blast” seem to be yet hovering over us ; the heat standing at 90, and has been from that to 93, on an average, ever since my arrival. When the heat approaches ten degrees beyond this point, the inhabitants betake themselves to the refuge of certain arched apartments, called the Zardaub ; constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose. From their situation they can have no windows ; therefore catch their glimpse of daylight as it may glimmer through the doors from the chambers above. Thin matting supplies the place of carpets, and every precaution and method is pursued, that can bring coolness to these gloomy abodes ; where the chief part of the natives of Bagdad pass the whole of the sultry day, while the atmosphere without retains its more scorching fires. At sunset, each family issues from their subterranean shelters, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the arch of heaven. And under the same free canopy, “fanned by tepid airs,” they spread their bedding along the variously disposed divisions of the roof ; whose irregular forms are so contrived, to catch every zephyr’s breath that passes. In these elevated apartments, the natives repose, until the close of October ; at which time the days be-  
come



come comparatively cool ; and sudden blasts blowing up during the night, from the north and south-east, render sleeping in the open air chilling and dangerous. Hence, at these nocturnal hours, the good people begin to nestle into the warm corners within the house ; but during the day, they describe the atmosphere to be every thing that is celestial ; so clear, so balmy, so inspiriting, as to yield sufficient excuse to the great monarchs of Persia for deserting the arid regions of their own kingdom at this season, to take up a temporary abode in the salubrious gardens of Amyites.'

Few of the antient public buildings, and not a vestige of the once magnificent palace of the caliphs at Bagdad, are to be found. Its present population is about 100,000, but (such is the wretched policy of the East) scarcely a year elapses without several hundreds of the poorer inhabitants being driven out of it, from the apprehension of famine and tumults. — With appropriate *millinery* of diction, Sir R. Porter thus describes the toilette of a fair Persian :

' Women of the first consequence here go about on ordinary occasions on foot, and with scarcely any attendants ; it being the etiquette to avoid, when in public, every striking distinction of appearance. In compliance with this fashion, all the fair sex of the city, high and low, walk abroad in the blue-checked *chadre* ; its folding drapery having no other mark of an august wearer, than a few gold threads woven into its border. Instead of the white towel-like veil of the Persians, these ladies conceal their faces behind a much more hideous mask ; a black stuff envelope of horse-hair. The liberty they possess, of paying visits without the *surveillance* of a male guard, and under these impenetrable garbs, are privileges, perhaps too friendly to a licence their husbands do not intend. So much the reverse is the case with Persian women of rank, they hardly move but on horseback, and escorted always by trains of eunuchs, and other trusty vigilants.

' When the fair pedestrians of Bagdad issue from behind their clouds, on entering their own apartments, or those of the ladies they go to visit, dresses are displayed in every group, of the most gorgeous magnificence ; for it may easily be conceived, that rivalry with regard to personal charms, and graceful habiliments, flourishes amongst the belles of an eastern harem, as gaily as with those of a European ball-room. The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia ; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eye-brows stained with the *rang*, or prepared indigo-leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissue muslins, not only form their turbans, but frequently their



their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds, and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a grey colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c., in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and, to complete the savage appearance, thrusts a ring through her right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal, or dinner, is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show; which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock supper is produced: when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet, and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips; excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology, she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding that the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making, in all, a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult, and joyful strains of this conviviality, gradually become fainter and fainter; first one, and then another of the visitors, (while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god,) sink down under the drowsy influence; till, at length, the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with hand-maids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended.

“ As

"As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eye-lids," the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness; and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water, and the muttering of prayers; presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower; and tripping lightly forward, with garments, and, perhaps, looks a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kalions, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate; after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

The author visited the ruin of Akarkouff, but we refer our readers to his description of this venerable pile, and to the plate which accompanies it, while we follow him to the august remains of the "Queen of Nations." On the 9th of November, 1818, he passed the western suburb of Bagdad on his way towards the fallen towers of Babylon. A favorable opportunity had occurred for this expedition: the Arabs had recently been ravaging with impunity the whole district between Bagdad and the south-eastern parts of the pashalick, and Sir Robert followed the troops sent out against them to Hillah, a town on the east side of the Euphrates. As a matter of course, several goodly pages follow, filled with a sentimental rhapsody on the fall of Babylon, an event which at this time of day it is somewhat superfluous to deplore with so much sensibility; and contributions are again levied on the *Antient Universal History*, and even *Lempriere's Dictionary*, for something to say on that antient city.

Mahowil is separated from the plain on which the remains of Babylon are said to exist, only by the embankments of two once noble canals, which are regarded as the boundary whence the vestiges of the old city are discernible. In crossing one of them, the author found himself among immense tumuli of temples, palaces, and houses; and between the bridge and Hillah, a space of about eight miles, were endless ramifications of aqueducts, of which the ruins obstructed the way. A cloud of uncertainty hangs over "the realities on antient Babylon;" and nothing has tended more to this perplexity than the canals which intersect the country in various directions;—the work of so many ages, from Nimrod down to the present Pasha.

West of the Euphrates, in the desolated land of Shinar, is Birš Nimrood, the tower which Niebuhr was prevented from investigating by his apprehension of the wild tribes of the desert: but that intelligent traveller saw enough to convince him that this pile was the Tower of Babel, erected by Nimrod, on which, in after ages, Nebuchadnezzar raised the temple of Belus; and Mr. Rich, the late English resident, was led by his researches to a similar conclusion. It lies about six miles south-west of Hillah. Great praise is due to Sir Robert Porter for the diligence with which he investigated this immense ruin. The remains of the tower on the summit of this heap of dilapidations are a solid mass twenty-eight feet broad, of beautiful brick masonry, and the cement is so hard that no force can separate it. It was composed of lime applied in a thin layer, yet contained 'a spreading of straw through the midst of it.' He observed also immense masses of equally fine brick-work, changed to a state of the hardest vitrification. 'In many might be traced the gradual effects of the consuming power which had produced so remarkable an appearance; exhibiting parts burnt to that variegated dark hue (which is) seen in the vitrified matter lying about in glass manufactories, while through the whole of these awful testimonies of the fire (whatever fire it was!) which doubtless hurled them from their original elevation, the regular lines of the cement are visible, and so hardened in common with the bricks, that when the masses are struck, they ring like glass.' (P. 312.) From the general appearance of the cleft in the ruin, Sir R. infers that the building must have been destroyed by lightning.

Convinced that the extraordinary mass before him was the temple of Belus, the author has again recourse to historical dissertation, and has accumulated fact and tradition with undistinguishing credulity. Strabo is the only antient who speaks of the altitude of the tower, which he calls a pyramid of a stadium in height: but scarcely half of that altitude now exists; and from its general appearance, and the vitrified masses which surround it, the traveller concludes that the works of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar began from the fourth tower of eight, which rose pyramidically over each other. — Views of the south, north, and western aspects of the building, and the elevation of the tower itself, illustrate this long dissertation of the Temple of Belus. Its summit and sides are furrowed into endless hollows, the effect of time and violence, and embedded with fragments of structures now no more. The following conjectures are not destitute of ingenuity, but it is fearful ground on which we are treading:

‘ During

During my traversing the ruins, both of the tower and the mound, I picked up curious fragments of brick and bitumen, besides pieces of broken marble, and several thin copper coins in a very corroded state. With respect to the specimens of brick, both sun-dried and fire-burnt, there were ample quantities everywhere; giving us an idea, how very opportune the furnaces might have been, which manufactured the latter, to execute the mad judgments of either Nimrod or Nebuchadnezzar. The bricks which compose the tower, and its appending objects, are mostly stampd with three lines of inscription, in the cuneiform, or, as it is commonly called, the Babylonian character. Some extend to four, or even seven lines; but, though differing in this respect, the dimensions of all are the same; the only superiority appears in those of seven lines being better stampd than those with the fewer numbers. However, I could only draw these observations from fragments about, and I examined a great many; entire detached bricks not being now to be found on the ruin. I have already mentioned that the bricks of Babylon are of two kinds, sun-dried, and fire-burnt. The former is generally largest, as it is of a coarser fabric than the latter; but its solidity seems, by proof, to be equal to the hardest stone. It is composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, or broken reeds, to compact it, and then dried in the sun. Here, then, besides tracing the first builders of Babel in their very executed work, "Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly;" we find the exact sort of brick which the children of Israel made during their captivity in Egypt: "And Pharaoh commanded the task-masters, and said, Ye shall no more give the people *straw* to make bricks," &c. These unburnt bricks commonly form the interior or mass of any strong foundation amongst these ruins; and this is the case with the great tower; while it is, or rather has been, faced with the more beautiful fabric of those manufactured in the furnace or kiln. From every account left us by historians, of the supereminently stupendous structure of the Tower of Belus, we must seek it on the banks of the Euphrates, and on the site of Babylon; and of all the colossal mounds which remain amongst its far-spreading ruins, not one appears to answer so fully, in place, dimensions, and aspect, to all their pictures of the tower, whether called by the name of Babel, or of Belus, as this sublime inhabitant of the desert, known universally to the present descendants of Ishmael by the name of Birs Nimrood. The etymology of the word Birs, Mr. Rich considers difficult to trace. He observes, that it does not appear to be Arabic, though it is possible to be some term which has suffered the corruptions of time, that might originally be derived from that language, or the Chaldean. There are words in both, similar to it in sound; in the latter meaning a palace, or splendid building; in the former, a sandy desolation, or the habitation of dæmons. The Arabs, as I mentioned before, call it Birs Nimrood; but the remnant of the captivity, still abiding amongst "the waters of Babylon," when they speak of it, call it Nebuchadnezzar's prison. It is not improbable, that some old tradition of that monarch having been placed here,

here, during his madness, in charge of the priesthood dedicated to his deified ancestor, may have given rise to such a name, amongst the Jews, who certainly considered his malady a punishment; or, in their minds, it may have received that appellation from an equally likely circumstance: Nebuchadnezzar, after his last conquest of Jerusalem, might have confined its captive monarch in the heart of the tower itself, as the proudest part of the incalculable spoil he had consecrated to the idol. For, that the Jewish king was immured somewhere in Babylon, by his command, we find from the 2d Book of Kings, chap. xxv.: "It came to pass in the seven-and-thirtieth year of the captivity of Jehoiachin, King of Judah, that Evil-Merodach, King of Babylon, in the year that he began to reign, did lift up the head of Jehoiachan, King of Judah, out of prison."

Among the numerous conjectures and historical deductions with which his pages are loaded, the author has, we think, missed a plain but highly important conclusion; viz. that these ruins are only additional confirmations of the great truth that it was from the centre of Asia that the various superstitions, which have spread themselves over the plains of Asia, Europe, and northern Africa, originally diverged. El Bellal, in Ethiopia, visited by Mr. Waddington, is in Oriental language "the Building:" — Baal, Bel, or Pel, is the old word through all those countries for great buildings, particularly pyramidal temples; — and our Gothic word *build*, as well as *πολις* in Greek, is by Bryant supposed to have originated from *Bal*.

The Mujelibè is another great pile, on the eastern side of the Euphrates; and it was described by Pietro della Valle and the Abbé Beauchamp, in two successive centuries, in such a manner as to induce many of the learned to suppose it to have been the remains of the Temple of Belus. It is, however, only second to Birs Nimrood, in being one of the most gigantic masses of brick that were ever raised by human industry. For Sir Robert Porter's elaborate disquisition on this ruin, we must again refer to his book. With indefatigable labor, he endeavoured to trace the huge ramparts which formed the almost boundless inclosure of the Kasr, or antient fortified palace, mentioned by historians. Many of our readers will probably recollect the "Memoir of ancient Babylon" by Mr. Rich\*, in which the ruins of the Kasr are minutely described. Seven years had elapsed when Sir R. Porter visited the same spot; and during that interval the soil, and consequently the aspect of the ruins, had undergone considerable mutations. The present dimensions of the ruin, which still presents a stu-

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\* See Rev. for November, 1816, vol. lxxxi., and for May, 1819, vol. lxxxix.



pendous outline, are about 70 feet high, nearly 800 yards long, and 600 broad. The whole exterior of this august monument of the pride and wealth of Nebuchadnezzar now displays only a 'mass of rugged surface and deeply-caverned hollows.'

The piles of wall, to which the natives have more peculiarly given the name of the *Kast*, or Palace, still stand in striking remnants, from 16 to 18 feet above the general line of the broken summit. Parts of them are so connected as to give indications of their having originally formed several square piers, or supports, rather than distinct ranges of chamber or tower walls. Their thickness, in general, measures from eight to nine feet; and their materials are so strongly cemented, that, in spite of the bricks being the hardest of any I had hitherto met with, I found they would not bear detaching from the mortar; in short, it was nearly impossible to separate them: and to this circumstance the present masses owe their preservation. The bricks of which they are composed are of a very pale yellow; having so fresh an appearance as to strike me at first, as they did Mr. Rich, with an idea of their having been a more modern erection than the mound; but on a minute examination, no doubt remained on my mind of their equal antiquity. After considerable labour, I succeeded in having several pieces of the brick chipped off from an immense fragment which had fallen from an adjacent mass; and on clearing my specimens from the lower course, I plainly traced sufficient of the cuneiform characters, to discover them to be parts of inscriptions in seven lines. Each brick was placed with its written face downwards, on a layer of cement so sparing, that it did not exceed the twentieth part of an inch in thickness; appearing, where it united the two bricks, like a fine white line, subdivided by another of a reddish brown, with a granulated sparkling effect. The hardness of this mass was inconceivable; and it seemed not less wonderful that so slender a line of cement should hold so tenaciously its respective courses of such massive bricks. I was also much struck with the singular appearance of several of these buttress-like walls, standing, or rather inclining from their centre, as if shaken by some convulsion of nature: part are half torn asunder; and others seem actually pushed beyond the smooth and regular line of their original front. On examining a projecting ledge thus formed, and looking up under its protruding bricks, I plainly discerned the cuneiform inscriptions on their downward faces, thus exposed; a sufficient proof of the very ancient antiquity of the structure, notwithstanding the fresh, untarnished aspect of the materials.

From the detached situations of the huge fragments of wall, still rising conspicuous along the western and a part of the northern face of this great mound, it does not appear unlikely that they composed the piers or buttresses, to support some part of the terraces attached to the famous gardens; within which, we are told, were fine apartments, commanding views of the city.



Indeed, all the portions of brick-work yet standing entire, that were still accessible amongst the numerous ravines of the Kasr, presented to me very traceable lines of long passages, or square chambers ; but without ledge or ornament on their sides : not that any vestige of the latter could be expected, after the lapse of so many centuries, amongst ruins which had been ransacked in almost every age. The undeviating absence of the arch from these buildings of ancient Babylonia, as well as from the similar great remains of primeval Egypt, and Elam, cannot fail being [*to be*] a conclusive argument in support of a nearly contemporary date to them all.'

Of the investigation of the ruin on the east bank of the Euphrates, the result is that the high ridges, which our traveller calls the rampart, were the extreme boundary of the fortified palace, which is still traceable for six or seven miles ; and that the two interior lines, north and south, were the second and third walls recorded by historians as inclosing the area, in which the palace and its subordinate structures once stood. This is conjecture only, though not devoid of ingenuity ; for even in Pliny's time the whole plain, supposed to have been the site of Babylon, was an undistinguishable heap of desolation.

Having been so long detained by these interesting speculations, we cannot follow the traveller's researches on the western bank of the Euphrates, which he supposes to have sustained a large part of Babylon, in one of the divisions of which Birs Nimrood actually stood. This is assigning a circumference to Babylon nearly equal to that which was given to it by Herodotus, viz. 60 miles. Major Rennell reduces it to 48. It is a remarkable fact that the mouldering materials of the Babylonian structures doom the soil to a lasting sterility : for "heaps of rubbish," Mr. Rich observes, "cannot be cultivated." The bricks of the great piles usually measured 13 inches. One of them, found by Sir R. P., had its base inscribed with ten lines of cuneiform character, in an upright column. We perfectly acquiesce in his general conclusion, that a city of these dimensions was rather an embattled district than a fortified town ; and it is but justice to this part of his labors to remark, that it abounds with much scriptural illustration and historical deduction.

On the 24th of November, 1818, the traveller again arrived at Bagdad, whence he set out on a journey into the mountainous regions of Courdistan ; crossing the Hamrean hills, the great barrier of the Chaldean plains, on the 5th of December. Kirkook, one of the most considerable places in Lower Courdistan, is thus described :

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‘ Our next halting-place was to be Kirkook; and for a great distance on the way we saw it standing before us, like a giant in the desert, the citadel, or rather upper town, surmounting its lofty insulated height. The scene was wild, and would have appeared totally waste, had not a few stunted trees scattered over the gardens in the suburbs of the city in some degree broken the complete nakedness of the land. We reached the base of the hill after a ride of six hours and a half, over about twenty-four miles of ground. This city is that [*which is*] understood to be the Demetrias of Strabo, and the Corcaro of Ptolemy. It stands in lat.  $35^{\circ} 28' 56''$ , long.  $44^{\circ} 33' 3''$ , and lies on the high road to Mosul. The greatest part of it occupies the hill, the summit and sides of which are defended by strong walls and towers of well-compacted clay; within, every species of Asiatic dirt, closeness, and impure air, seems concentrated. The houses are packed together, and the bazars narrow and gloomy, though exhibiting every sort of merchandise and provision necessary for the comfort of the inhabitants. They are chiefly composed of Turks, Armenians, Courds, Arabs, and a few Jews; and their number may amount to ten or twelve thousand. Much of the most modern part of the town lies at the foot of the hill, and beyond the walls, stretching along the western banks of its river. It is well furnished with minarets and domes, rising from several mosques; and also boasts the palace of the governor or hakem, who resides there in times of public tranquillity. I brought a letter to him from the Pasha of Bagdad, and was received with every answering hospitality. Kirkook is regarded as one of the most considerable places in Lower Courdistan; which, extending from the north-western frontiers of Khuzistan, to the high mountainous passes of Courdistan, (the ancient Carduchia,) comprehends almost the whole of Assyria Proper. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Kirkook is in very careful cultivation; the gardens producing olives, pears, and grapes; and though a Mahomedan town, both wine and arrack are made, and consumed in great quantities. Here I bade adieu to the last date-trees I was to see on this side of the Tigris, a few only skirting these old Assyrian boundaries; and those were stunted and meagre, in comparison with the ample and luxuriant groves which overshadow the waters of Mesopotamia.’

The famous Naphtha springs are on the side of one of the hills to the N. W., and out of the direct road to Sulimania. As the traveller's party approached them, the sulphureousness of the atmosphere became intolerable, and occasioned them to feel severe head-aches. The bitumen is drawn from ten wells about 7 feet in diameter, and 12 deep, in skin-bags, in which it is sent for sale to Kirkook.

‘ The Kirkook naphtha is black; and close to its wells lies a great pool of stagnant water, very muddy, and covered with a thick scum deeply tinged with sulphur. On going a few hundred yards to the eastward on the summit of the same hill, we were

conducted to a flat circular spot, measuring fifty feet in diameter, full of small holes, to the number of a hundred at least; whence we saw issue as many clear flames, without an atom of smoke, but smelling most sulphureously. In fact, the whole surface of this perforated plot of ground appeared a crust of sulphur over a body of fire within; and experiment seemed to prove it, for one of my escort dug a hole into it with his dagger to a depth of ten or twelve inches, when, on this fresh aperture being made, a new flame instantly burst forth, rising for some time to a greater height than any of the others. From this spot the government derives another source of revenue from the sale of its sulphur. The natives call the place *Baba Gurgur*; *Gur* is an Arabic name for naphtha or bitumen. Mr. Rich describes the principal bitumen-pit at Hit (which place must have furnished the builders of Babylon) as having two sources, and being divided by a wall; on one side of which the bitumen bubbles up, and on the other the oil of naphtha. The manner of qualifying the bitumen for use as a cement, he observes, is very troublesome, for to render it capable of adhering to the brick it must be boiled with a certain proportion of oil. Its chief purpose, when applied to building, appears to have been in the lower parts as a preservative against damp; and at present it holds the same character, being used for coating cisterns, baths, caulking boats, &c.; in short, to every thing put in the way of injury from water.

The gate of Courdistan, or West Derbent, is a narrow opening of 50 yards between a chain of mountains, from whose summit runs a strong wall, now in ruins, that was built for its defence. Sulimania (Siazuros) is the metropolis of the district bearing that name, and is so called from Suleiman, the pasha of Bagdad. Its population is about 15,000, and it is one of the largest districts in the pashalick of Bagdad. We have room only for a short extract, descriptive of the Courds who people it.

They are in general of a low stature, but well proportioned, robust and healthy; and of a much fairer tint than the swarthy Arabs, or their Cossackish brethren in the neighbourhood of Kermandah. Their physiognomies do not indicate the shrewdness which marks the tribes more to the southward; and certainly the nearer any people in any sort of dependence on an arbitrary government approach its seat, where they must find more frequent demands on industry, tricks and cunning; hence we see these degrading resources gradually imparted on their natures. The eyes of the natives of this name are fine and dark, of a grave and thoughtful expression; and their whole demeanour answers to the same description. The manners that of the Courds, in common with that of every one within the gate of Constantinople, is Mahomedan, of the Sana, or Arabian sect. But I believe that every part of the province contains a certain number of Jews and Christians, who are scattered throughout the whole country that bears the

the name of Courdistan. The differing creeds of some of the Mahomedan sects act as distinguishingly upon the characters of their professors; and one of the most ferocious is that embraced by the Sorani tribe, who call themselves Yezedi, after a caliph of Damascus of that name. They inhabit the mountains of Sindjar, a country to the north-west of Bilbos. They are the greatest robbers of all the Courdish tribes; it being their almost invincible hordes which beset and pillage, and too often entirely cut off, the caravans which pass towards Merdin. One point of their belief is, to hold the killing of a Turk, Persian, Jew, or Christian, as meritorious acts in the sight of God. If any of their families happen to be afflicted by illness or calamity, they think to propitiate Heaven by making a vow to go out and murder the first person of any one of these infidel persuasions (for so they denominate them all) whom they may chance to meet. They have no place for public or private devotion, considering that prayer is utterly useless; and being consequently divested of that principle of hope under distress, which so greatly tends to assuage and humanize character, the fury of their desperation in calamity is tremendous; and believing that the Devil is equal in power to God, and more active, they hold him in such dread as never to allow his name to be even alluded to in their presence. Transmigration is another of their superstitions; and notwithstanding their indifference to human blood, they have the utmost dread of shedding that of an animal. No distinction of relationship is regarded in their marriages, the women being bought and sold in the most sordid traffick between fathers and sons; and even their funerals exhibit scenes of the most extravagant excesses; in short, of all the lawless tribes I have ever heard of in the East, this appears the most detestable. Their dress is equally coarse and loathsome with their manners; and the only distinction of their chief is a black turban. They cut their shirts round at the top, for which peculiarity they assign this whimsical reason: "It is a type of the circle of light that came from heaven, and settled round the neck of their devout caliph, when he was inspired with an inextinguishable hatred against all Turks and Christians."

Among the most entertaining parts of the present work, we may reckon those which are dedicated to the delineation of these tribes, from which we regret that we can make no farther quotations. — On his second visit to Tabreez, where he remained four months, the traveller projected an expedition for the purpose of exploring East Courdistan.

Sian-Kala is the capital of a large district inhabited by the Afshars, a powerful tribe; and Ali Khan, their chief, resides there. It is the gate of Eastern Courdistan. Ali, to whom Sir Robert had letters, has a stud of the finest horses in Persia; and those who have a fondness for this noble animal will be thankful for the following information:

‘ He (Ali Khan) shewed me several of the Turcoman breed. This kind of horse in itself is preferable to the pure Persian race for positive service. It is of a larger size; standing commonly from fifteen to sixteen hands high; and has also the advantage considerably in bone, as well as being inexhaustible under fatigue: its powers of speed are very great. The Turcomans in the possession of the Khan are a mixed breed, half Persian blood; by which cross their figure is improved, though not their virtues. The Turcoman horse is scanty in barrel, has long legs, very often ewe necks\*, and always large heads\*; but the creature got from a fine Persian mare is a most magnificent looking animal. A fine pure blooded horse from Turcomania is worth two or three hundred tomauns. Arabian horses are not very common in the north of Persia; but the breed between them and a Persian mare is all elegance and elasticity, being of a rather stronger mould than the Arab of Nidjed, the best race of the country. The Persian horses never exceed fourteen, or fourteen and a half hands; yet, certainly, *in* the whole, are taller than the Arabs. Those of the desert, and country about Hillah, run very small, but are full of bone and of good speed. General custom feeds and waters them only at sunrise and sunset, when they are cleaned. Their usual provender is barley, and chopped straw, which, if the animals are picqueted, is put into a nose-bag and hung from their heads; but if stabled, it is thrown into a small lozenge-shaped hole left in the thickness of the mud-wall for that purpose, but much higher up than the line of our mangers, and there the animal eats at his leisure. Hay is a kind of food not known here. The bedding of the horse consists of his dung, after having been carefully exposed to the drying effects of the sun during the day; it then becomes quite pulverised, and in that state is nightly spread under him. Little of it touches his body, that being covered by his clothing, a large nummud, from the ears to the tail, and bound firmly round his belly by a very long surcingle. But this apparel is only for cold weather; in the warmer season the night-clothes are of a lighter substance, and during the heat of the day the animal is kept entirely under shade. At night he is tied out in the court-yard. In this latter process, the horses’ heads are attached to the place of security by double ropes from their halters; and the heels of their hinder legs are confined by cords of twisted hair, fastened to iron rings and pegs driven into the earth. The same custom prevailed in the time of Xenophon; and for the same reason, to secure them from being able to attack and maim each other; the whole stud generally consisting of stallions. Their keepers, however, always sleep on their rugs, amongst them, in case of such accidents; and sometimes, notwithstanding all this care, they manage to break loose, and then the combat ensues. A general neighing, screaming, kicking and snorting soon rouses the groom; and the scene, for a while, is terrible. Indeed no one can conceive the sudden uproar of such a

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\* The strict meaning of this sentence is, that the Turcoman horse has more than one neck, and more than one head, but how many it does not state. *Rev.*

moment, who has not been in Eastern countries to hear it; and then all who have, must bear me witness that the noise is tremendous. They seize, and bite, and kick each other with the most determined fury; and frequently cannot be separated before their heads and haunches stream with blood. Even in skirmishes between the natives, their horses take part in the fray; tearing each other with their teeth, while their masters are at *similar* close quarters on their backs.\*

The main object of this journey was to visit the internal labyrinths of the rocky mountain of Kerefto. The height exceeds 400 feet, and on one of its points was the entrance into the caves, about 30 feet from the base of the rock. Two doorways conduct into the two caverns, whose roofs are arched to the height of 15 feet, and about six wide. No inscription appeared in these rooms. The chief entrance into the larger cavern is the commencement of a steep ascending passage.— We must again refer our readers, who are desirous of a minute account of these subterraneous halls, to the work itself: but those who have an appetite for mystery and horror will be delighted with the following passage, which reminds us of Mrs. Radcliffe, — whose death we were sorry to see recently announced:

‘ From one of these sort of corridors, we entered a door-way to the right, and proceeded thence along a passage for more than three hundred yards, in pursuit of a considerable apartment with a large quadrangular stone in the midst of it; which our conductor had told us was somewhere in that direction, but our search proved unsuccessful; and he did not seem inclined to comply with our wishes, to renew the attempt down any other of the very distant leading paths. Indeed, at every step of our advance, after quitting the great cavern, he seemed to increase in wariness; being apprehensive, he said, that we should either lose our way, or come suddenly on some den of the wild animals of the mountain, with which these recesses were amply peopled. The sort of smells which assailed us in passing some of the avenues bore sufficient evidence to the truth of the latter statement; but the other cause of alarm not appearing quite so evident, I could not be persuaded to turn back. We then pressed on, and after some little time, reached a large cave of nature’s own work entirely; the only addition from man being a flight of steps cut up to its entrance. When within, we perceived light through a small crack in the rock; and on looking at my compass, I found it lay south-east; hence, we were then near that face of the mountain. In this remote cavern I observed the singularity of several distinct heaps of stones, with a large one stuck up in the centre of each heap, in the manner of a memorial over graves; and, indeed, I should think

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\* This again is new information, viz. that the hostile riders of these horses tear each other with their teeth. Rev.



them to be such. In the natural recess of the same chamber, we discovered a wooden coffin of rude workmanship, containing a body wrapped in linen, and from the freshness of the winding-sheet, it must have been of recent interment. Hence I doubt not that both it and the heaps of stones near cover the remains of some of the bold followers of Mustapha Beg, a mountain-chief, who, with sixty desperate men and their families, about four years ago took possession of the Kerefto caves, and holding them as an impregnable fortress, subsisted by the most daring robberies. Some met the freebooter's fate in various ways; but the leader himself afterwards received pardon, and is now at the court of the present Wally of Senna. Having left this den, of probably more direful scenes than any which the four-footed prowlers of the same midnight regions might have exhibited, we retraced our steps back to the great centre cavern: whence we diverged again, down the northern avenue, seeing in our way other ramifications branching to the right and left, but we kept on in that which seemed the principal, till, having got deep in water, we were obliged to stop, and return. Our venerable guide remarked, that had it been shallower now, and we could therefore have gone forward to the end, we should have arrived at a large cave, containing a pond in the middle of fathomless depth, while the banks around were covered with a rich verdure, comprising every species of grass possible to be met with. This was very like a tale of the *genii*, and told well in the spot where we heard it.

These encaverned labyrinths have perhaps occasionally been the refuge of banditti: but their style, their size, their masterly finishing, and their regularly disposed niches for lamps, all shew their purpose to have been more worthy and solemn; and the author rationally conjectures that they were appropriated to some religious mystery, probably that of Zoroaster.

Sir Robert now projected a return to Tabreez, round the lake of Oouroomia, or Shahy lake, a tract hitherto unvisited by European travellers, owing to the wild tribes who frequent it: but we lament that we cannot even present an epitome of this interesting expedition. After a residence of another month in the capital of Abba Mirza, the time of departure by the way of Constantinople arrived; and Sir R. accordingly left Tabreez for the shores of the Bosphorus, 19th October, 1819. — We are sorry that we must here close this article, which has already reached an unusual length; without even an allusion to the multifarious objects of curiosity and research, that are illustrated by this indefatigable traveller in the course of his journey to Constantinople, and thence to Russia. Our regret is indeed diminished, by recollecting that this route has been accurately described by several enlightened and well-informed persons who have traversed the same regions.

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From the preceding report, our general opinion of the merits and faults of this narrative may be easily collected. It is too long and diffuse; inflicting on those who read for instruction, or for amusement, too heavy a task; as if the author intended to impose the perusal of it by way of retaliation for the rugged ascents and toilsome marches of his own expedition. It also betrays too much of plain downright book-making; as if the whole was designed to reimburse him, at the cost of the literary part of the community, for the expences of his journey. This is an evil with which we are in the daily habits of conflicting; and a growing evil, which tends to bring literature itself into contempt, and to lower the character and dignity of its professors.

On the language of this narrative, we have already made some incidental remarks; and it really is to be lamented that it should so frequently offend by incorrectness, when a little care would free an important work from such a remediable objection. What are we to say of such phraseology as the 'waveless sea of shadeless heat,' (p. 69.) or of persons taking 'their leaves?' (p. 274.) Or who that has ever learnt a grammar can tolerate such expressions as the following? It 'could not fail re-assuring,' p. 473., instead of, *to re-assure*; — 'prevented myself exploring,' p. 490., for, *prevented me from exploring*; — 'had likely proved,' p. 555., for, *was likely to have proved*; — and multitudes of similar faults.

The plates are numerous and acceptable illustrations of this costly and bulky publication.

ART. III. *Essays on Subjects of important Enquiry, in Metaphysics, Morals, and Religion*; accompanied by References to Passages in numerous Authors, illustrative of the same. By the late Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. 8vo. pp. 615. Boards. Cadell. 1822.

MANY of our readers are well acquainted with the name of the late Mr. Hawkins Browne, and will be glad to receive this posthumous volume of the productions of his pen. It consists of Essays on Reason, on the Passions, on Free Agency, on Society, on Moral Obligation, on Virtue and Vice, on the Being and Attributes of God, on Infidelity, Religion, Enthusiasm, and Superstition, on Prayer, on a State of Trial, on the Reward of Virtue and Punishment of Vice, on the Soul's Immateriality and Immortality, and on the Evidences of the Christian Religion. We shall furnish a sufficient recommendation of the work to the particular attention of all those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Hawkins

Hawkins Browne, when we assure them that it is not unworthy of its author; for it exhibits throughout marks of a sound and solid judgment, great seriousness of reflection, considerable research, and much compactness of reasoning. The best essays, in our opinion, are those which treat on Infidelity, and on Enthusiasm and Superstition; and from the last of these we quote the ensuing passages, illustrative of the author's mode of composition:

‘ The human mind cannot divest itself of all belief in some sort of invisible power, by whatever name it may be called; and some degree of superstition must arise whenever that invisible power is conceived irresistible, and thought defective in wisdom or goodness. It will increase in proportion to the idea conceived of that deficiency; and will shew itself in its blackest colours when the invisible power is entirely divested of all traces of wisdom and goodness, and becomes a most deformed monster of folly or of wickedness. This is not an exaggerated description of heathen gods, nor of the universal objects of pagan idolatry.

‘ Reason, in its sublimest energies, and illuminated by Revelation, leads us to true religion. When more imperfectly exercised, or when involved in gentile darkness, it affords a light more or less steady, in proportion to the progress it has made, and leads us by degrees to a knowledge of sacred truth. Every passion, on the other hand, especially that of fear, leads us to superstition.

‘ Virtue and religion reciprocate as cause and effect: so do vice and superstition.

‘ If we are ourselves devoid of virtue, we can never bring our minds to a conception of the Divine purity; we can have no admiration of holiness, no love for goodness, no desire of imitating the true God, by transcribing in our own hearts a faint image of his moral perfection, or of pleasing him by obeying his laws.

‘ On the contrary, our own habitual corruption having perverted every kind affection, every good principle of our nature, every sound dictate of our understanding, the worst things will appear the best; we shall imagine wickedness of every kind the most pleasing to the invisible power we adore; we shall suppose that power to be in itself wicked, and the patron of all iniquity. The love of evil leads us to the love and admiration of an evil being. This superstition, therefore, originates from vice, and is the most powerful promoter of it. A pagan, sincere in the worship of an amorous or cruel god, must himself be amorous or cruel, and the more devoutly or the more frequently he worships his idol, the more will he increase his lascivious or ferocious disposition.

‘ If a worshipper of such deities could be supposed a good man, the object of his worship must be the object of his indignation and abhorrence; his obedience to his god must be accompanied with hatred to him. Religion is not a more powerful promoter of virtue than superstition is of vice.

‘ The greatest violations of purity, modesty, decency, civilization, and nature herself, have been incorporated into pagan worship;

ship ; were practised by the most enlightened nations before the blessed advent of Christ, or their conversion to his religion ; and are at this hour esteemed sacred by the Gentoos. The cruelty of pagan worship is more conspicuous and more universal than its lasciviousness.

‘ Superstition, nursed in ignorance, and arising from the barbarous manners, as well as depraved passions, of those nations, which in the earliest times migrated from their original country and patriarchal stock, has been always savage and cruel, inflicting the severest torments upon its miserable devotees, and exciting them to every ebullition of hatred and extravagance of revenge, to sanguinary desolation and exterminating wars. The superstitious paint their gods as delighting in cruelty, consequently they must conceive no worship so acceptable to them, as that which gratifies their ferocious temper in the excruciating tortures of their own votaries, and in all the sufferings which these votaries can force other men to endure.

‘ They eagerly inflict severe evils upon themselves and others, in order to avoid more horrid and more universal calamities, which their affrighted imagination conceives the gods ready to pour upon them. The heathens despaired of obtaining good from gods, whom they painted as the authors of evil alone ; which was particularly the description of the infernal deities, and therefore the earnest pursuit of the most ardent devotee was the averting evil. From hence arose human sacrifices, not only the sacrifices of prisoners taken in war, or of the aged or deformed, but of tender innocent children, and those the most healthy and beautiful, and most beloved by their infatuated parents. Such a sacrifice was esteemed greater, and more acceptable to the gods.

‘ The abominable wickedness of mankind, whether displayed in sensual passions, in diabolical fury, or in obduracy of heart, has never been carried to so great excess, as when originating from superstition, or when inflamed by it.

‘ Although from the imperfection of our present state, and the innumerable circumstances which lend a baneful aid to superstition, it is a darkness which could only be dispelled by evangelical light ; yet the horrors I have described could never have disgraced Greece and Rome in the most splendid periods of paganism, nor Indostan at the present day, if a maxim had not become very unhappily prevalent, that the most enlightened ought to worship the gods according to the laws of their country, while the vulgar were kept in servile awe.

‘ This doctrine is to be found in the writings of very ancient Indian sages, as well as in the philosophy of the peripatetics and stoics. It is a doctrine cruelly uncharitable to our fellow-men, as it deprives them of all the advantages which the superior genius or knowledge of the more enlightened can afford. While philosophers made considerable advances in the discovery of Divine truth, they left their countrymen, and those whom the feelings of humanity ought most to have endeared to them, in a state of dreadful depravity. The laws of the country, derived from dark traditions  
and

and barbarous times, gave a fatal sanction to all which was most abominable. The idea, that we ought to conform our worship to those laws, sunk Greece and Rome into the foulest idolatry, in the most splendid periods of their history. From this idolatry, indeed, we have no reason to suppose, that they could have emerged by the light of philosophy alone; but if the teachers of human wisdom had diffused among the people all the light which illuminated their own minds, and if legislators had framed their codes of religion from the purest motives, availing themselves of all the knowledge they could attain, the horrors of paganism would have been mitigated, and superstition greatly repressed.

‘ If we believe the deity whom we worship to be devoid of goodness, we cannot sincerely love or venerate him. Whenever a ray of reason pierces the dark cloud of superstition, there must be a secret hatred for a malevolent being, and a contempt for a lascivious one.

‘ This hatred and contempt were often manifested in gentile worship; the gods were assailed by imprecations and menaces, and exposed to every indignity which the rancor of impotent rage could suggest.

‘ This was a treatment these gods amply deserved, who were framed after the model of the worst human passions, in times of licentiousness, anarchy, and violence.

‘ But although sudden provocation naturally excited the keenest resentment against deities, who were before the objects of hatred; yet a deep awe of the Divine power, and a constant dread of the manner in which at any moment it may be exerted, is the predominant feeling of the superstitious. The fear of God, when separated from the love of him, produces superstition; as the love of God, when unaccompanied with filial reverence, constitutes one species of enthusiasm. When we fear a being whom we cannot love, we must be impressed with a constant gloom.

‘ For this reason, all places of idolatrous or superstitious worship have conveyed melancholy ideas, from the sombrous cavern or the tremendous grove, to the solemn darkness of the pagoda. Every calamity of life is enhanced by the supposition that it proceeds from some malignant invisible power, capable of inflicting unknown and unlimited misery upon mankind. A future state, which to the truly religious is the highest source of comfort, and anticipation of joy, to the superstitious becomes the spring of the most dreadful terror; for the passion of fear has an infinite object to excite alarm.’

As the reader may perceive by the passage which we have just cited, this publication is valuable rather from the writer’s good sense in selecting and arranging, in a compendious and systematic form, the happiest remarks of divines and moralists on the several subjects treated, than from any originality to which it can justly lay claim. The judgment, however, required for the execution of such a design is very great, and the utility of it when well executed is by no means to be  
lightly

lightly appreciated: for opinions, which are scattered abroad in different writers, communicate mutual illustration and in fact acquire a new force and significance when brought together; in the same manner as rays of light, which are feeble and ineffectual when dispersed, become operative in proportion as they are concentrated.

The essay on Prayer was published separately in Mr. Browne's lifetime, but is now presented to the world with considerable alterations, suggested by his more mature reflection. In the papers on the Soul's Immateriality and Immortality, he has transfused into prose the best points of his father's admirable poem *De Animi Immortalitate*, enforced with additional reasonings and illustrations. To each essay is subjoined a list of the principal passages in the writers who were consulted by the author, on which he has relied in his text.—We have remarked several trifling inaccuracies of the press, which we presume are attributable to the obscurity of the MS. We need only particularize a few. Manicheon (p. 402. line 8.) for Manichean. Moses Mendelo-sohm (p. 536. line 12.) for Moses Mendelshon. *Dicimus vivere* (p. 581. line last but 5.) for *discimus vivere*. In page 426. line 23. a reference is made to Bishop Taylor's *Freedom of Thinking*, instead of his *Liberty of Prophecy*; and in page 537. line 3. to Couston's Boethius instead of Preston's Boethius. In the list of the works consulted by the author, Norris's Theory of the Ideal World, (p. 611. line 36.) is stated to be comprehended in one volume, though in fact it consists of two. Sandersoni *Prælectiones* is mentioned at p. 613. line 13., instead of Sandersoni *Prælectiones*; and Taylor's Cases of Conscience are quoted at p. 614. line 23. as fol. 1796. but should be fol. 1696., that being the same work which is mentioned in the same page under the title of *Ductor Dubitantium*, fol. 1696.

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ART. IV. *The Etonian.* Second Edition. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Boards. Colburn. 1822.

THAT placid imperturbable vanity, with which so many of our contemporaneous authors and critics are in the habit of surveying and estimating their own productions, cannot fail to have raised the good-humoured smiles of observant readers. Every age of literature has, no doubt, presented such examples, from the "*Beatus Fannius*" of Horace to the "*Lord Fanny*" of Pope, and to that "*Great Apològist*" who is so often mentioned with honor by Henry Fielding:—but we question whether any literary period has abounded so largely as our own, with specimens of this agreeable self-com-



complacency. The repetition of such instances has at length engendered a similar tone and spirit, unconsciously, (we are willing to believe,) in writers of a very different natural disposition; and we seem reduced to this alternative, viz. to be *distrusted*, from *distrusting* ourselves too much, by the unthinking multitude of fashionable readers,—or to *disgust* the better judging few, by assuming a quality which we should be sorry indeed not to find *disgusting* to ourselves also.

Does any *un-observant* person doubt the fact to which we have alluded? Let him look at the authoritative tone in which the interests of *empires*, nay of *human nature* itself, are discussed and decided in certain popular compositions; and then weigh the real force and fairness of the reasons on which this assumed dictatorship so insecurely rests. Let him turn to kindred decisions in the minor matters of *taste*;—and after having gazed in astonishment at the summary repetition of the wisest enactments of an older criticism, let him attend to the cool accents of contempt with which the opinions of our ancestors on all such points are treated;—and, if he take a sufficient view of some of our most approved prose-writers and poets, he will, we think, finally arrive at that comfortable conclusion which Dr. Johnson suggests in his burlesque paraphrase of those celebrated lines in Euripides, of which the Doctor also afforded so beautiful a serious translation:

“ Err shall they not, who resolute explore  
Time’s gloomy backward with judicious eyes;  
And scanning right the practices of yore,  
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.”

They are not, however, our “*hoar progenitors*” so correctly as they are our more immediate predecessors, who excite this noble disdain in our contemporaries. It is not the age of ruffs and fardingales, nor the origin and firm progress of English literature, that raises so elegantly a fastidiousness. On the contrary, *all* that is *antique* must be divine; and the genius of the age of Elizabeth, like Aaron’s rod, swallows up the wit and wisdom of every succeeding age, (until we arrive at our own blessed *æra*!) in the judgment of these impartial scholars. It is Swift, it is Addison, and at length Johnson himself, whose shallow criticisms and bounded efforts of imagination are so magnanimously despised; and it is Pope, (above all others Pope, according to his own prophetic and provoking *Dunciad*,) who is the object of contempt. ‘Pope is a man that I detest’ says one of the boys in the very ‘*Etonian*’ before us, speaking in the person of Homer; and thus indicating that the

arrogant cant of several distinguished scholars of the day has penetrated into the recesses,

“ Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry’s holy shade.”

This is melancholy. Its results indeed are but too obvious, throughout the volumes now on our table; and they cast a cloud over youthful genius and knowledge of a very eminent and meritorious character, which none can sufficiently regret who do not warmly feel the “*Verecundia commendat ingenium*” of the Roman; or who do not sympathize as cordially as we do, (from boyish associations and partialities,) in the true honor and interests of one of the noblest of our English seats of public education.

‘ I much fear that Dr. Johnson had about as much poetry in his constitution as he had humility.’ This is another sentence in the present work. It is truly painful to read such words from the pens of promising and clever young men; who, in mistaking genius for knowledge and precocity for maturity, seem at the same time to have thrown away the very flower of their youth,

“ The rose and blush of their fair pudency.”

What is the cause of this unhappy self-conceit? Undoubtedly, it is the imitation of their elders and superiors in every kind. It is the echo of the insolence of some of our most popular writers; who, in long studied essays, have vented a spleen most unworthy of any literary question, and particularly of an examination into the merits of the illustrious dead. It is the echo, more especially, of the overweening vanity of several of our favored poets; of the “Lake-School,” above all other irregular sects in poetry which have of late so divided our harmonious creed, that we have no longer any uniformity of theory or practice among us. This may be all very well: but, surely, it is very ill to see some of the best hopes of the rising generation so frustrated, by the miserable mimicry of mystical metaphysics, as to sink fine imagination, deep learning, sound and rational feeling, and all that is good and great in intellect, in the excessive admiration of such *charlatanerie* as the pretended insight into nature beyond that of their predecessors, which is claimed by the professors and pupils of this school. To the real genius, worth, wisdom, whatever it may be, of these poets, and of all that belongs to them, we have ever done ample homage: but we really cannot bow down, and cut ourselves with knives and lancets, and cry, “Baal, Baal,” up to that prolongation and height of ecstasy which they demand of  
their

their admirers. We cannot knock the table, like Lavater's black, so wildly and so repeatedly, in wonder at our master and his conjuration. When one of them (Mr. Wordsworth) talks of the age in which poetry was not, meaning the time almost from Milton to *himself*, with the exception of Lady Winchelsea! and when another (Mr. Southey) extols Mr. Southey, in his varied works, (from the Introduction to *Madoc* down to the self-defence, or rather self-applause, in his Vision of Judgment,) almost as highly as his fellow extols his fellow, and who blushes not to talk of Milton and Wordsworth in the same breath; when such, we say, is the case, surely it is not only fair but necessary to admonish the young and unwary *how* these "Water-Poets" *do collaud themselves!*

That such warning is but too much wanted in 'The Etonian,' we perceive not only from the pervading excellence of the terms on which these youthful writers stand with each distinct individual *number one*, but also from the perpetual and most prosing complacency with which they dwell on the proceedings of their literary and convivial society, which they call 'the King of Clubs.' The nonsense of this meeting occupies a considerable portion of both volumes; and, with the exception of some happy hits, which are thickly sprinkled over several numbers and thinly enough over others, it is to be ranked among the most cheerfully dull fictitious records of the sort that we remember in the annals of light literature. In truth, it is by much the worst part of the book, and the dead weight that hangs about it. They who talk, and more especially they who write, at stated periods, very profusely *about themselves*, must be perfectly well at ease with those personages, and conceive their readers to be so too. — From what cause can this arise, particularly in youthful authors, but from one?

Having said this, we feel it incumbent on us to explain, by a few extracts, our allusion to the evil influence of the "Lake-School" of Vanity, as well as Poetry, on these young and animated aspirants after fame; and then we shall proceed, with little comparative interruption, in a very different strain; — a strain of high panegyric, not to say of fond admiration for the fruits of learning and fancy produced in those beloved and fabled groves on the banks of Thames, which certainly have a power of fixing attachment on them that is not romantically but really described in Gray's immortal ode "On the Distant Prospect of Eton College."

The passages, then, which we were forced to mark, and which with pain we bring forwards, are, among others, the following. Speaking of Mr. Wordsworth, the youthful critic at p.224.

of vol. i. observes: 'Inimitably beautiful as are these workings upon natural incidents, *and quite, as I believe, beyond the example of former ages*, yet they are as dust in the balance, when brought in contact with those mighty, those painfully mighty, energies and travailings of the soul, of which many of his longer odes and blank verse poems are composed.' So the 'dust in the balance' of Mr. Wordsworth's merit is 'beyond the example of former ages'! — Dust, indeed, he must have thrown in the eyes of his devoted admirers; love-powder of some extraordinary kind he must have administered to them, to make them believe *this*! We earnestly advise this ingenious and able young writer to peruse again certain portions of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; some of the finer passages in Lucretius; parts of the *Georgics* (especially) of Virgil; and, adding large draughts from the *Odyssey*, and from the Erotic and Gnostic poets of Greece, to proceed then downwards, in a gentle and congenial slope, through *Selections* from Shakspeare and Milton, to the moral, descriptive, and impassioned parts of Dryden and Pope; closing, if he pleases, with a good gulp or two of *Akenside*. Then let him use any, or no outward, expression of modest and ingenuous shame, but let him feel it deeply in his heart, for having raised for a moment the idol of his misguided imagination, *the poet of ostentatious intercourse with nature*, the mingler of metaphysical *common-places* (falsely represented as original reveries, under the mist of rambling prose) with very ordinary and *unexalted* blank versification; — above whom? — above *the inspired priests of nature*; who betrayed not, and dishonored not, *all* her mysteries in the eyes of the vulgar, but yet presented an intelligible and distinct figure and feeling to every reader; — reserving the glories under the veil, for those only who had gifted eyes to gaze on them: — touching, in a word, delicately on those awakening materials of the imagination, which are much too subtle ever to be conveyed to open view, in that anatomizing process of the moderns which "loses the spirit, while it thinks to take the body," of the universe.

In another part of the same volume, p. 324., the same writer (as we discovered before we referred to the index) thus expresses himself:

'That to Coleridge and Wordsworth the poetry, the philosophy, and criticism, of the present day, does actually owe its peculiar character, and *its distinguishing excellence over that of the last century*, those who would trace the origin of the present opinions back for thirty years would find no difficulty in believing.'

Here we cease; having, we fear, but too fully established those charges of presumption, and traced them to their cause, with which we have been unavoidably and most reluctantly compelled to temper our praise of 'The Etonian.' The sentiments which stand prominently forth in these extracts appear in many other parts of the work: but the author of these is decidedly the youth of the greatest genius and acquirements in the society, and therefore we have taken the pains here bestowed on his errors. Indeed, we do earnestly hope that one who appears to be endowed with such a variety of talent, — with wit, as exhibited in a most happy piece of burlesque criticism, presently to be quoted, — with learning, throughout, — with a strong vein of poetic feeling and expression, — and with bold and distinct *aspirings after meaning* in his metaphysical lucubrations, will become in future a bright and useful ornament and support of the literature of his native country. Let him be assured, however, and his own patient reflection *will* assure him, that the exclusive and utterly unreasoning admiration of any age or school in poetry will *not* advance his honorable ambition to be distinguished in the annals of ability and scholarship. Let him *not* imagine that, because Shakspeare is a giant, Pope is a dwarf; and that, because *science* is decidedly improved in our age, *taste* also has attained an equal maturity. Let him look again into his Addison, and again into his Johnson. Let him consider the plain but elegant setting of the pearls of the former; and he will perceive that the author has sometimes dived as deeply for them, although he has not brought them out as ostentatiously, as some of our contemporaries, and that he has found perhaps as many secrets, though certainly not as many *mares' nests*, as his wordy successors. With regard to Johnson, let him read Boswell again, and blush at denying *self-humility* to this pious and ingenuous though imperfect being; let him deliberately contemplate the poetic power and imagination of Rasselas; and compare many passages in the Imitations of Juvenal, and some of the best minor pieces, (the verses on Levett, among the rest,) with *any* similar compositions: then let him utter as public a recantation of his ungenerous attack, as he has courted painful publicity in first making it. — On the subject of that same *publicity*, we shall not add our mite to the general notoriety attached so prematurely, and we think so injudiciously, to the *names* of these youthful authors. The exercise of rising talent in English composition, of the most varied and original kind, we would highly commend, and ardently encourage: but we think that to bring boys before the world as known and *named* essayists and versifiers, while at school, cannot for many obvious reasons be very, desirable.

simple. Nor is this argument much weakened in effect, when applied to young men in their first residence at College. There, also, a dangerous vanity may be fostered, and the bloom of young modesty be unhappily brushed away; and, to dwell no longer on this plain but most serious objection, early propensities towards *public authorship* are not prudently to be nursed and cherished, if we consider the too frequent destinies of that race of beings, whom "men, gods, and columns," seem alike to have devoted to a most uncertain share of worldly prosperity. A few great examples to the contrary, although occurring in modern times, cannot rationally be adduced as counteracting the force of this common but important observation.

We shall now begin our quotations with some poetical selections which, as we conceive, possess great beauty. — The first is a pair of sonnets, from the same writer to whom we have already so fully adverted.

*' Dunster Hermitage.*

' Here were a bower for Love! This balmy grot  
Cresting the mountain-summit, whiles around  
The thick oaks shut the world from this sweet spot,  
The great sea rolls beyond with ceaseless sound!  
On such an eve as this, O Mary, be  
In such a place as this, and I will tell  
My love with holier warmth, touch'd by the spell  
Intense of heaven, of air, of earth, and sea.  
Then should our love be glowing as yon sky,  
Pure as the crescent in the dim twilight,  
Eternal as the ocean in his might,  
And we the lovers joyously on high  
Sitting above the world. But distant far  
Art thou, and lonely, like the evening star.

*' Barle-Edge Abbey.*

' And Time has spared no more! Those ruins gray  
Left the sole vouchers for the house of prayer,  
To tell the pensive truant from his way  
That voice of rapture once was breathing there!  
Strange! for the mountain rears its head as high,  
The river murmurs in its course as clear;—  
E'en yet methinks a spirit lingers here;  
And each lone fragment, as I wander by,  
Speaks of a fall'n religion. Awful thought!  
To those who know how frail all earthly power,  
When the dread summons of our latest hour  
Calls us away—to be as we have fought  
The fight of faith! but hark! the night-wind sings!  
Farewell! still record of forgotten things.'



These two sonnets appear to us excellent specimens of proficiency in the very best manner of the two authors, who form the pillars of the poetical creed of the young writer, as developed by himself in the present volumes. The first sonnet has much of the deep and pure tenderness, which has justly won his heart in the love-verses of Coleridge; and the second, though perhaps too good, and too free from *mannerism* on affectation of any kind, to be characterized as in the *peculiar* style of Wordsworth, tastes very strongly of his genius and *general* merits. How much superior is it to the following, out of the first number of '*Horæ Paludanæ*, or Drops of Derwentwater,' at page 297. of the first volume?

' *Sonnet on the State of Spain in April, 1820,*

' I sat, and bask'd me in the noontide sun,  
By Derwent's lovely water; bright he shone,  
The sun shone bright, but ever and anon  
Athwart his chariot's golden track did run  
Light fleeting clouds, then fled, as if to shun  
Th' insulted monarch's ire: the first scarce gone,  
Sunward their brother clouds came trooping on,  
Like metaphysic fancies, one by one  
Crossing the clear orb of my mind. In Spain  
Thus civil strife to foreign war succeeds,  
And each extinguished feud its fellow breeds;  
So Fate hath order'd, that in endless chain  
Effect from cause shall flow: but what will be  
The end of this, no mortal can foresee.

W. W.'

This last couplet is a most memorable instance of the solemn pomp of *nothingness*, the "Now you shall see — what you *shall* see!" of our great poetical conjuror, another W. W. — Does not the title, '*Horæ Paludanæ*,' rather smack of the *fens* of Cambridgeshire? — "*FENNIS mira feritas*;" and we think that we catch a little of the note of the *fen nightingales* in the above sonnet. Justice, however, demands an acknowledgement that the subsequent verses under this title are of a better cast.

We now come to a really excellent poem, '*My Brother's Grave*,' which manifests a genuine tenderness of natural feeling that does great honor to the author. We wish that we could insert it entire, but we shall give as much as we can:

' Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,  
Expos'd to every rustic tread,  
To few, save rustic mourners, known,  
My brother, is thy lowly bed.

Few

Few words, upon the rough stone 'graven,  
Thy name — thy birth — thy youth declare —  
Thy innocence — thy hopes of Heaven —  
In simplest phrase recorded there.

No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,  
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent — rarely sound  
Is heard those ancient walls around;  
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet  
Discoursing in the public street;  
Nor hum of business dull and loud,  
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,  
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,  
From neighb'ring fort or citadel;  
No sound of human toil or strife  
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,  
Nor breaks the silence, still and deep,

Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,  
Art laid in that unstartled sleep

The living eye hath never known.  
The lonely sexton's footstep falls  
In dismal echoes on the walls,

As, slowly pacing through the aisle,

He sweeps th' unholy dust away,  
And cobwebs, which must not defile

Those windows on the Sabbath-day;  
And, passing through the central nave,  
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-ton'd Sabbath-chime,  
Pouring its music on the breeze,  
Proclaims the well-known holy time

Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;

When rustic crowds devoutly meet,

And lips and hearts to God are given,

And souls enjoy oblivion sweet

Of earthly ills, in thoughts of Heaven;

What voice of calm and solemn tone

Is heard above thy burial stone?

What form in priestly meek array

Beside the altar kneels to pray?

What holy hands are lifted up

To bless the sacramental cup?

Full well I know that rev'rend form,

And if a voice could reach the dead,

Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,

My brother, makes thy heart his bed;

That sire, who thy existence gave,

Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont

Within these sacred walls to kneel;

the Elizabethan affectation of the day as to undervalue *Dryden* also?

'*Reminiscences of my Youth*' are on a subject which, however hackneyed, is sure to please if treated with feeling, as it is in the verses before us; though, however, they rather too much resemble a *cutting down* of the manly simplicity of Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*," into the little pocket *octosyllabics* of the age in which we sing.

'*Martin Sterling\* on Principle*' is a virtuous and high-spirited essay, calculated to do much good at a public school; and we eagerly seize this opportunity of observing, with sincere pleasure, that the tone and feeling manifested on all serious occasions by these Etonians is highly creditable to themselves, and to all concerned in their education. By *serious occasions* we mean such as they thoroughly, and on reflection, feel to be so; and, although their natural flow of spirits, and the truly pardonable levity of youth, may sometimes lead them to treat with too much wantonness that which had better have been left alone, or more gravely mentioned, yet on the whole we have marked very few prominent instances of this defect: the work being altogether as unexceptionably moral, and cheerfully though sincerely religious, as the most anxious parents or governors of youth can wish it to be. 'This is high praise; and not only "*habeant secum*" at present, but we may add, which is of much more consequence, "*serventque sepulchro*."

The '*Essay on Coleridge's Poetry*' we do not hesitate to call a masterly piece of criticism; *exceptis excipiendis* in the *systematic* fervor of admiration. Otherwise, the young critic's quotations would amply bear him out; and they will help to strengthen an opinion of our own, which we have not been backward in expressing on proper opportunities, that in point of intellectual reach and variety, (of genius, in a word,) Mr. Coleridge stands decidedly at the head of his own peculiar sect or party; — although we certainly think that he too, in *some degree*,

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

The criticisms '*On Wordsworth's Poetry*' also shew much originality and strength of observation: but they are liable to a similar objection with that above mentioned, in a more vicious excess; — for the passages adduced in justification of

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\* How much better it would have been to have adhered throughout to these fictitious appellatives!

the critic's inordinate praise are plainly of inferior merit; in their own kind, to those which are selected from Coleridge.

We must be very brief in our notice of the Second Volume; and we do not profess, in our review of the first, to have given any thing like a complete exhibition of its various contents. Our object has been rather to record its prominent excellences, and to point out its pervading defects, with the sincere wish of benefiting the youthful authors.

The paper '*On the Writings of James Montgomery*,' high as the strain of panegyric is, renders no more than justice to that beautiful and touching poet: but, in the comparison between him and Cowper, the writer certainly betrays much deficiency of nice discrimination. The resemblance between them is rather a family than an individual likeness; and, with regard to one conspicuous quality in both, (which is all that we can here specify,) the critic is surely quite in error. The religious spirit and feeling of Montgomery bear a very partial similitude indeed to those attributes in the mind of Cowper; and we do not hesitate a moment in preferring the character of devotion that is stamped on the poetry of the bard of Sheffield, to that which marks the bias of his more popular predecessor. Some confusion of ideas in '*The Etonian*' seems hitherto to have prevented him from perceiving the difference between the pervading gentleness, humility, and subdued tone of heartfelt piety which animate and ætherialize the works of Montgomery, and the equally sincere but certainly more *exacting*, if not more *exclusive*, spirit which gives intense nerve and solemnity perhaps, though less attractive persuasiveness, to the writings of the original and unhappy Cowper. We speak of both poets *in the general*; particular passages might, no doubt, be selected, in which they interchange characters.

A burlesque critique on Mr. Southey's well known song of the "*March to Moscow*" forms an excellent parallel to the equally well known essay on "*The Queen of Hearts*" in "*The Microcosm*;" — and we take this moment to observe that, although nothing in '*The Etonian*' perhaps reaches the compressed and polished wit of some portions of its precursor, we have beyond comparison more variety and an ampler display of talent altogether in the present work. The same sort of remark may be made on comparing the papers before us with "*The Miniature*," the intermediate work between that and the "*Microcosm*:" but "*The Miniature*," we think, occasionally displayed an extent of reading, and a power of just reflection, beyond any thing in its successor; and, if this be so, it is highly honorable to that performance: for, like "*The Microcosm*," we believe, it was *entirely* the work of boys.

*chacone* in which the case is decided, and Nap is quiet again: and this movement dies away in five bars of *minims, diminuenda* from *dolce* to *piano* — to *p.p.* — to *p.p.p.*; and the last bar is not to be heard, but understood — for Nap hath fallen asleep. He is instantly awakened by a fine splendid *Marcia en grand chœur*, which concludes the overture. We cannot charge our memory with an exact account of all the *ariette* and *recitativi*, and their performers: Matthews, we think, was to execute the Russians; Macready to act the lines on the Admiral, with blacked eyebrows, amid thunder and lightning; the “heigho for Moscow,” by Miss Stephens; and the “Morbleu, parbleu,” by Miss Wilson. Angrisani was to be taught to pronounce one line, but we forget which; and Braham was to hold a *D forte* through six bars without shaking, to give some idea of the long shout of the Cossaque. Mr. Southey is to sit in the middle of the pit with a wreath of laurel on his head, and to prompt the performers. Towards the end Nap will be produced, and a very correct representation of Pandemonium, upon a more improved plan than that in “Don Giovanni;” Nap will try to coax Nick, but Nick will not stand bamboozling; — after a short struggle, and two kicks on the shins, Nap is floored and unlaced, and shown to be all slush; and then he will descend, in his Majesty’s arms, to a mournful dirge, expressive of justice, brimstone, pain, nitre, and birches.’

No. ii. of ‘*Reminiscences of my Youth*,’ which is in prose, does not please us so well as the first. There is an *affectation* about it. In truth, nothing is so dangerous at present, so ensnaring and so entrapping to a young prose-sentimentalist, as sipping Sterne and Mackenzie through the filtering vessel even of Geoffrey Crayon. Much of this appears in the present work, and it is very *emasculating*. A hint, we hope, will suffice: but we must just shew the sort of thing that we mean.

‘It is the seventh day of my revisiting! The burst of almost painful affection which came over me as I first trod upon the scene of brighter hours, and the glow of heart and brow, which seemed like a resuscitation of feelings and passions that have long lain dormant in forgetfulness — these have gradually died away: but there has succeeded, dearest spot, a mellowed fondness for you, which, were I to live an eternity with you, would remain through that eternity, unperishable. I now am delighted to muse upon the sweetness of those recollections, whose overpowering throb I at first could hardly endure; and love to call up before me those imaginings, which at first rushed upon me with the overwhelming force of a cataract. I look around me! a spirit seems to be sitting on every house-top, lingering in every grove — incidents in themselves the most humble, objects in themselves the most mean, — like insects preserved in amber, derive nobility and beauty from the colours which memory has thrown around them.’

More

More is said in one Eton verse, which we recollect to have heard quoted many years ago,

“ *Et puer, in memori pectore, rursus ero,*”

than in all this redundancy of sentiment. ‘ *A spirit sitting on every house-top!*’ Pshaw! What was his occupation? “ *Throwing,*” we suppose, “ *dead cats at the boys!!!*” *Verbum sat.*

A paper ‘ *On Prejudice*’ is full of sense, and of right feeling; ‘ *Michael Oakley’s Objections to Wit*’ are worth attention; ‘ *The Letters from Oxford,*’ although a little *too real*, too free with tutors and heads of houses, &c. to be profitable, (for even compliments in these cases are freedoms, if too particular,) have considerable merit; ‘ *The Reflections on a Clerical Life*’ are amiable and sensible; and ‘ *The Bride of the Cave*’ would have made a very respectable figure in “ *The Tales of Wonder.*”

We must omit all notice of other articles, which we had marked for approbation, and be satisfied with saying that these references are still numerous. The portions which we like least (always excepting the heavy and vain particularities in the accounts of the proceedings of the ‘ *King of Clubs*’) are the ‘ *Nugæ Amatoriæ,*’ and some parts of ‘ *Peregrine’s Scrap-Book,*’ which either tire with their frivolity or offend by their *pretences* to fashionable experience. Indeed, ‘ *The Etonian*’ is least in his element when talking of his presence at balls, and his adoration of waltzing, and other little tricks of boyhood, by which he aims at establishing a belief of his extensive and varied acquaintance with the *beau monde*. All about the *Bargees*, *Surly Hall*, &c. &c. we greatly prefer to any of this. — In sober truth, however, it must be acknowledged that the boys in the upper part of a great school in the nineteenth century are no longer *boys*; and we are talking, perhaps, with the knowledge and feeling of thirty or forty years ago, when we attribute to *pretence* that which now may be real *experience*. Most of our fashionable young men have little of the world to learn, at least of its *superficies*, at the age of sixteen or seventeen; and we dare say that there are tailors who would be glad of hints from them, duns who would dread them, ballet-masters who might borrow figures from them, and even cooks who might learn to compound sauces from many of these young practitioners in every branch of the art of pleasing.

We are so desirous, however, of parting on the best terms with these clever, original, humorous, well-informed, and well-principled youths, who reflect such great credit on the place of their education, and must greatly increase its deserved  
popul-



popularity, that we shall conclude with a laughing extract from the 'Musæ O'Connorianæ,' in the first volume, to which we had not intended to return. As specimens of classical translations of popular ballads, (in the style of those of Professor Porson, and other scholars,) the following are very happy; and with them we heartily say farewell to 'The Etonian.'

'Mac Nevis leaped up from his seat,  
And made his bow, and told her,  
"Kathleen, I'll fight for your dear  
sake  
Along with fierce Mac Twolter."

*Surgebat Mac Nevisius,  
Et mox jactabat ultro,  
"Pugnabo tui gratiâ  
Cum fero Mac Twoltero."*

'Does not this remind us strongly of Homer's Paris?

'Αὐταρ ἐμ' ἐν μεσσοῖ καὶ ἀρηιφίλον Μενελάον  
Συμβαλετ', ἀμφ' Ἑλένη καὶ κτήμασι πασι μαχεσθαι.

'The address of Mac Nevis to his antagonist upon meeting him in the ring is conceived in the same style of ferocious grandeur. He sees him applying himself to the bottle, and exclaims:

'While you can see blue ruin, joy!  
Pull deeper yet and deeper;  
By George! you shall return from  
hence,  
Without an open peeper.

*Frater, dum tibi manet lux,  
Bibe ruinæ poculum:  
Redibis hinc, per Georgium!  
Utrumque cassus oculum.*

Observe that the expression "blue ruin" is very poetical, but my version of it is also prophetic: a charm unknown to the original. Phelim's reply is beautiful:

'Don't tip me now, my lad of wax,  
Your blarney and locution,  
Och! sure you an't a giant yet,  
Nor I a Lilliputian.

*Ne sis, O cerâ mollior,  
Grandiloquus et vanus;  
Heus bone! non es gigas tu,  
Et non sum ego nanus.*

Here again the author, of course, had Homer in his eye,

Μῆτε μευ, ἤντε παιδὸς ἀφαιρῶ, πειρητίζε.

And again,

Πηλεΐδῃ, μῆδῃ με ἵκεσσι γε, νηπυτίον ὥς,  
Ἐλπεο δειδιξέσθαι.

The contest, which, it is possible, I may by-and-bye transmit to you at length, is described with a minuteness which far exceeds Virgil's Dares and Entellus, or even the "Pugilism" of the Sporting Magazine. The modest Mac Twolter is, as he deserves to be, the victor. The poem concludes in a high strain of triumph:

'So Victory to Phelim gave  
A wife of fair renown;  
And with that wife she gave besides  
To him a silver crown.

*Victoria dedit Phelimo  
Uxorem valde bonam;  
Et dedit cum uxore hæc  
Argenteam coronam.'*

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WE presume that the admirable injunction of St. Paul, to be "all things unto all men," has been the cause which has induced the very godly persons of different ages to vary so greatly their mode of attack on the vanities of this world, and, while ridiculing the fashions of this life, often to attempt that task in a fashionable manner. The first effort made by the righteous over-much, after the Reformation, was to decry all human learning as being in itself something carnal and anti-Christian: but to depose *reason* by *argument*, or to exterminate *books* by *writing*, was a proceeding too absurd in the eyes even of these enthusiasts themselves; and therefore, as their age was an age of violence, and burning was the mode of the day, they devoutly recommended that all books unconnected with Revelation should be committed to the flames. Reuchlin, who went considerable lengths in accord with these zealots, succeeded, however, in rescuing from their wrath as many authors as he could by his ingenuity torture into a pious and Christian meaning; and a very happy mode of allegorizing, which had before prevailed with some Christian fathers, was now much improved: not only the Logos, but all the mysteries of the Cabala, were soon discovered in the unconscious heathens; and Plato and Aristotle were accordingly treasured as saturated with evangelical tenets.

As time advanced, the common people began to think that a man might read without being either an atheist or a magician; and, indeed, some degree of study became a popular sort of employment. On this change, the fanatics turned inspired: they had longer and more permanent visions than any with which they had before been favored; and their memories and faculties were so much improved, that they were able to retain and to record their spiritual self-abandonments and annihilations. Thus came into the world the extacies of Jacob Behmen, which are among the earliest specimens of modern godly romances; and in later days the sublime extravagances

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\* We apprehend a mistake in the price marked on this publication. Dear as books are, we should not expect to find twelve shillings charged for a single volume, such as would formerly have been sold for four, or four and sixpence.

of Emanuel Swedenborg. Under this head, too, may be classed some of the very eloquent rhapsodies of Mr. Norris and of the learned Henry More in England, as also the reveries of the Quietists in France. In fact, while sensuality was spiritualized, and the heats of a fervid temperament exuberated into splendid imaginations, or dreams of some middle state between this world and another, common sense was baffled and criticism completely at fault; for the more incoherent and incongruous the composition, the more just picture would it be of a dream; and the more strange the circumstances, and unsuitable to this state of being, the more fitted might they possibly be to a better. What measure, in short, could there be found for inspiration; or by what rules were the vagaries of a godly imagination to be judged? Surely, no uninspired critic could presume to analyze Jacob Behmen's wonderful description of the colours of angels, or venture to inquire whether such high matters were intended to convey any meaning.

Other compositions also appeared, and came in fashion nearly about the same time with the visions, which partook more of human transactions: for in them the spiritual conflicts with the powers of darkness, and the advancements of the soul towards truth, were figured after the manner of mortal warfare, and somewhat according to the images of real life. Of this sort we recollect with great admiration Mr. Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*;" though we cannot go so far as one \* of the spiritual writers now before us, who would transfer to that singular work the praise bestowed by Johnson on Burnet's memoir of Lord Rochester. Our modern saint, indeed, stickles a little at the word "elegance," but on the whole would rather give Bunyan a cap that does not exactly fit him than leave it with Burnet, who was too much a practical man to be beloved by the truly spiritual. All these pious narratives and spiritual fictions, aided by lay "*Sermons*" and "*Crumbs of Comfort for devout Hearts*," and "*Divine Breathings*," and "*Longings of the yearning Spirit for the Cluster of Canaan's Grapes*," and "*The Riches of God's Love to the Vessels of Mercy*," were great advances towards human compositions: but still the practice of general reading, and, above all, the reading of plays and common novels, was deemed very unsuitable for those who would imitate the example of the primitive Christians.

In another age, as the theatres were kept open, (notwithstanding the imprecations of Prynne and Collier,) and the public would go and see plays, whether edified or not, the

\* The author of '*No Enthusiasm*,' vol. i. p. 248.

holy ones turned play-wrights, and the Bible furnished ample materials for the tragic muse. On the same principle, since people will be so obstinate and perverse as to read novels, though dehorted and enjoined to forbear from such unsanctified food by their ghostly pastors, the anti-seculars of the present day try to divide this house, and endeavour at length to contend against Satan with this his own arm of flesh. We have often noticed in our pages their pious attempts of this kind; but, recently, the virtuous tirades against all the amusements and pleasures of this life, poured forth under the mask of amusing publications, have assumed a much more considerable and important shape; and the press teems with serious preachments, each in three or four volumes, waging war with the powers of darkness under the arch-enemy's own colours; — inculcating all the doctrines of asceticism and mortification in splendid types and on fine wove paper; and decrying any compromise with the usages of the world in the slightest matters, while they themselves issue forth under the deceptive and inveigling title of novels and tales.

It deserves serious consideration from the ultra-devotees, whether, by adopting this plan, they do not run great risk of a worldly as well as a ghostly nature. While they adhered to the old sublime and incomprehensible style, free scope was given to all the glorious excentricities of their imaginations, and they could range fearless and peerless through either the Ellysiums or the Pandemoniums of their own creation: — but, in descending to mere novel-writing, and attempting to describe this present state of existence, they have to depicture scenes which it would be affronting to their condition of exaltation, and of disenthralment, to suppose that they can stoop to observe with much minuteness. They must also encounter, as rivals and competitors, many whose senses have been directed to affairs around them; who live in the unaccountable belief that there is some reality even in these sublunary phantoms; and whose keen relish of enjoyment unfortunately has not been blighted by disappointment, or withered by discontent. It is certainly a most spirited enterprize to put the lovers of cheerfulness to shame by tales of entertainment, to banter good humour out of countenance, and to draw off the thoughts of the reader from this world by giving the most particular descriptions of it which the author's unpractised faculties will permit. For gravity and solemnity in its proper place, we — grave and solemn old grey-beards ourselves — have all due respect: but, when staid and serious personages become novel-writers, it is the duty of those poor critics who are fated to read their productions to consider them *as novels*;

and to animadvert on misplaced *seriosities* (as somebody called them), and on buskined measures halting in the midst of comedy-tunes. If huge elephants will try to skip and gambol on this uneven earth, after the fashion of silly sheep, spectators must be excused for smiling at their movements; since even in their own paradise, when they wave their proboscis with their best grace and elegance, the satisfaction given partakes in some degree of human diversion.

Though the works before us are very different in detail, they partake of the same general cast and object. All the authors agree in thinking that a person's faith in some particular tenet is of more importance than any other matter in life, though they vary greatly in their notions about this saving tenet; — and all agree that, if a man be so unfortunate as not to have the same notions with the writer himself, he is in a state of jeopardy. The author of '*No Enthusiasm*' favors Calvinism; the spokesman of '*The Sisters*' preaches Calvinistic orthodoxy; and the dissertator on '*Body and Soul*' upholds anti-Calvinistic orthodoxy. We mention these points of distinction in justice or in compliment to the writers, the inculcation of the favorite doctrine being with each the gist of the composition, and the solemn dissertations being the substance, while the narrative is merely interwoven for ornament; — and, of course, each accommodates the facts of his tale to his own spiritual hypothesis. In '*No Enthusiasm*,' a young gentleman, who has courted a young lady and gained her affections in his unregenerate state, becomes gradually serious; and, though her regard remains unaltered, he discontinues his addresses because she is *no better* than she was when he fell in love with her. He then recovers a large estate ("the good things of this world,") of which he had been defrauded, and marries a pious lady with whom he had been suddenly smitten before his first courtship. A friend of the hero, who had been only half serious, dies disappointed and miserable, and this furnishes a death-bed scene of much agony and instruction. — Of '*The Sisters*,' the one who is sprightly decoys the accepted lover of the serious one, is married to him, runs away with a lord, and dies in great misery. A similar death-bed scene is introduced, with many reflections, and grand effect. — In '*Body and Soul*,' a reverend doctor first confounds a Calvinistic minister of the church; afterward, with the help of his curate, refutes two Calvinists; then beats an Unitarian off the ground; and at last defends triumphantly every assailable corner of the thirty-nine Articles, together with the damnatory parts of the Athanasian creed. In this work, the climax does not occur at the close, for the grand pathetic winding-up is in the middle; and



and a lady decoyed into Calvinism is described as the inmate of a lunatic asylum. — It may be supposed that the writers omit no circumstance of the awful and the terrible in their death-bed scenes, and in the lunatic asylum: yet, to speak honestly, though we perceive nothing of extenuation in these particulars, and no want of dark colouring, we do not think that the forte of any of them lies in the pathetic; and, if we were to indulge in conjectures, we should surmise (on several accounts at least) that some of the works before us were the performance of elderly persons of the fair sex. Our fair readers will give us credit, we hope, for drawing this conclusion from the particular merits of these productions which we are going to mention, rather than from their defects, on which we have been dwelling perhaps too long. Though the stories are not particularly well contrived, nor the incidents uncommonly well managed, and the reasonings or prosings which are the staple are neither very new nor very conclusive, yet in all these tales the niceties of dress, the peculiarities of manner, and the touches of character, are sketched with a superior hand; and the humour and archness, which peer through these descriptions, might lead us to attribute their composition to that sex whose wit, and native shrewdness and *gaiété de cœur*, even the discipline of austerity can never entirely extirpate. — We shall quote, for the diversion of our readers, from each of the works the passage which we deem the happiest of this kind; regretting that the writers did not discover that they were “most themselves” when they were in these earthly moods.

In ‘*No Enthusiasm*,’ we have an account of the appearance and conversation of an old low-bred limb of the law, which is very characteristic:

‘The next day Falkland rambled about the town in another direction, and immediately after dinner called again on his relation Mr. Sturdy. That gentleman had returned to town punctually at his appointed time, and our hero was introduced to him without ceremony. His appearance was not calculated to impress a stranger in his favour, though his reception was sufficiently cordial. Sturdy was a man about sixty years of age, with a broad impenetrable face, in which the mouth was not the least prominent feature; remarkably thick-set, and of a height which, if his bulk had not been correspondent to it, would have seemed almost gigantic. He was dressed in a suit of clothes which had formerly perhaps been black, although its tarnished appearance, and patches of snuff and powder, made it difficult to determine with certainty its original hue. He appeared to be much less studious, in his dress, of elegance than of ease, and the pernicious fashion of *ligatures* seemed to be totally excluded from the style of his habiliments. He was surrounded by papers, or rather buried in them; and on



Falkland's addressing him, presented a hand which *perhaps* had *sometimes* come in contact with soap and water, though certainly at some remote æra of his life.

"Sit ye down, Cousin Falkland, sit ye down," said the lawyer, "I am glad to see you in London. — Here, Marshall," ringing a bell, "let this note go to the city — and — Ah! I read your poor father's death in the paper — Eh? — Are those costs taxed in the Exchequer? — Oh! and mind Heywood don't forget to enter that record for trial — No, no, Mr. Falkland," continued he, observing that our hero made a motion to retire, when he found his friend so much engaged, "sit ye down, I'm not busy — only whenever I happen to be absent for a day — call at Silvester's too for that conveyance — I can't imagine the reason, but I always find that no business is ever half so pressing as a marriage-settlement."

All this and a great deal more was delivered in a slow and measured tone of voice, and seemed to be the mere effect of great press of business, and to have in it not a particle of ostentation. But Mr. Sturdy at length found time to direct his undivided attention to his relation's affairs; and in truth he entered into them with a sagacity from which the latter augured favourably, and with a degree of interest, which the multiplicity of his business seemed by no means to promise. Mrs. Falkland on her husband's death had taken the precaution of laying her hand on all the papers she found in the house, and her son had brought them with him to town, for Mr. Sturdy's inspection. This, however, was a task which, as the papers were pretty numerous, and extremely ill assorted, he could not promise to undertake immediately; but Falkland was satisfied to observe he did not intend to delay it long. He was in the mean time extremely anxious to get some intimation of Sturdy's opinion of his case, not considering that he was as yet totally ignorant of it; but in this he was completely baffled. The cautious lawyer avoided every hint which might by possibility commit him. "But do not you think it strange, Sir," said Falkland, "is it indeed possible that my poor father could have been thus completely ruined, without some gross rascality practised by this Monckton? I'm sure his expences would not have done it."

"Why, Cousin Falkland," replied the other, "if you had seen as much as I have, of the ill effects of a man's neglecting his affairs, you would cease to be surprised at any thing. It's a great pity your father did not consult me when he first found himself embarrassed. But that's the worst of it, you see. Some men never come to their lawyer, or their physician, till their case is desperate; and then if they can't do impossibilities, they set them down as a pack of asses."

"At all events, Sir," said Falkland, "that will not be our conclusion."

"No, no; may be not, may be not," answered Sturdy, in a tone of voice which seemed plainly to indicate he thought the contrary; "but pray, Cousin Falkland — you must be aware that it will take time to unravel affairs of this intricacy, and you should prepare yourself for the worst. What do you mean to do with yourself

yourself pending the legal proceedings? You must not be a dead weight upon your mother. Her jointure, if I remember right, is but slender."

' This was the very point Falkland wanted to lead him to. He therefore quickly took it up, and after expressing the sense he felt of his relation's kindness, told him that his poor father, never doubting he should leave him a very handsome fortune, had not brought him up to any profession; but that he had received a regular education, which he was now only anxious to turn to some advantage; that his main object was to detract as little as possible from his mother's scanty provision, and that he had some thoughts of adopting the profession of the law, if no insuperable objections occurred on the subject, to Mr. Sturdy. He thought by showing this predilection for his profession, to conciliate the good opinion of the old gentleman, as well as to make the best use of his information and experience. Whether he judged from Mr. Sturdy's appearance and conversation, that there were few other subjects on which his opinion would be valuable, or whether, if he did form that opinion, he was correct in it, are points of some doubt. Certain it is, however, that he gave him not the slightest intimation of his dramatic propensity, and did not even consult him whether he should make his first attempt in the sock or the buskin.

' "You've some thoughts of the law, have you, Cousin Falkland? What — you'd like to wear a gown and wig?"

' Falkland answered, it was one of the things he had been considering.

' "It's an uncertain profession," returned the other, "and for one man that makes a figure in it, at least one hundred hardly get salt to their porridge."

' "But surely, Sir," said Falkland, "industry and perseverance, with a tolerable capacity, will overcome any difficulties."

' "Yes; but a man may have all the industry and perseverance, — aye, and all the capacity in the world, and yet if nobody knows of it, he may sit all day with his hands in his pockets, listening to the harangues of those who have not one-tenth of his brains."

' "But suppose, Sir," said Falkland, somewhat cooled in his legal ardour, "suppose we put out of the case the higher honours of the profession. Do you imagine a man with the qualifications I have mentioned, would be utterly without some chance of at least securing an honorable independence?"

' "No, no; not so bad as that neither," replied the other: "I think if you were now to enter yourself for the bar, and to spend the five years which must elapse before you can be called, in hard reading, and were then to attend regularly in the courts for another five years, it is very probable you might make in a few more years — let me see — aye — I shouldn't wonder if you made — three or four hundred a year."

' This was a most appalling calculation for poor Falkland, and it almost extinguished every ray of hope from the pursuit of legal eminence. He could scarcely believe indeed that it was not an exaggerated picture; but this his cousin's better information for-

bad his hoping. At all events, he thought such a phantom not worth the pursuit; and yet, after the first emotions of surprise were over, he could not but wonder, if this representation were correct, how it was that so many men had risen from small beginnings to the first emoluments and dignities in the profession. He knew the fact to be so, but he had yet to learn that a barrister without fortune, if he be eventually successful, must starve the first half of his life, in order to have more money than he can dispose of ever after. Mr. Sturdy, on the other hand, thought he had drawn a very flattering picture of the emoluments of the law; and mistook our hero's silence and thoughtfulness for acquiescence in his undertaking. He therefore concluded by making him an offer of his assistance, and promised if he made up his mind on the subject, to introduce him to a particular friend of his, a barrister in great practice, under whose direction he thought he could not do better than place himself.

The biographer of '*The Sisters*' gives us this description of a learned lady at a ball:

“ Oh, Evanmore! fly directly, and bring her to us — you see she does not know where to go,” cried Rosalind, bowing most graciously as she spoke to a young lady of singular appearance, who was standing close to the door, and with an opera-glass held to her eye, reconnoitering the assembled groupe with all the cool composure of a General at the head of his troops. “ Yet stay, let me give Felicia some hint of the lady's character, that she may enjoy the treat more. The object of your well-founded amazement is that most unique animal of the biped species, a philosopher in petticoats. That is, a sort of incongruous, heterogeneous mass of learning, ignorance, and folly; either laughable from its absurdity, or disgusting from its pedantry. She reads her Bible in Hebrew, her Testament in Greek, her Prayer-book in French, and her novels in German — so at least her grandmamma says. Then, as she is always laudably engaged in the pursuit of learning, whenever you meet her you are favoured, in addition to these standing dishes, with a taste of what she is then hashing up for the public, which is generally decided by the fashion of the day, or the situation in which she happens to be placed. Thus, about four years ago, when it first became the rage to crowd every room in your house with flowers and exotics, she was a botanist; quoted whole pages out of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and stunned your ears with Monandria, Diandria, Monadelphia, Polyadelphia, Fulcra, Folia, Fructus, &c. &c. And really, while this was her hobby, her rides were as amusing to her friends as herself; but unfortunately happening one evening to describe, rather too minutely, the marriage of a white rose-tree with a black currant bush, from which strange union she expected a sort of magpie-coloured, mule bud, Lord Edgermond laughed so heartily, and teased her with so many questions, her modesty took the alarm; or rather, perceiving that she could no longer show her knowledge without exciting ridicule, she relinquished the study altogether

altogether (for display is her object), and took to one where she might canter her favourite Pegasus without apprehension or control. At one time she affected to be a mineralogist and lapidary, and then, like the good girl in the fairy-tale, she never opened her mouth but some precious stone fell out of it, from the diamond of Golconda to the pebble of Scotia. She bored you with accounts of spars, crystallizations, stalactites, petrifications, fossils, bitumens, metals perfect and imperfect, and without mercy, or any compunctious visitings of conscience, tore up the inside of poor old mother-earth to supply her with topics of conversation. She has, in short, a little knowledge of every thing; a little of languages, a little of botany, a little of mineralogy, a little of conchology, a little of chemistry, a little of ornithology, a little of meteorology, &c. &c., and precious little it is. If a philosopher could look into her head, like the lover in the Spectator, who had the privilege of viewing his mistress's brains, I verily believe he would see much the same as he did, with the addition of some crabbed words, and heads and tails of the sciences. She appears, however, wonderfully wise when you are first acquainted with her; and I have seen as much consternation exhibited in a party where she has, after having been long studying how to display herself to the greatest advantage, pounced upon a poor female acquaintance, as when a hawk or a kite, after hovering some seconds in the air, stoops on a defenceless chick, to the terror of the farm-yard. But these literary alarms soon wear off on acquaintance, for she is all *écorce*, a mere outside shell of learning, no nut to satisfy the palate after the eye has been sufficiently gratified. Indeed she always reminds me, when she is preparing to strike her auditors dumb with the profundity of her wisdom, of the Turkish cry, "In the name of the Prophet — *figs*." — As she is now the inhabitant of a sea-port, conchology will be the order of the day: you are a stranger, and, mark me, she will burst upon you like the rushing of a cataract, in her literary character: therefore be prepared, and don't feed her egregious vanity by seeming alarmed; for she is never more delighted than when, by some of her enigmas, she sees she has completely puzzled her audience. Meet her with her own weapons. When she cries univalve — do you say bivalve. When she talks of corallines — do you speak of zoophites; and if you find yourself in a dilemma, or as your dear Jenny would say *quandary*, do as I have often before done, intrench yourself in some high-sounding words and unintelligible phrases, and get handsomely out of the scrape."

The best delineations in '*Body and Soul*' are those of the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Griper, and of an old Sea-Captain making his advances to a religious widow.

'When the dinner-hour arrived, Dr. Freeman found the party assembled. After he had addressed Mrs. Trustwell and her daughter, his kind host, taking him by the hand, introduced him in form to Mr. and Mrs. Griper, both of whom returned the salutation with the most grave decorum. There was the struggle of a smile evidently

dently visible on the lips of Alexander, as he watched this august ceremony, and kept up with his eyes a kind of telegraphic communication with his sister: it required, indeed, some command of countenance to stand this interview. The bride had, by many degrees, passed the meridian of life, and time had set his envious mark upon her. She was “gaunt, lean, ossified, and long;” her face narrow, and striped with wrinkles, over which was suspended a nose which acted as a gnomon to the dial from which it projected. Her reading had, in earlier life, — that is, until she had relinquished the hopes of promotion, and had actually taken out the brevet-rank of Mrs. to her maiden name, — been confined to trifling subjects, to romances, and to tales of slighted love. She had formerly been able to play upon the Virginals, which she now dignified by the name of the Piano; and even till very lately, in the society of those of her own standing, she occasionally ventured to breathe an asthmatic air of olden times. Her dress suited with her years and her new situation. It consisted of a fabric raised upon her head, formed by making every hair to stand as it would on the glass-legged stool of an electrifying apparatus, surmounted by a cushion, placed thereon to imbibe the long wire-pins to which the cap was appended. Her waist was long and tapering, to which was fastened a silver-washed tin cornucopia, there placed for the reception of a large bouquet, which seemed to have been the produce of the kitchen rather than of the flower garden. Her gown was a rich grogram, so thick, that whether in wear or not, it pertinaciously kept its erect position, and when moved, made that strong rustling noise which rendered it unnecessary upon visits of ceremony to announce her approach. When erect, her stature was assisted in its towering height by the aid of two props to the heels of her shoes; two stunted columns of the Tuscan order, which preserved a false perpendicular, by reason of the unequal pressure above. She seemed to possess only one advantage over her brother, and that was in having had greater experience from a longer residence upon earth. She was occasionally cheerful; but the disposition was checked whenever she turned her eye upon Mr. Griper, who maintained the most obstinate and inflexible gravity.

‘He was a very tall, thin man, with a long yellow face and sharp visage: his long matted hair, impelled by its own weight, hung straight downwards; while a narrow cravat displayed a neck brown and folded, like the leather of a pair of bellows. He wore a long, black, strait-cut coat without a collar, but with pockets large enough to answer all the purposes of a wardrobe: he had flaps to his waistcoat; thick black worsted stockings, covering a pair of long legs of equal thickness everywhere, and planted in a pair of shoes extravagantly capacious, ornamented by square silver buckles, corresponding with those appended to his breeches-knees. Such was the Reverend Mr. Griper, who had entered into the pale of matrimony to ensure a handsome provision for his latter days, and a patient companion disposed to swallow the doses of religious rhapsody, in which he was a wholesale dealer.

‘When

When dinner was announced, Mr. Trustwell stepped forward to offer his arm to the bride; who, casting a smirk of approbation upon him, and another of encouragement transversely upon Mr. Griper, stepped forward; the rest of the party following in couples, at an awful distance behind them, to admit sufficient space for the trail of Mrs. Griper's gown; which, in performing the part of a besom sweeping the staircase, was accompanied by a rustling noise, resembling a shower of hail in a thunder-storm upon the stage.

The conversation at table was general and animated, supported as it was by the host and hostess, Miss Trustwell, her brother Alexander, and the Doctor; while Vincent and Mr. Griper seemed waiting in reserve, ready only to explode when a spark of religious kindling should ignite them. The bridegroom, however, was too actively engaged in answering the demands of a voracious appetite, to waste the little time which he seemed to think would be allotted to his repast; for though his body, from the length and thinness of it, appeared ill-adapted to the reception of much food, it was astonishing to see with what dexterity, and with what perseverance, he endeavoured to obtain a rotundity of form, and how successfully he washed down with deep, but weak potations, the obstructions which were heaped on the turnpike leading from his jaws to the lower regions of his body. In all this he was the direct reverse of his bride, who kept nibbling at the breast of a chicken, occasionally sipping from a thimbleful of wine, which she as delicately touched with the parchment of her lips, as if she apprehended their coming in contact with aquafortis. —

The season of love is the season of poetical inspiration; and many were the attempts which the Captain made to assail the strong-holds of the lady's heart, by exalting her opinion of his talents, and enflaming her with the ardour of his affection. His mode of disclosing the labouring passion of his breast was not so singular as it was affecting; it was expressed in the following rhapsody, which was delivered at the close of an evening visit, with the vice-like grasp of a hard hand, and the upward cast of an enamoured but a blood-shot eye:

‘ Oh Cupid, god of wild desires!  
Venus, mistress of the loves!  
Oh quench, oh quench these inward fires,  
Hither drive your purple doves.

‘ Waft yourselves upon the ocean  
Of the blue and cloudless sky,  
For, alas! you have no notion  
How very near I am to die —

‘ To die — in one ecstatic burst  
Of a non-descriptive joy;  
I burn, I burn, oh slake my thirst —  
Raging loves my senses cloy!

‘ Tho’ in battle I’ve been wounded,  
And by waves have oft been tost,  
Until now I ne’er was grounded,  
Ne’er till now have I been lost —

‘ Lost —



‘ Lost — in fiercest adoration  
 Of her many various charms,  
 Ye gods! accept of my prostration,  
 Give, oh give her to my arms!

‘ The conclusion of these lines was truly poetical, because it was the height of fiction in the author to represent himself as possessing two arms, when he evidently had but one. This mistake did not, however, escape his observation, and if he could have altered the sentiment without altering the rhymes, he would have done so; but it was revolting from his mind to represent himself as a dismembered lover; besides, as he had once possessed the full compliment of limbs, he suffered the stanza to remain. But the result of all this was not what he had anticipated; for though the lines breathed an unequivocal avowal of his love, yet the lady’s sensibility was altogether shocked at the profanation of invoking heathen deities, which, she said, were only other names for demons; and the offer of prostration to them amounted, in her opinion, to sheer idolatry. Her displeasure, therefore, was wofully excited by this unhappy effusion, and would probably have proved, for some length of time, fatal to his suit, had he not soon afterwards offered a more congenial, serious, and approved effort of his muse.

‘ Here, a vile but contrite sinner  
 Seeks a saint endow’d with grace,  
 Fain and fairly would he win her  
 In the semblance of thy face.

‘ Holy maiden! know I love thee;  
 Religion’s voice in thee I hear;  
 From thy presence do not drive me;  
 Methinks I feel an holy fear.

‘ Storms and tempests I’ve not heeded,  
 They were all the sports of Fate,  
 Other lessons I have needed  
 To remind me of my state.

‘ With vice in every shape infected,  
 From thy sight I ought to flee,  
 But I feel myself elected,  
 To partake of bliss with thee.

‘ Can’st thou wish to stop the torrent,  
 Or the trade-wind in its course?  
 Can’st thou meet the storm abhorrent,  
 Or unshrinking stem its force.

‘ Then, seek not, lady, to reject me,  
 Nor my fondness to reprove;  
 To thy sweet embrace elect me,  
 Let me revel in thy love!’

These are happy specimens. The writer of ‘*No Enthusiasm*,’ however, except in *drawing* the character of the attorney, and that

that of a plausible gentlemanly barrister, is uniformly dull. The author of the tale of ‘*The Sisters*’ is of a much higher cast: but the moral reflections are endless, and are often mere scraps of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. H. More recooked: though sometimes the thoughts are taken from other writers, so unfortunately disguised or misapplied as to be scarcely recognized. The writer of ‘*Body and Soul*’ is directly opposed to the others on the point of amusements, and many of the observations on that subject are very cleverly expressed: but the poetry interspersed, by no means sparingly, is not always equal to the verses which we have extracted; and sometimes the lines have an Irish air, as when a wish is expressed to rise like the setting sun:

‘ So, when my pulses cease to play,  
Serenely close my evening ray,  
That I may rise, death’s slumber done,  
Glorious like thee, sweet setting sun!’ (P. 98.)

ART. VIII. *Peveril of the Peak.* By the Author of “*Waverley*,” “*Kenilworth*,” &c. 4 Vols. 12mo. 2l. 2s.\* Boards. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co. 1822.

IT is amusing to observe the rise and progress of the various schools of novel-writers in our literature, (not including the Religious school, of which we have been speaking in the preceding article,) and to remark the very unceremonious manner in which the taste of the public will change from one style of composition to another. We are old enough to remember the revival of the *romantic* novel in the *Castle of Otranto*, which was afterward supplanted by what may be called the *domestic* novel; the most delightful invention of modern authorship, but which, excellent as it is, seems to be at length in danger of yielding to those attractive compositions in which historical characters and incidents are interwoven with a fictitious narrative. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of these semi-historical works, on which subject we have formerly expressed ourselves very fully, they are clearly the creation of the present age; for in the whole course of our literature, from *Mort d’Arthur* down to Miss Edgeworth’s last production, we find nothing resembling the historical novels of the author of “*Waverley*.” — The romances of chivalry, translated both from the French and the Spanish, which formed the amusement of our forefathers under

\* We cannot omit to advert to the high price set on these volumes. The encouragement of the public ought not to be thus *fined*.

the Plantagenets, did indeed contain the adventures of many heroes whose names are familiar in history: but not the slightest attempt was ever made in them to preserve historical truth, whether in manners, incident, or character. To these gallant stories, the gay tales of Italy succeeded; and the "light reading" of Elizabeth's time, such as *Paynter's Palace of Pleasure* and *Grimstone's Admirable Histories*, consisted of translations and imitations of Boccaccio and the Italian novelists: but the accomplished spirits of that day were not contented with these foreign fictions, and accordingly distilled the quintessence of their refined speculations into such receptacles as *The Arcadia*.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the French novel, — the novel of the court, — filled with gallantry, intrigue, and exaggerated sentiment, came much into fashion in England, and maintained its reign for a very considerable period. Our true novel-readers will remember that good Mrs. Shirley, as Miss Lucy Selby tells us in a letter to Lady Grandison, informs her young friends that such was the reading in fashion when she was a girl, and that she was one day discovered with *The Princess of Cleves* on her table. Of this Princess of Cleves, however, good Mrs. Shirley had no need to be ashamed: but of some other writers of the same school, and their imitators among ourselves, she might have had ample reason to disown her knowledge. The productions of Mrs. Heywood, or of Mrs. Behn, would be little compatible with the delicacy of modern days: but, indeed, the scale of feeling on such subjects, more especially among women, has been very much raised since that period. We remember to have met with an anecdote of an old lady of the last century, who, happening to take up one of the novels which had formed the amusement of her leisure-hours in her youth, was shocked to think that such a work should have been allowed to come into her hands.

The appearance of Richardson, however, forms the most important era in the history of our fictitious literature; and his works are perfect models of the domestic novel, written with a truth, a variety, and a sprightliness which we must never expect to see equalled. — Between these inimitable performances and the novels of the present (or rather the last) century, the only examples of lasting merit are the comic novels of Fielding and Smollett. Thus, down to the appearance of "Waverley," we discover none of the half-authentic compositions which have lately become so popular. It is true that, among the books of fiction which have issued from the press within the last twenty years, we find many in which the leading incidents are founded on historical facts, and the

heroes and heroines bear well known names: but farther than this the writers are very little indebted to authentic records. In such productions, the general outline of an historical character is preserved, but all the finer touches and the nicer finishing, which give effect and expression to the whole, are entirely derived from the novelist's imagination. Besides, even in the best of these works, as for instance in some of those which we owe to the two Miss Porters, not the smallest pains are taken to give any idea of the manners and spirit of the times: — the heroes evidently breathe the atmosphere of the nineteenth century.

In this respect, then, the Scotch novelist stands unrivalled, and alone; and, as the inventor and master of this new school of writing, in which he has already gained a number of humble disciples who implicitly follow his example, it behoves us to watch his steps with a very scrupulous eye, lest, in the trespasses which he has been committing on the realm of history, he should lead both his imitators and his readers astray. A precluding introduction, *more suo*, is prefixed to the present volumes; in which he enters into a sort of half-jocular defence of this style of composition, and insists that, at all events, it is useful in giving idle young ladies and gentlemen some ideas of history. As we conceive, however, that it is better that these personages should remain ignorant than acquire false notions on such subjects, we must treat the work before us somewhat in the manner of a history, and weigh it with graver judgment than we should apply to an ordinary fictitious narrative.

We confess that we were disappointed when we discovered that the scene of 'Peveril of the Peak' was laid during the reign of Charles II.: for we had hoped that the nobler times of "the Grand Rebellion" would have been selected by the author as a more ample and magnificent field, on which he might display his powerful talents. In this new achievement of his prolific pen, we anticipated an introduction to all the intrepid soldiers, and the wily statesmen, of an age peculiarly fertile in extraordinary characters. What a brilliant description would this author have given of that distinguished company of the wise, the witty, and the valiant, which in those days assembled at the country-seat of Lord Falkland; and what character in history is more especially suited to grace the pages of a romance, than that gallant and gifted nobleman? We cannot yet persuade ourselves that the writer will neglect a period so rich in all the elements most requisite to a work of fiction. In selecting the reign of Charles II. in the present instance, however, he has no doubt been guided by some weighty reasons: such as that few periods of our history have  
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been more copiously illustrated by memoir-writers, than that which immediately followed the Restoration,—a circumstance certainly very important in the composition of a narrative in which the author has selected his materials with all the diligence of a biographer: but what other inducements could have led him to present his readers at the court of Charles II., we do not readily perceive. Among all the politicians, and wits, and courtiers, who figure with ‘*Peveril of the Peak*,’ from the monarch himself down to his page of the back-stairs, there is not a single individual in whose fortunes or fate it is possible for us to feel adequate interest. Even the brilliant and capricious Buckingham excites but a languid curiosity.

Moreover, the fictitious characters in these volumes do not display any very novel invention. The hero (we wish that the author, in his next novel, would drop this very *useless* personage,) is Julian Peveril, son of Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, an antient Derbyshire knight, descended from William the Conqueror, and a zealous stickler for the privileges of the crown. The knight is a hot-headed, warm-hearted, heavy-handed, old cavalier; and the son, like most of his predecessors, rests his claims to our admiration on his youth, his bravery, and his devotion to the heroine. This fair damsel, Alice Bridgenorth, daughter of a veteran Roundhead militia major, is an exceedingly sensible young lady; who never required the imagination of a poet to bring her into existence; and who, whatever impression she made on Julian’s heart, does not appear calculated very strongly to affect the memory of the reader. We are not contented with an every-day heroine in these Scotch novels: so great a portion of them is in general filled with historical incidents, or with the delineation of other characters, that we see very little indeed of the *prima donna*; and we cannot consent that this *little* should also be *insipid*. We would have something more rich and piquant, or rather more elevated and imposing, than Alice Bridgenorth; who, though she was doubtless a very amiable personage, is unfitted to sustain the dignity of the heroine of four volumes. In that classification of the author’s heroines into which they naturally resolve themselves; viz. the *high-minded*, as Flora M’Ivor, Rebecca, and Minna; the *sprightly*, as Diana Vernon and Catharine Seyton; and the *dull*, as Miss Wardour, Isabella Vere, and Rowena; we must say that Alice Bridgenorth has considerable claims to be enrolled among the latter sisterhood.

As in several others of the writer’s productions, we have also a sort of anti-heroine, who endeavours to thwart and circumvent her more fortunate adversary; somewhat in the manner



in which formerly an anti-pope was accustomed to harass the real pontiff. In 'Peveril,' this personage is introduced to the reader under the name of Fenella, and is indeed the most original and poetic conception in the whole work; as in "Ivanhoe" Rebecca the Jewess plays the same part. The policy and propriety of thus exposing the heroine to the assaults of a rival may fairly be doubted; more especially when the interest attaching to her character is but feeble. For our part, we would have such a personage "reign a tyrant, if she reigns at all," and exercise an undisputed sovereignty over our hearts and imaginations. It is highly incongruous that the heroine should run away with the hero's heart, and her rival with that of the reader; yet this is the case in "Ivanhoe," and even in the volumes before us. The same error is very palpable in "Sir Charles Grandison;" for of his two "sister excellences," we cannot for a moment hesitate to give the palm to Lady Clementina. It is to be observed also that the anti-heroine has always her misfortunes to plead in her favor. Fenella is one of those wild and energetic characters which a master-pen sometimes loves to describe. Her heart is devoted to revenge and love, and in her slavery to those passions she unrepiningly suffers privations \*, pains, and dangers, from which the nature of woman shrinks almost instinctively. We have some doubt whether, when she was first introduced by the writer, she was intended to play the more conspicuous part which she afterward acts; for she really seems to grow under his hands; and it appears improbable that the dwarfish girl, as she is represented during her residence with the Countess of Derby, should captivate the eyes of Buckingham. This change of character and plot, in the course of the novel, is indeed not uncommon with the author.

The other fictitious ladies may be dismissed in a few words. Lady Peveril, Julian's mother, is a very pleasing Sir Joshua-like sketch, a dignified and tender matron, with her beauty still lingering about her; and Mrs. Deborah Debbitch, Alice's nurse, is an exceedingly characteristic person, worthy of forming one in the household of which Andrew Fairservice, Caleb Balderstone, and Saunders Saunderson, are members.

Having thus, as *preux chevaliers*, given the ladies precedence, we must now say a few words of Major Bridgeforth, and his brother-in-law Master Edward Christian. The Major is in fact our old acquaintance Burley of Balfour, soothed

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\* One of these extraordinary privations is that she imposes on herself perpetual silence, by assuming the character of a deaf and dumb person.



down and civilized into an English gentleman. His character is constructed on the same principles, with a few more kindly touches about it; and he is the model of the English Presbyterian, as Burley was of the Scotch Covenanter. The character of Christian, or Ganlesse as he is called in the earlier part of the story, is peculiarly revolting; for it is a complication of all evil qualities, and its only merit is an unshaken consistency in wickedness. There is little pleasure in the contemplation of such profligate villainy.

We have made these preliminary observations on the *dramatis personæ*, as they may contribute to render our extracts more intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the novel itself. The story scarcely admits of analysis: but the chief interest of it, independently of the usual love-affair, rests on the supposed participation of the Peverils, father and son, in the Popish Plot, for which they are tried and acquitted. To this succeeds a plot of the Duke of Buckingham; and contemporaneous with both we have a plot by Master Christian, to avenge the death of his brother, who was condemned and executed in the Isle of Man by command of the Countess of Derby. This lady, to whose life the novelist has kindly added upwards of twenty years, performs a very conspicuous part in the tale before us; and the following scene which passes at her castle in the island between her, the young Earl her son, and Julian Peveril, will give an idea of the powerful style in which her portrait is drawn.

“The Countess of Derby entered the apartment, holding in her hand a number of papers. Her dress was a mourning habit, with a deep train of black velvet, which was borne by a little favourite attendant, a deaf and dumb girl, whom, in compassion to her misfortune, the Countess had educated about her person for some years. Upon this unfortunate, with the touch of romance which marked many of her proceedings, Lady Derby had conferred the name of Fenella, after some ancient princess of the island. The Countess herself was not much changed since we last presented her to our readers. Age had rendered her step more slow, but not less majestic; and while it traced some wrinkles on her brow, had failed to quench the sedate fire of her dark eye. The young men rose to receive her with the formal reverence which they knew she loved, and were greeted by her with equal kindness.

““Cousin Peveril,” she said, (for so she always called Julian, in respect of his mother being a kinswoman of her husband,) “you were ill abroad last night, when we much needed your counsel.”

“Julian answered with a blush which he could not prevent, “That he had followed his sport among the mountains too far — had returned late — and finding her Ladyship was removed from

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Castletown, had instantly followed the family hither; but as the night-bell was rung, and the watch set, he had deemed it more respectful to lodge for the night in the town."

"It is well," said the Countess; "and to do you justice, Julian, you are seldom a truant neglecter of appointed hours, though, like the rest of the youth of this age, you sometimes suffer your sports to consume too much of time that should be spent otherwise. But for your friend Philip, he is an avowed contemner of good order, and seems to find pleasure in wasting time, even when he does not enjoy it."

"I have been enjoying my time just now at least," said the Earl, rising from table, and picking his teeth carelessly. "These fresh mullets are delicious, and so is the Lachrymæ Christi. I pray you to sit down to breakfast, Julian, and partake the goods my royal foresight has provided. Never was King of Man nearer being left to the mercy of the execrable brandy of his dominions. Old Griffiths would never, in the midst of our speedy retreat of last night, have had sense enough to secure a few flasks, had I not given him a hint on that important subject. But presence of mind amid danger and tumult is a jewel I have always possessed."

"I wish, then, Philip, you would exert it to better purpose," said the Countess, half smiling, half displeased; for she doated upon her son with all a mother's fondness, even when she was most angry with him for being deficient in the peculiar and chivalrous disposition which had distinguished his father, and which was so analogous to her own romantic and high-minded character. "Lend me your signet," she added, with a sigh; "for it were, I fear, vain to ask you to read over these dispatches from England, and execute the warrants which I have thought necessary to prepare in consequence."

"My signet you shall command with all my heart, Madam," said Earl Philip; "but spare me the revision of what you are much more capable to decide upon. I am, you know, a most complete *Roi faincant*, and never once interfered with my *Maine de palais* in her proceedings."

The Countess made signs to her little train-bearer, who immediately went to seek wax and a light, with which she presently returned.

"In the meanwhile, the Countess continued, addressing Peveril. "Philip does himself less than justice. When you were absent, Julian, (for if you had been here I would have given you the credit of prompting your friend,) he had a spirited controversy with the Bishop, for an attempt to enforce spiritual censures against a poor wretch, by confining her in the vault under the chapel."

"Do not think better of me than I deserve," said the Earl to Peveril; "my mother has omitted to tell you the culprit was pretty Peggy of Ransay, and her crime what in Cupid's courts would have been called a peccadillo."

"Do not you make yourself worse than you are," replied Peveril, who observed the Countess's cheek redden, — "you know

you would have done as much for the oldest and poorest cripple in the island. Why, the vault is under the burial-ground of the chapel, and, for aught I know, under the ocean itself; such a roaring do the waves make in its vicinity. I think no one could remain there long, and retain his reason."

"It is an infernal hole," answered the Earl, "and I will have it built up one day — that is full certain. — But hold — hold — for God's sake, Madam — what are you going to do? — Look at the seal before you put it to the warrant — you will see it is a choice antique cameo Cupid, riding on a flying fish — I had it for twenty zecchins, from Signor Furabosco at Rome — a most curious matter for an antiquary, but which will add little faith to a Manx warrant."

"How can you trifle thus, you simple boy?" said the Countess, with vexation in her tone and look. "Let me have your signet, or rather, take these warrants, and sign them yourself."

"My signet — my signet — Oh! you mean that with the three monstrous legs, which I suppose was devised as the most preposterous device, to represent our most absurd Majesty of Man. — The signet — I have not seen it since I gave it to Gibbon, my monkey, to play with. — He did whine for it most piteously — I hope he has not gemmed the green breast of ocean with my symbol of sovereignty."

"Now, by Heaven," said the Countess, trembling, and colouring deeply with anger, "it was your father's signet! the last pledge which he sent, with his love to me, and his blessing to thee, the night before they murdered him at Bolton!"

"Mother, dearest mother," said the Earl, startled out of his apathy, and taking her hand, which he kissed tenderly, "I did but jest — the signet is safe — Peveril knows that it is so. — Go fetch it, Julian, for Heaven's sake — here are my keys — it is in the left-hand drawer of my travelling cabinet. — Nay, mother, forgive me — it was but a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; only an ill imagined jest, ungracious, and in bad taste, I allow — but only one of Philip's follies. Look at me, dearest mother, and forgive me."

The Countess turned her eyes towards him, from which the tears were fast falling.

"Philip," she said, "you try me too unkindly, and too severely. If times are changed, as I have heard you allege — if the dignity of rank, and the high feelings of honour and duty, are now drowned in giddy jests and trifling pursuits, let me at least, who live secluded from all others, die without perceiving the change which has happened, and, above all, without perceiving it in mine own son. Let me not learn the general prevalence of this levity, which laughs at every sense of dignity or duty, through your personal disrespect — Let me not think that when I die —"

"Speak nothing of it, mother," said the Earl, interrupting her affectionately. "It is true, I cannot promise to be all my father and his fathers were; for we wear silk vests for their steel coats, and feathered beavers for their crested helmets. But believe me, though to be an absolute Palmerin of England is not in my nature,

no son ever loved a mother more dearly, or would do more to oblige her. And that you may own this, I will forthwith not only seal the warrants to the great endangerment of my precious fingers, but also read the same from end to end, as well as the dispatches thereunto appertaining."

' A mother is easily appeased, even when most offended; and it was with an expanding heart that the Countess saw her son's very handsome features, while reading these papers, settle into an expression of deep seriousness, such as they seldom wore. It seemed to her as if the family-likeness to his gallant but unfortunate father increased, when the expression of their countenances became similar in gravity. The Earl had no sooner perused the dispatches, which he did with great attention, than he rose and said, "Julian, come with me."

' The Countess looked surprised. "I was wont to share your father's counsels, my son," she said; "but do not think that I wish to intrude myself upon yours. I am too well pleased to see you assume the power and the duty of thinking for yourself, which is what I have so long urged you to do. Nevertheless, my experience, who have been so long administrator of your authority in Man, might not, I think, be superfluous to the matter in hand."

' "Hold me excused, dearest mother," said the Earl, gravely. "The interference was none of my seeking; had you taken your own course without consulting me, it had been well; but since I have entered on the affair — and it appears sufficiently important — I must transact it to the best of my own ability."

' "Go then, my son," said the Countess, "and may Heaven enlighten thee with its counsel, since thou wilt have none of mine. — I trust that you, Master Peveril, will remind him of what is fit for his own honour; and that only a coward abandons his rights, and only a fool trusts his enemies."

It is owing, we suppose, to the author's attachment to the old romances of chivalry, in which the reader is invariably entertained with a giant or a dwarf, and occasionally with both, that we find so many similar personages figuring in the Scotch novels. The *procerity* of the porter of Kenilworth Castle evidently rendered him a great favorite with the novelist, and the diminutive dimensions of Sir Geoffrey Hudson have alike secured him a place in the present volumes. Fenella is a creature of the same kind:

' At the head of the first flight of steps which descended towards the difficult and well-defended entrance of the castle of Holm-Peel, Peveril was met and stopped by the Countess's train-bearer. This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore, (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form) set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly

wore it, fell down almost to her ancles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

' The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the Countess had caused to be taught to her, in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughtswoman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still shew the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honors of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of caligraphy.

' The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favorite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established amongst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

' But, though happy in the indulgence and favor of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favorite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated perhaps by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the Earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the various singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to display itself in language, had something even frightful, so singular were the tones, contortions, and gestures, to which she had recourse. The lower domestics, to whom she was liberal almost beyond her apparent means, observed her with much deference and respect, but much more from fear than from any real attachment; for the caprices of her temper displayed themselves even in her gifts; and those who most frequently shared her bounty, seemed by no means assured



assured of the benevolence of the motives which dictated her liberality.

All these peculiarities led to a conclusion consonant with Manx superstition. Devout believers in all the legends of fairies so dear to the Celtic tribes, the Manx people held it for certainty that the elves were in the habit of carrying off mortal children before baptism, and leaving in the cradle of the new-born babe one of their own brood, which was almost always imperfect in some one or other of the organs proper to humanity. Such a being they conceived Fenella to be; and the smallness of her size, her dark complexion, her long locks of silken hair, the singularity of her manners and tones, as well as the caprices of her temper, were to their thinking all attributes of the irritable, fickle, and dangerous race, from which they supposed her to be sprung. And it seemed, that although no jest appeared to offend her more than when Lord Derby called her in sport the Elfin Queen, or otherwise alluded to her supposed connection with "the pigmy folk," yet still her perpetually affecting to wear the colour of green, proper to the fairies, as well as some other peculiarities, seemed voluntarily assumed by her, in order to countenance the superstition, perhaps because it gave her more authority among the lower orders.

Many were the tales circulated respecting the Countess's *Elf*, as Fenella was currently called in the island; and the malcontents of the stricter persuasion were convinced, that no one but a Papist and a malignant would have kept near her person a creature of such doubtful origin. They conceived that Fenella's deafness and dumbness were only towards those of this world, and that she had been heard talking, and singing, and laughing, most elvishly, with the invisibles of her own race. They alleged, also, that she had a *Double*, a sort of apparition resembling her, which slept in the Countess's anti-room, or bore her train, or wrought in her cabinet, while the real Fenella joined the song of the mermaids on the moonlight sands, or the dance of the fairies in the haunted valley of Glenmoy, or on the heights of Snawfell and Barool. The centinels, too, would have sworn they had seen the little maiden trip past them in their solitary night-walks, without their having it in their power to challenge her, any more than if they had been as mute as herself. To all this mass of absurdities the better informed paid no more attention than to the usual idle exaggerations of the vulgar, which so frequently connect that which is unusual with what is supernatural.

Such, in form and habits, was the little female, who, holding in her hand a small old-fashioned ebony rod, which might have passed for a divining wand, confronted Julian on the top of the flight of steps which led down the rock from the Castle-court. We ought to observe, that as Julian's manner to the unfortunate girl had been always gentle, and free from those teasing jests in which his gay friend indulged, with less regard to the peculiarity of her situation and feelings; so Fenella, on her part, had usually



~~shown~~ much greater deference to him than to any of the household, her mistress, the Countess, always excepted.'

In the sequel, it appears that Fenella, or Zarah, is the daughter of Christian, and is employed by him as a spy about the person of the Countess of Derby. To forward her father's machinations, she is ultimately brought to London, *restored to voice and hearing*; and we have a very animated interview between her and the Duke of Buckingham, who imagines that he has secured Alice Bridgenorth within his toils, but really finds Fenella. Some very eloquent writing occurs in this scene.

Our remaining extracts shall be confined to the historical portions of the tale; and, first, we shall give a faithful and striking likeness of the merry monarch himself, taken while walking in the Mall in the Park.

'The person whom Julian looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed perriwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was plain black velvet, with a diamond-star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features strongly lined, even to harshness, had yet an expression of dignified good humour; he was well and strongly built, walked upright and yet easily, and had upon the whole the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them, from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants. They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of men of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curl-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and perhaps with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whose gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes regulated, and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lacquey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the water-fowl.

'This, the King's favourite occupation, together with his remarkable countenance, and the deportment of the rest of the company towards him, satisfied Julian Peveril that he was approaching, perhaps indecorously, near the person of Charles Stuart, the second of that unhappy name.'

This scene is borrowed from Evelyn's Memoirs: but Evelyn has drawn his Majesty's attachment to the canine race in rather stronger colors. "He took delight in having a number  
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of little spaniels follow him, and lie in his bed-chamber, where often he suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking." The same author has enumerated the various kinds of wild fowl with which the King stocked his decoy in the Park.

The representation of the mercurial Buckingham is not altogether what we might have expected. His wit is evidently laboured, yet by no means first-rate: nor do even his liveliness and versatility sit easily on him. It is very probable that the *bons mots*, which the novelist has put into the Duke's mouth, may be as good as any which he ever really uttered, but unfortunately this is not sufficient. A very ordinary witticism from the living Buckingham might pass off, and *tell* most successfully, which, when recorded, would fall exceedingly flat and lifeless from the pen. The following passage will, we think, bear us out in these observations:

' It was high-tide in the anti-chamber, and had been so for more than an hour, ere the Duke's gentleman in ordinary ventured into his bed-chamber, carefully darkened, so as to make midnight at noon-day, to know his Grace's pleasure. His soft and serene whisper, in which he asked whether it were his Grace's pleasure to rise, was briefly and sharply answered by the counter questions, "Who waits? — What's o'clock?"

' "It is Jerningham, your Grace," said the attendant. "It is one afternoon; and your Grace appointed some of the people without at eleven."

' "Who are they? — What do they want?"

' "A message from Whitehall, your Grace."

' "Psha! it will keep cold. Those who make all others wait, will be the better of [*for*] waiting in their turn. Were I to be guilty of ill-breeding, it should rather be to a king than a beggar."

' "The gentlemen from the city."

' "I am tired of them — tired of their all cant, and no religion — all Protestantism, and no charity. Tell them to go to Shaftesbury — to Aldersgate Street with them — that's the best market for their wares."

' "Jockey, my Lord, from Newmarket."

' "Let him ride to the devil — he has horse of mine, and spurs of his own. Any more?"

' "The whole anti-chamber is full, my Lord — knights and squires, doctors and dicers."

' "The dicers, with the doctors in their pockets, I presume."

' "Counts, captains, and clergymen."

' "You are alliterative, Jerningham," said the Duke; "and that is a proof you are poetical. Hand me my writing things."

' Getting half out of bed — thrusting one arm into a brocade night-gown, deeply furred with sables, and one foot into a velvet slipper, while the other pressed in primitive nudity the rich carpet

— his Grace, *without* thinking farther on the assembly *without*, began to pen a few lines of a satirical poem; then suddenly stopped — threw the pen into the chimney — exclaimed that the humour was past — and asked his attendant if there were any letters. Jerningham produced a huge packet.

“What the devil!” said his Grace, “do you think I will read all these? I am like Clarence, who asked a cup of wine, and was soused into a butt of sack. I mean is there any thing which presses?”

“This letter, your Grace,” said Jerningham, “concerning the Yorkshire mortgage.”

“Did I not bid thee carry it to old Gatheral, my steward?”

“I did, my Lord,” answered the other; “but Gatheral says there are difficulties.”

“Let the usurers foreclose, then — there is no difficulty in that; and out of a hundred manors I shall scarce miss one,” answered the Duke. “And hark ye, bring me my chocolate.”

“Nay, my Lord, Gatheral does not say it is impossible — only difficult.”

“And what is the use of him, if he cannot make it easy? But you are all born to make difficulties,” replied the Duke.

“Nay, if your Grace approves the terms in this schedule, and pleases to sign it, Gatheral will undertake for the matter,” answered Jerningham.

“And could you not have said so at first, you blockhead,” said the Duke, signing the paper without looking at the contents. — “What other letters? And remember, I must be plagued with no more business.”

“Billets doux, my Lord — five or six of them. This left at the porter’s lodge by a vizard mask.”

“Psha!” answered the Duke, tossing them over, while his attendant assisted in dressing him — “an acquaintance of a quarter’s standing.”

“This given to one of the pages by my Lady ——’s waiting woman.”

“Plague on it — a Jeremiade on the subject of perjury and treachery, and not a single new line to the old tune,” said the Duke, glancing over the billet. “Here is the old cant — *cruel man — broken vows — Heaven’s just revenge*. Why the woman is thinking of murder — not of love. No one should pretend to write upon so threadbare a topic without having at least some novelty of expression. *The despairing Araminta* — Lie there, fair desperate. And this — how comes it?”

“Flung into the window of the hall, by a fellow who ran off at full speed,” answered Jerningham.

“This is a better text,” said the Duke; “and yet it is an old one too — three weeks old at least — The little Countess with the jealous Lord — I should not care a farthing for her, save for that same jealous Lord — Plague on’t, and he’s gone down to the country — *this evening — in silence and safety — written with a quill pulled from the wing of Cupid* — Your Ladyship has left him pen-

pen-feathers enough to fly away with — better clipped his wings when you had caught him, my Lady — And so confident of her Buckingham's faith — I hate confidence in a young person — She must be taught better — I will not go."

"Your Grace will not be so cruel," said Jerningham.

"Thou art a compassionate fellow, Jerningham; but conceit must be punished."

"But if your Lordship should resume your fancy for her?"

"Why, then, you must swear the billet doux miscarried," answered the Duke. "And stay, a thought strikes me — it shall miscarry in great style. Hark ye — Is — what is the fellow's name — the poet — is he yonder?"

"There are six gentlemen, Sir, who, from the realms of paper in their pocket, and the threadbare seams at their elbows, appear to wear the livery of the Muses."

"Poetical once more, Jerningham. He, I mean, who wrote the last lampoon," said the Duke.

"To whom your Grace said you owed five pieces and a beating," replied Jerningham.

"The money for his satire, and the cudgel for his praise — Good — Find him, give him the five pieces, and thrust the Countess's billet-doux — Hold — take Araminta's and the rest of them — thrust them all into his portfolio — all will come out at the Wits' Coffee-house; and if the promulgator be not cudgelled into all the colours of the rainbow, there is no spite in woman, no faith in crabtree, or pith in heart of oak — Araminta's wrath alone would overburthen one pair of mortal shoulders."

"But, my Lord Duke," said his attendant, "this Settle is so dull a rascal, that nothing he can write will take."

"Then as we have given him steel to head the arrow," said the Duke, "we will give him wings to waft it with — wood, he has enough of his own to make a shaft or bolt of. Hand me my own unfinished lampoon — give it to him with the letters — let him make what he can of them all."

"My Lord Duke — I crave pardon — but your Grace's style will be discovered; and though the ladies' names are not at the letters, yet they will be traced."

"I would have it so, you blockhead. Have you lived with me so long, and cannot discover that the eclat of an intrigue is, with me, worth all the rest of it?"

"But the danger, my Lord Duke?" replied Jerningham. "There are husbands, brothers, friends, whose revenge may be awakened."

"And beaten to sleep again," said Buckingham haughtily. "I have Black Will and his cudgel for plebeian grumblers; and those of quality I can deal with myself. I lack breathing and exercise of late."

"But yet your Grace —"

"Hold your peace, fool! I tell you that your poor dwarfish spirit cannot measure the scope of mine. I tell thee I would have the course of my life a torrent — I am weary of easy achievements,  
and

and wish for obstacles, that I can sweep before my irresistible course.”’

The last quotation that we shall make will be from the account of the trial of the Peverils, in which the notorious Titus Oates is introduced :

‘ The charge was stated anew by the counsel for the crown ; and forth came the notorious Doctor Oates, rustling in the full silken canonicals of priesthood, for it was at a time when he affected no small dignity of exterior decoration and deportment.

‘ This singular man, who, aided by the obscure intrigues of the Catholics themselves, and the fortuitous circumstance of Godfrey’s murder, had been able to cram down the public throat such a mass of absurdity as his evidence amounts to, had no other talent for imposture than an impudence which set conviction and shame alike at defiance. A man of sense or reflection, by trying to give his plot an appearance of more probability, would most likely have failed, as wise men often do in addressing the multitude, from not daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of their credulity, especially where the figments presented to them involve the fearful and the terrible.

‘ Oates was by nature choleric ; and the credit he had acquired made him insolent and conceited. Even his exterior was portentous. A fleece of white perriwig shewed a most uncouth visage, of great length, having the mouth, as the organ by use of which he was to rise to eminence, placed in the very centre of the countenance, and exhibiting to the astonished spectator as much chin below as there was nose and brow above the aperture. His pronunciation, too, was after a conceited fashion of his own, in which he accented the vowels in a manner altogether peculiar to himself.

‘ This notorious personage, such as we have described him, stood forth on the present trial, and delivered his astonishing testimony concerning the existence of a Catholic Plot for subversion of the government and murder of the King, in the same general outline in which it may be found in every English history. But as the Doctor always had in reserve some special piece of evidence affecting those immediately on trial, he was pleased, on the present occasion, deeply to inculcate the Countess of Derby. “ He had seen,” as he said, “ that honourable lady when he was at the Jesuits’ College at Saint Omers. She had sent for him to an inn, or *auberge*, as it was there termed — the sign of the Golden Lamb ; and had ordered him to breakfast in the same room with her Ladyship ; and afterwards told him, that, knowing how he was trusted by the Fathers of the Society, she was determined that he should *have share* of her secrets also ; and therewithal, that she drew from her bosom a broad sharp-pointed knife, such as butchers kill sheep withal, and demanded of him what he thought of it for *the purpose* ; and when he, the witness, said for what purpose, she rapt him on the fingers with her fan, called him a dull fellow, and said it was designed to kill the King with.”

‘ Here

‘ Here Sir Geoffrey Peveril could no longer refrain his indignation and surprise. “ Mercy of Heaven !” he said, “ did ever one hear of ladies of quality carrying butchering knives about them, and telling every scurvy companion she meant to kill the King with them ? — Gentlemen of the jury, do but think if this is reasonable — though, if the villain could prove by any honest evidence, that my Lady of Derby ever let such a scum as himself come to speech of her, I would believe all he can say.”

‘ “ Sir Geoffrey,” said the Judge, “ rest you quiet — You must not fly out — passion helps you not here — the Doctor must be suffered to proceed.”

‘ Doctor Oates went on to state, how the Lady complained of the wrongs the Derby had sustained from the King, and the oppression of her religion, and boasted of the schemes of the Jesuits and seminary priests ; and how they would be furthered by her noble kinsman of the house of Stanley. He finally averred that both the Countess and the Fathers of the seminary abroad, founded much upon the talents and courage of Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son — the latter of whom was a member of her family. Of Hudson, he only recollected having heard one of the Fathers say, that although but a dwarf in stature, he would prove a giant in the cause of the Church.

‘ When he had ended his evidence, there was a pause, until the Judge, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, demanded of Doctor Oates, whether he had ever mentioned the name of the Countess of Derby in any of the previous informations which he had lodged before the Privy Council, and elsewhere, upon this affair ?

‘ Oates seemed rather surprised at the question, and coloured with anger, as he answered, in his peculiar mode of pronunciation, “ Whoy, no, maay laard,”

‘ “ And pray, Doctor,” said the Judge, “ how came so great a revealer of mysteries as you have lately proved, to have suffered so material a circumstance as the accession of this powerful family to the Plot to have remained undiscovered ?”

‘ “ Maay Laard,” said Oates, with much effrontery, “ aye do not come here to have my evidence questioned as touching the *Plaat*.”

‘ “ I do not question your evidence, Doctor,” said Scroggs, for the time was not arrived that he dared treat him roughly ; “ nor do I doubt the existence of the *Plaat*, since it is your pleasure to swear to it. I would only have you, for your own sake, and the satisfaction of all good Protestants, explain why you have kept back such a weighty point of information from the King and country.”

‘ “ Maay Laard,” said Oates, “ I will tell you a pretty fable.”

‘ “ I hope,” answered the Judge, “ it may be the first and last which you shall tell in that place.”

‘ “ Maay Laard,” continued Oates, “ there was once a faux, who having to carry a goose over a fraazen river, and being afraid  
the



the ice would not bear him and his booty, did caary aaver a staane, my Laard, in the first instaance, to prove the strength of the aice."

"So your former evidence was but the stone, and now, for the first time, you have brought us the goose?" said Sir William Scroggs; "to tell us this, Doctor, is to make geese of the court and jury."

"I desoire your Laardship's honest construction," said Oates, who saw the current changing against him, but was determined to pay the score with effrontery. "All men knaw at what coast and praice I have given my evidence, which has been always, under Gaad, the means of awakening this poor naation to the daangerous state in which it staunds. Many here knaw that I have been obliged to faartify my ladging at Whitehall against the bloody Papists. It was not to be thought that I should have brought all the story out at aance. I think your wisdom would have advised me otherwise."

"Nay, Doctor," said the Judge, "it is not for me to direct you in this affair; and it is for the jury to believe you or not; and as for myself, I sit here to do justice to both — the jury have heard your answer to my question."

Doctor Oates retired from the witness-box, reddening like a turkey-cock, as one totally unused to have such accounts questioned as he chose to lay before the courts of justice; and there was, perhaps for the first time, amongst the counsel and solicitors, as well as the Templars and students of law there present, a murmur, distinct and audible, unfavourable to the character of the great father of the Popish Plot.

Many other historical scenes are exceedingly well painted, which we should have been glad to extract; such as the entertainment given by Lady Peveril to the Cavaliers and the Roundheads at Martindale Castle; — the examination of Julian before Master Maulstatute; — the meeting of the King and Buckingham at Chiffinch's house; — and the description of Charles's court. All these portions of the novel are executed with great spirit and fidelity. On the whole, however, the character of the monarch is too highly colored; he is represented, notwithstanding his weakness and profligacy, as uniformly kind and amiable; and it is by his intervention with the law-officers of the crown that the Peverils are acquitted. In spite of his easy temper, we believe, the truth is that Charles occasionally displayed a vindictiveness and cruelty which are observable in the character of many of his family. On another point, also, the author appears to have swerved from the strict line of historical truth, in the utter discredit with which he regards the Popish Plot. That the perjuries of Oates and his accomplices were gross and innumerable, there can be no doubt: but that a design existed at that time to introduce the Catholic faith into this country seems

seems equally certain. The account of the Plot, as given in the novel, is evidently calculated to leave an impression on the mind that it owed its creation to the intrigues of Shaftesbury and Buckingham: but to this we would answer in the words of the late Mr. Fox, that "it seems an absurdity equal almost in degree to the belief of the Plot itself, to suppose that it was a story fabricated by the Earl of Shaftesbury and the other leaders of the Whig-party; and it would be highly unjust, as well as uncharitable, not to admit that the generality of those who were engaged in the prosecution of it were probably sincere in their belief of it, since it is unquestionable that at the time very many persons, whose political prejudices were of a quite different complexion, were under the same delusion." We have not perhaps, after all, a more accurate statement of this singular affair than that which is given by Dryden:

"Some truth there was, but dash'd and brav'd with lies  
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise;  
Succeeding times did equal folly call,  
Believing nothing or believing all."

Before we conclude, we must take notice of the very hasty and careless manner in which these volumes appear to have been written. Eager as the novel-reading public may be to devour a new work by "the Author of Waverley," we see no reason why that personage should suffer it to leave his hands without even the ceremony of a common revision, which would surely have detected many most conspicuous errors in the pages before us; and there is certainly something indecorous and disrespectful towards the public in this contempt for the usual proprieties of composition. In page after page, instances of this negligence are to be found; and a number of petty inconsistencies are likewise observable, which detract in some degree from the effect of the tale. Thus Alice Bridgenorth in her infancy has 'large blue eyes,' (vol. i. p. 102.) which are afterward by some strange metamorphosis turned to *hazle*. (Vol. ii. p. 4.) When, vol. iv. p. 318., Buckingham tells Christian, "Thou art the most barefaced villain who ever breathed," and the latter answers, "Of a commoner, I may," the weight of the sarcasm is lost in its too obvious derivation from Rochester's well known reply to Charles, changing *subject* to *commoner*. Several Scotisms have (as usual) also crept into the volumes, which startle the ear of the English reader: who cannot be reconciled to the national indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will*, nor digest such phrases as 'timeously,' or 'inquire at him.' The author does

an injustice to himself in affording any person an opportunity of thus playing the part of word-catcher, in noticing his works; which, with all their errors, both great and small, are among the most extraordinary productions of our literature.

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ART. IX. *An Exposition of the Relations of the British Government with the Sultaun and State of Palembang, and the Designs of the Netherlands' Government upon that Country; with descriptive Accounts and Maps of Palembang and the Island of Banca.* By Major M.H. Court, late Resident at the Court of Palembang, and Resident and Commandant of the Island of Banca. 8vo. 8s. 6d. Boards. Black and Co. 1821.

THE subject of this 'Exposition' is of no slight importance, for it involves several questions, of which some affect the public faith and national honor of Great Britain.

Java and its dependencies were surrendered in August, 1811, to the British arms. Previously to that event, the Sultaun of Palembang, a prince whose dominions comprehended a great part of the northern and eastern parts of Sumatra, with the two islands of Banca and Billiton, had been invited to break off his alliance with the Dutch, and to enter into amicable relations with the British government; under an express reservation, however, of his independent authority over Palembang. The capture of Java had an instantaneous effect on his mind, as to the line of policy which it was most advantageous to pursue; and as soon, therefore, as that event was announced to him, he took military possession of the Dutch factory, and embarked the resident and the other officers of the factory on prows selected for the purpose, which conveyed them to the mouth of the Palembang river, where they were all murdered; whether by the order of the Sultaun, or with his connivance, is not quite evident.

Those persons who represented the British government at Java demanded an explanation of this melancholy circumstance from the Sultaun, but all such satisfaction was refused; and a force under the command of the late General Gillespie arrived at Palembang in April, 1812. The Sultaun fled in the greatest consternation, and the British officer invested the brother of the fugitive prince with the temporary exercise of the sovereignty, which had been thus abdicated; in the mean while deputing confidential agents to the Sultaun, with the conditions on which he might be restored to his authority. Those conditions being indignantly rejected, General Gillespie deemed it expedient to confer the dignity of Sultaun on the brother whom he had already elevated to the regency of

of the country; who stood nearest to the throne by blood; and who had, in his whole conduct and deportment, evinced dispositions of steady fidelity to the British power. On this occasion he assumed the title of Sultaun Rattoo Achmed Najm al Deen; and he executed a treaty, ceding in perpetuity to the King of Great Britain the entire sovereignty of the islands of Banca, Billiton, &c.

On the 18th of May, the British commander, whose services were required in Java, quitted Palembang; having, at the desire of the new Sultaun, left with him one hundred of his troops as a sort of guard for the protection of his person. Captain Meares, of the Madras army, who had been appointed resident and commandant of Banca, having settled every thing in that island, conveyed all the disposable part of his force to Palembang, in order to pursue the deposed Sultaun, who had taken up a position about 100 miles from that place. The post was immediately carried, though with the loss of that able officer, who fell in the act of charging the battery at the head of his troops. In the mean time, the Sultaun fled to Mararawas, 150 miles higher up the river; and, as he still eluded pursuit, the new resident at Banca was authorized to offer to him, in the name of the British government, a residence and protection in the British territories. To shorten the narrative, the resident, after various negociations, perceiving that the British force was inadequate to compel the submission of the Ex-Sultaun, and being fearful of the steadiness and fidelity of the chiefs who surrounded the reigning prince, agreed, in consideration of 500,000 dollars which the former Sultaun was willing to forfeit, and 100,000 of which were paid down on the spot, to conclude with him a treaty on the 29th of June, by virtue of which he was to be restored to the throne; and he was accordingly re-instated on the 13th of that month, on which day he made his solemn entry into the capital as sovereign of Palembang.

The measures thus adopted by the resident were directly at variance with the policy of the British government; and the Governor and Council, as soon as they received the intelligence, resolved immediately to disavow and annul them. Troops were accordingly embarked for the purpose of enforcing the re-establishment of Najm al Deen; and the result was the execution of a new treaty, by which he was reinstated in his sovereignty, and stipulations were made for the safety and security of the Ex-Sultaun.

During the next three years, nothing worthy of notice occurred: but in December, 1816, the island of Banca was  
ceded

ceded to the Dutch, and the government of the Netherlands began immediately to subvert the whole system on which that of Great Britain had acted, in its relation to the state of Palembang. The proverbial avarice and extortion of the Dutch had again full play. In contempt of every principle of moderation and justice, they laid violent hands on Palembang; and, having obtained from Great Britain the island of Banca, which was most unwisely put into their hands without any stipulations in behalf of our ally the Sultaun, they deposed and imprisoned that prince in consideration of a sum of money given to them by his competitor the Ex-Sultaun, and raised that very person to the throne who had been driven from it for the barbarous assassination of their own countrymen. Five hundred thousand dollars, again, were the price paid to the Dutch for their blood, and in full expiation and atonement for the guilt of murder: but they had no sooner raised their own instrument and creature to the throne, than they took from him all his treasures and accumulations, and demanded his sons as hostages for the performance of the stipulations which they had extorted from him. All the feelings of nature, however, were not quite conquered in the bosom of this degraded sovereign; and a long and dubious resistance, which has involved him and his states in ruin and calamity, has for some time existed in Banca and Palembang.

Such are the facts of the case. We lament that Major Court has taken on himself the task of stating them; for never issued from the press a more prolix, obscure, and, after all, a more defective exposition. Yet, with the disadvantages of an incompetent advocate, the Palembang cause speaks for itself. The independence of that state had been recognized in its former relations with the Dutch, whose authority had been restricted by successive compacts and treaties within the limits of their fort and factory. If, however, these treaties and compacts were dissolved, when the Dutch ceased to exist as a political and independent power, the treaties between the Java government and the Sultaun were not superseded by the delivery of that government to the Dutch, but remained in full vigour, and were entitled to the most religious observance; for we had no political or moral power to deliver over, with the island of Java, the rights and sovereignty of an independent prince.

We conclude with a short extract from Major Court's book.

'To make a summary of the atrocities of the authorities of the Netherlands:

'They have deposed the friend and ally of a nation to whom they owe not only their own existence, but all the benefits they have

have derived from the restoration of the valuable possessions in India.

‘ They have elevated a man in his place, to whom had been attached the responsibility of the murder of their countrymen.

‘ They have received a bribe of 500,000 dollars for this iniquitous act; and by the commission of it, and in their progress towards it, have invaded the property, the laws, customs, and independence of the state, which they have endeavoured to bring under their own subjection by fraud and violence.

‘ They have been guilty of all these untoward acts without one solitary reason connected with their own security, but solely instigated by their mercenary interests and their views of aggrandizement.

‘ Let us now take a short view of the question as it has appeared before Parliament.

‘ In reply to the Marquis of Lansdowne’s speech for the production of papers connected with this subject, Earl Bathurst states as one of his arguments that when Java was conquered by us from the French, “the Dutch” (who, by-the-bye, were not then a nation,) “had an establishment on Banca, which would have been replaced; so that, consistently with the treaty, both places (*i. e.* Banca and Cochin) would have been in their power.”

‘ His Lordship here labours under a great mistake. The Dutch never had an establishment on Banca. Before the cession of that island to Great Britain, the government and affairs thereof were uninterruptedly administered by the Sultaun of Palembang. Whatever may be the strength of his Lordship’s argument, or of the inferences from it, on this ground, therefore, it rests on a false foundation.’

A map of the island of Billiton, sketched by the author from the description of the natives, is prefixed to the volume.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1823.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

**Art. 10.** *The Naturalist’s Guide for collecting and preserving Subjects of Natural History and Botany*, both in temperate and tropical Countries, particularly Shells; with Descriptions of some that are highly valuable; and Directions for packing the whole with Security, and passing them at the Custom-house. By William Swainson, F.R.S. and L.S. Intended for the Use of Students, and Travellers in foreign Countries, desirous of collecting. 12mo. pp. 80. 5s. 6d. sewed. Wood, and Baldwin and Co. 1822.

In the pursuit of natural science, the author of this little tract has explored various and remote regions, and has gained repute for the elegance and delicacy with which he portrays some of the

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rarer productions of the animal kingdom. As a practical and zealous collector of cabinet specimens, therefore, he may be presumed eminently qualified for imparting useful instruction to all who are desirous of following his example; and consequently we opened this unpretending manual with considerable expectations, which have not been altogether disappointed. In various important points, indeed, Mr. Swainson had been anticipated, with more ability and copiousness, by M. Dufresne, in his *Treatise on Taxidermy*; yet he has introduced some new and valuable remarks, particularly with regard to the collection and preservation of shells, which the French writer had despatched in a more superficial manner.

The ensuing passages, and others which might be adduced, may sufficiently convince us that the performance is not compiled from former publications of a similar description, and will at the same time furnish some acceptable suggestions to professed collectors.

‘ It may not be irrelevant *from* the subject to recommend, in this place, a method of forming a collection of small birds, not generally practised, but possessing many advantages, as it obviates the great objection of want of room. It is by keeping the birds (prepared in an extended position on the back) in the same kind of drawers (with camphor) as are used for either shells or minerals. Glass-eyes may be put in the head, and each bird can thus be taken up and minutely examined in the hand: when spread on cotton they have a very beautiful appearance, and a moderate sized cabinet will thus contain near 800 specimens, which, if put up in glass-cases (independent of the expense), would fill a large room; the whole of the author’s collection is preserved in this manner.

‘ It must here be observed as a general rule, that butterflies or moths must on no account have their wings even *touched* with the fingers, as the mark will always injure their soft and beautiful colors; but if *it* has fallen, or requires handling, always take it by its legs, or stick a pin in its breast sufficient to lift it. Locusts and large beetles must be put into boxes by themselves, otherwise they will entirely destroy each other before the collector reaches home: the large ones are very difficult to kill; the best way is to plunge them into hot water, and their bodies afterwards must be split open underneath with a fine pair of scissors, and the inside, after cleaning, stuffed with cotton. Beetles of all kinds, excepting such as have soft hair on them, are safely and compactly preserved in weak spirits.

‘ It is a very general error, with all persons not sufficiently acquainted with the subject, to imagine that because the snail-shells, cockles, and muscles, they meet with in distant countries, have some resemblance to those found in England, they are, therefore, not worth collecting: this is so far from being the fact that scarcely one shell inhabiting the Indian seas has been found in those of Europe; each circle of the globe has its own respective animals and plants, and their geography in many instances is as certain as that which divides England into counties.

: All shells should be left a few hours in cold water after they have been killed; this will allow the bodies of the animals to shrink, and they will be more easily extracted. Whenever the mouth is closed up by a lid, it should on *every* occasion be carefully preserved and replaced; but the collector should on no account attempt to clean the shell by acids or any other means; simply brushing it with water is enough. It is a great error many people run into, who think that the more the colours of the shell are seen, the more valuable it becomes; now it is precisely the reverse, for a scientific collector in England will give more for a shell covered by its rough coating, than when it has been taken off by unskilful hands.

‘The process of drying plants for the herbarium has been stated as very difficult in tropical countries during the rainy season, when they are so apt to rot in the process; this, however, I have never found, and suspect it originates in suffering the progress of desiccation to stop, by not changing the paper sufficiently often. The method I pursued in South America was as follows: the presses were made about the size of a common folio book, and consisted of two planks of mahogany one inch and a quarter thick, with a narrow piece let in at each end to prevent their warping; at each of these ends was a press-screw, about four and a half or five inches long: the paper for drying the plants was made into books fitting into the press, between every two or three of which, when filled with plants, I placed a thin board of deal, the same size as the books; this answered a double purpose, that of making the pressure more equal on all the specimens, and separating those plants which were juicy from the grasses, ferns, or others, which dry in half the time; it should be observed that fine cartridge-paper I have always found the best, and blotting paper the worst for this purpose: the whole was then put into the press, and the screws tightened twice a day, the paper being changed *regularly* every morning or evening. Few plants by this method required more than four days’ pressure; and the process may be accomplished in three, if the paper is changed twice a day, and the leaves of the books heated in the sun or over a fire, before the specimens are put in. Independent of every other advantage, this method retains the colours of the plant better than any other I am acquainted with.’

In the Appendix will be found a receipt for the arseniated soap, which, though a poison, is now so much used by collectors; another for the preservative powder, employed by Mr. Bullock; some judicious directions for cleaning packages of specimens at the Custom-house; and a list of dealers in natural objects in London, or the immediate neighbourhood. We doubt not that some of our readers will be astonished when they are informed that on stuffed birds, imported from abroad, a duty of fifty *per cent.* has been imposed: but it should here be mentioned, that in cases where extensive and valuable collections have been made abroad by travellers or naturalists, expressly intended for scientific purposes, the Lords of the Treasury, with proper liberality, are generally pleased to exempt them from any duties, on regular application

plication being made. At the same time it is to be hoped, this liberal policy will soon be extended generally, and these subjects (acquired often by great perseverance and personal risk, and generally valuable only in the eyes of a naturalist,) may be exempted from duties, which can add but a mite to a revenue of millions, and which exist under no other government in Europe or America.

A postscript is subjoined, in which the author intimates his desire of mutual exchanges of specimens with collectors; and his willingness to purchase, at a fair valuation, such articles as may supply some of the *desiderata* in his own stores. The plates, which represent a bird undergoing preparation for the Museum, and some rare shells, are executed with great neatness and accuracy.

As Mr. Swainson is busily engaged in his zoological illustrations, and in a work on Conchology, he will forgive us for whispering in his ear, with a reference to his future literary labors, that, much as we respect the preservation of shells and butterflies, we cannot be wholly indifferent to that of the English language; and that consequently we must take notice of his disregard of due punctuation, the awkward modelling of some of his sentences, and such phraseology as the following: *to travel a country — which circumstances may prevent their not preserving those they may only leave a report of — to confer to — by that time the best of the day commences, the birds become silent — if either of the jaws are furnished — it is almost incredible the rapid destruction — enough specimens.* — Indeed, we think so.

#### HORTICULTURE.

**Art. 11.** *A Concise and Practical Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Gooseberry:* including a Catalogue of the finest and most esteemed Varieties that are now cultivated in England and Scotland. By R. F. D. Levingston, Parson's Green, Middlesex. 12mo. pp. 46. Harding. 1822.

Mr. Levingston speaks of himself as a practical gardener, and states that the treatise which he offers is the result of personal experience. All directions of this kind are valuable, and may occasionally suggest useful hints even on well-known subjects: but the culture of the gooseberry-bush is now so common, that we did not expect a pamphlet on that branch of gardening. Mr. L.'s hints may, however, be acceptable to gentlemen-gardeners at least, who wish to produce their own varieties; and his catalogue of the best sorts will be generally useful. His sections treat of seedlings in the first, second, and third year; of cuttings in the first and second year; on suckers, soils, and manures, planting, pruning, and training, training to walls, &c., concluding with general observations.

From this last chapter, we shall quote the author's mode of destroying the insects that most affect the gooseberry-bush.

These insects are the green-fly, the caterpillar, the red-spider, &c. After many experiments, and attempts to destroy these

these species of insects, I find the following mixture to be the most effectual, and cheapest; and being confident of its utility, I submit it for the use of my readers. In the first place, get a large handful of young elder leaves and twigs, one pound of the coarsest and strongest tobacco, and boil them together in some old pot or copper, in two or three gallons of soft rain-water; let them be well boiled, after which take out all the leaves and twigs of each, and put half a gallon of quick-lime into the liquor, and after it is well dissolved, take out all the grit of the lime, and throw it away; then add to the liquid, half a pound of blue ointment, five pounds of soft green soap, two pounds of flour of sulphur, and three pounds of champignon, or puff balls, and if necessary another gallon of soft rain or pond water; set them over a gentle heat till properly dissolved, during which time they are to be stirred round with a stick; when all is properly dissolved and mixed up, take it off the fire, and immediately put it into a coarse vessel or vessels, with about twenty gallons of rain or pond water; shut it up, and let it remain for a few days, when it will be fit for use.

‘The best mode of using the above liquid is with a hand syringe, or squirt, as you can most conveniently get it round the bush, and under the leaves, where the insects are most destructive.

‘When a bush is infested with an easterly blight, it is easily destroyed by throwing some thick bass-mats over the bush, and entering the fumigating bellows at the lower part of the bush, and fuming with a mixture of coarse tobacco and soft hay.

‘Bushes are also speedily cleared of the blights, at little expense and trouble, by fumigating them with brimstone, strewed on lighted charcoal; this effectually kills the insects; but the workmen must get to windward of the bush, as the fumes both of charcoal and sulphur are very offensive and pernicious.

‘Fumigating should always be done in the morning or evening of a dull heavy day, when the bushes are damp.’

The *Catalogue* contains 49 varieties of the red gooseberry, 35 of the yellow, 53 of the green, and 44 of the white, with the size of the berries denoted by their weight. The names given to these sorts are in many instances whimsical and absurd; and it is to be regretted that some proper rule is not observed in conferring new denominations. Wherever it is possible, the nature, the quality, the peculiarity, or the origin, should be intimated by the appellative; and, when this cannot be done, the mere name of the first cultivator is the simple and obvious choice: but who can tolerate such names as the following, among others, bestowed on a gooseberry? viz. *Huntsman, Roaring Lion, Plough-boy, Ville de Paris, Cheshire Cheese, Rattlesnake, Heart of Oak, Jolly Tar, Jolly Cobbler, Dusty Miller*, &c.;—besides the application of the names of celebrated persons, from the *Duke of Wellington* to *Bellingham*, and from *Queen Charlotte* to *Mrs. Clarke*.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY and POLITICS.

Art. 12. *Economical Enquiries relative to the Laws which regulate Rent, Profit, Wages, and the Value of Money.* By Thomas Hopkins. 8vo. pp. 112. Hatchard. 1822.

We doubt whether Mr. Hopkins be not somewhat hypercritically disposed, and may not have suffered his ingenuity to run waste in detecting imaginary flaws, and in elucidating doctrines sufficiently intelligible. He objects to Mr. Ricardo's notion that "the quantity of labor expended in production is the basis of exchangeable value in every stage of society;" and a few pages afterward he considers 'exchangeable value as regulated by the cost of production' in wages, profit, rent, and where a tax is imposed, by the amount of the tax paid for it; that is, by the cost of *subsisting* the laborer, the owner of stock, the owner of land, and the government. According to the amount of one or more of these costs in producing it, will be the value in exchange of each commodity. This is evidently a mere substitution of *food* for *labor* as the original element and measure of value. We can form no other idea of the 'cost of production' than 'the quantity of labor,' either immediate, or hoarded and then termed capital, 'expended in production.' Food, in the early stages of society, may be the measure of value: but labor is the measure of the value of food itself. For farther illustration of this point, however, we must refer to our account of Colonel Torrens's work "On the Production of Wealth," in our Numbers for October and November last.

Mr. Hopkins observes that the term *Rent* has been exclusively appropriated to the charge for the use of land, houses, and a few other things; the word *profit* employed to designate the charge for the use of a stock of machinery, goods, money employed in trade, &c.; and *interest* to signify the charge made for money when lent to another: but these terms, being essentially the same, might all be included in the general term of *Rent*, or charge for use. This is very true: but it would be unwise to confine ourselves to a generic term, and abandon the specific terms which branch out of it, and which are used for the purpose of subdivision and distinction.

When Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Mill, and others, assert that successive portions of capital employed on land afford a successively lower rent to the land-owner, because each successive portion so employed yields a less return of produce to the cultivator, it must be understood that the point from which they graduate this decreasing ratio of return is, *adequate capital already employed*; and it appears to us that Mr. H. has misinterpreted their meaning. They certainly never contemplated the absurdity of laying it down as a maxim that, when a man takes a farm, the less ability he has to cultivate it well, (in other words, the less capital he employs in manure, draining, and tillage,) the greater will be his return on that capital. They assume that a given capital is necessary and adequate to produce, we will say, ten per cent.:—less than that capital would not bring a return of ten per cent., because the land



land must be insufficiently stocked and tilled without it:—but they say that, when an adequate capital is employed, the application of every additional portion yields successively a smaller and smaller return. From not understanding Mr. Ricardo's meaning in this simple and obvious sense, Mr. H. has thrown away his strength in proving what nobody has denied; namely, that, till an adequate capital is employed, more is required; and that, in this case, successive portions pay a greater instead of a less rent for the use of land,—that is, yield a greater return.—The natural rent of land has been defined to be the excess in the produce of one piece above the produce of another piece of the same extent, equal quantitles of labor being employed on each. Mr. Hopkins remarks that this definition expresses the natural rent of the first piece, when it is checked and limited by a sufficient quantity of the second kind, obtainable without rent: but, if the land of the second quality were annihilated, so far from rent ceasing on that of the first quality, it would rather rise to a higher rate, as land would then exist in a greater degree of scarcity.—If, then, the existence of a second quality of land be not necessary to the formation of a rent, the relative amount of produce cannot be the cause of it. Nor is it contended so to be; the relative amount of produce is not the cause, but the regulator of rent. The scarcity of land of equal and uniform fertility is the cause of it, while the different degrees of fertility of different lands regulate its amount. Mr. Ricardo has amply explained this point. In using the word fertility, we mean not merely that degree which nature has conferred, but that artificial fertility which has been superadded by the labor of man, in clearing the forest, draining the morass, levelling the hill, irrigating the meadow, &c. Mr. Hopkins's remark (ch. ii. sect. 5.) concerning different rates of rent is however, true enough; that, if a hundred thousand pounds, expended in bringing into cultivation new land, will procure a return of three thousand per annum, and give a certain degree of influence over a number of tenants, as well as a superior reputation, such low rent may be preferred to five thousand per annum, without such power and reputation. Still it is clear that this does not touch the argument: *cæteris paribus*, fertility regulates rent, but not *cæteris imparibus*; and here are extraneous circumstances introduced, the proprietor making a sacrifice or paying a rent of two thousand per annum for influence and popularity.

The fault of Mr. Hopkins is that he takes the positions of political economists too literally. The doctrine, he says, that the products of equal quantities of labor are of equal exchangeable value is contrary to common experience; and he gives as a proof that, while one man earns twenty-four shillings a-week, another earns only twelve. (P. 59.) Who has ever denied this? Did Adam Smith, who broached the doctrine, but confined its application to the rude periods of society; or did Mr. Ricardo, who extended its application to civilized life; or did Colonel Torrens, whose work we have recently noticed? Not one of these writers omitted to dilate on the various circumstances which affect wages; such as



superior science, genius, rarity of talent, proficiency, redundant or deficient supply of laborers, whether in professional, mechanical, or scientific departments. It certainly never escaped them, that the product of the labor of Sir Astley Cooper for a single day may exceed, in exchangeable value, the product of the labor of a ploughman for a whole year. We have, however, so often dwelt on this subject that we cannot enter into it again. Precision of language is undoubtedly very desirable, and the office of *custos verborum* is not to be despised: it requires vigilance and skill, in neither of which is Mr. Hopkins deficient: when he errs, his fault is not carelessness but rigidity of discipline.

Chapters iv. and v., on Taxes and Money, display much ingenious reasoning and careful investigation. Mr. H. is decidedly hostile to a free importation of foreign corn, and enforces all the old arguments: but the effect of such a measure on the value of currency has not perhaps been sufficiently considered.

There is one subject of paramount importance connected with the free importation of grain into Great Britain, and which, in fact, makes it imperative that importation should be restrained; namely, the national debt, and the interest which must be paid for it. For the interest of the debt an annual value has to be paid, taking it at a round sum, say of 30 millions. These 30 millions, at the present value of money, command a given portion of the annual produce of the land, capital, and labour of the country. Now let us suppose that the value of the whole produce is 150 millions: of this, say 30 millions, or one-fifth, has now to be paid to the national creditor; but permit a free importation of grain, and have general money-prices consequently reduced to one-half their present rate, so that the whole annual produce of the country shall be expressed by 75 millions, and then the national creditors would have a claim for two-fifths of that produce instead of one-fifth, and consequently the burthen of the national debt would be twice as great as at present.

While a debt exists, which requires the payment of 30 millions of pounds sterling, annually, in gold, or in paper of equal value with gold, it is of immense importance, that the value of the gold, as compared with food, clothing, &c. be kept down. Restraint upon the importation of grain, and some other articles, and superior facility given to the exportation of manufactures, unburthened by taxes, are evidently the proper means of keeping gold at as low a value as possible; and the circumstances of the country require that these means should be used for that purpose.

No reasoning on this point can make the case stronger. To propose to bring down prices to the rates in Poland, with expence of the conveyance of grain only added, while 30 millions have to be paid annually for interest of debt, betrays, to say the least of it, inattention to the most important consequences that would result from the measure.

After making the most liberal allowance for the wonderful ability of this country to sustain its burthens, it will not be thought extravagant to venture an opinion, that Great Britain  
could

could not bear the incumbrance of her present debt, if the real value of the 30 millions annual interest were to be double what it is at present.'

This pamphlet may be advantageously read in conjunction with some of the larger volumes on Political Economy; for it will often be found to contain a good commentary on the texts of Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Malthus, and other writers.

**Art. 13.** *Reform in Parliament; a Letter to the Right Hon. George Tierney*, suggesting a practical and constitutional Mode of securing Purity of Election. By John Laurens Bicknell, F.R.S. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1823.

We cannot say that this pamphlet contains much that is novel in the general observations, and we are sorry to find it remarkable for dictatorial pomposity of style. The author's panacea is the worst that could be suggested, — an oath against bribery, to be taken by the candidates; and the proposal of such a remedy, together with the comments which accompany it, displays either no very deep knowledge of human nature, or a strange neglect of the caution which such a knowledge should inspire.

P O E T R Y.

**Art. 14.** *Edmond of Ryedale Vale; or, the widowed Bride, a Poem in Six Cantos.* By Frances Elizabeth Dunlop. 8vo. pp. 251. 7s. Boards. Sams. 1822.

We think that it must be a sufficient recommendation of this poem to the curious reader to present him with the argument of one of the cantos, and to assure him that the fair writer's poetry is fully equal to her prose. The following is the argument to the fifth canto:

'All the soft and gentle graces, the sweet smiles of winning beauty, the captivating blush of modesty, the tender apprehensions of the feeling heart, again become appropriate to Isabel. — The gem of love is now the first object of the aspirations of the noble Edmond; the dear solace of his most pensive hours, and the sweet enlivener of his solitude. — The scene changes. — Isabel is absent. — Edmond gone to the wars of Spain. — Dark Bertram planned their calamity. — Bent on his son's marriage with Edith, he resolved on the ruin of Isabel. — Strange events. — Stranger eclairsissement. — Edith and Bertram prove themselves monsters of iniquity. — Isabel again appears. — She rises in the reader's esteem. — She convinces her rival, that the satisfaction derived from revenge endures but a moment; but that which is the offspring of clemency is eternal. — Edith's mind is filled with vicious expectation. — The sequel shows how miserable that being must be, whose education tended only to inflame the passions. — This was the case with Edith.'

Lest, however, the reader should doubt whether the authoress can maintain an equal elevation when harassed with the difficulties of verse, we shall quote a passage which forms part of a consolatory address to a lady on the death of her father.

“ And thou, dear Lady Isabel,  
 Oh ! calm those transports which do swell  
 Within thy breast, — like ocean’s wave,  
 Bearing down forests in its rave;  
 Or like volcano which doth tear  
 Earth up, — sends rocks full high in air,  
 Till ’bove the clouds they seem to soar,  
 With murmurs loud, and thund’ring roar,  
 While distant nations, in dismay,  
 Think heav’n and earth, in wild affray,  
 Have met in fearful warring hour,  
 Each horrid missile force to show’r,  
 Till earth shall from her seat be hurl’d,  
 And in dread chaos sink the world :  
 Turn to thy mother, — lady, — see,  
 She wants much comfort now from thee :  
 Thy father would command thee this ;  
 I do but speak thy father’s wish.  
 Nerve, nerve thy heart, and bear thee well :  
 Thy mother sinks, see, Isabel ! —  
 Support her, — comfort her, dear maid ;  
 (Nor ever by report be’t said,  
 That feebly thou shrunk from the task,  
 Thy duties and affections ask.  
 Trust to my care, — I’ll guard thee while  
 I have an arm for battle’s toil.)  
 She breathes again — then see, dear maid,  
 How soon thy filial care’s repaid.  
 And rouse ye both ; thy Albert will  
 Turn from ye each approaching ill.”

## M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

Art. 15. *Naval and Military Anecdotes* ; collected to illustrate  
 ancient and modern Warfare, and particularly the British  
 Character. Embellished with Engravings. 12mo. pp. 302.  
 6s. Boards. Sams. 1823.

The important and difficult question of the perpetual recurrence  
 of war, not only between human beings but among civilized and  
 Christian nations, is brought forwards and decided with much too  
 great rapidity in the preface to this little volume, were that place  
 to be considered as fitted for such a discussion, or requiring more  
 than a superficial notice of it : but the writer’s reasoning is suffi-  
 cient to bring him to the conclusion which answers his purpose,  
 and in which we cannot disagree with him ; viz. that, by anecdotes  
 of eminent warriors, he will ‘ shew that the profession of arms is  
 not irreconcilable with the noblest aspirations of the soul, the  
 finest qualities of the mind, and the tenderest feelings of the  
 human heart.’ The chronicler of either antient or modern times  
 finds no difficulty in exemplifying this truth by numerous facts :  
 but it is one of the puzzling inconsistencies attending the horrid  
 state of war, that all these fine qualities and feelings do exist, and

occasionally shew themselves in full operation, amid scenes and acts which hourly revolt against them, and set even the first principles of Christianity and morality at defiance.

To fulfil the object above mentioned, to amuse the vacant hours of the soldier or the sailor, and to stimulate them to deeds of heroism and magnanimity, this publication may serve as a convenient pocket-companion; though a large proportion of its anecdotes, especially those which relate to periods that have already been the theme of history, (for no limitation or order of time is observed,) will not be new to the general reader. The compiler, however, professes to have derived many of his recitals of recent events from original sources, and to be fully provided with materials for continuing the work if it be encouraged by the public.

In our days, the "noble daring" of individuals, particularly of our great Nelson, has not been restrained by the consideration that they might be called to account for *exceeding their duty*: but the following anecdote, which is not new to us, but is perhaps not commonly known or recollected, will shew that "such things have been:"

' In the reign of King William III. one Griffith, a Welchman, had the misfortune (or rather good fortune) to be taken by a French privateer, which not only plundered him of all his fishing tackle and cargo, but carried off his little sloop, and removed him and his crew, consisting only of another man and boy, on board of the privateer. In the night-time, the French watch being under no apprehension from the few prisoners, fell asleep upon the deck, which the vigilant captain observing, made the best of his time; and arming himself with an hatchet, and his man and boy with handspikes, first fastened down the hatches on all the crew below, and fell to work with the watch, whom they killed, before they were well awake, and threw overboard; Griffith, by this means, became master of the privateer, which, with the crew, *the ancient Briton* brought into an English port.

' His Majesty was so charmed with the boldness of the action, and the modesty of the Briton, who, instead of growing elate upon it, lamented only the loss of the little sloop, that he caused an inquiry to be made into his character; and finding he had been a tar from his cradle, and always a bold resolute man, ordered him into his presence, and a twenty-gun ship of war to be given him. He behaved so well in that station, that we find him, pretty early in the next reign, captain of a thirty-gun ship, in one of the neutral ports of Italy, in which was likewise a seventy-gun French man-of-war. The two captains fell accidentally into company together, when the Frenchman indulged in some vain boasting as to his master's naval force; and though he seemed to own that in a general engagement the English were rather more than a match for them, yet he contended, that the French, singly, ship for ship, equal burden, always prevailed by their superior number of men. The bold Briton denied the latter part of the position; and fired with indignation, told him if he had had the fortune to have met him at sea, he would have proved it by staking his little ship in op-  
position

position to his large one. The Frenchman, who looked on his adversary as a kind of British *Guscon*, who had more courage than wit, tempted him yet further; and at last said he would give him the opportunity wished for, by following him to sea on the expiration of the neutral hours. Griffith took him at his word, and sailed away, leaving the French captain exulting in his *finesse*, and joking through the town on the rashness of the fiery Welchman, with whom he promised to return in tow the next day. The two ships met at the place appointed; Griffith welcomed the Frenchman by a broadside, and after that by another, before the enemy was ready to return the fire. The event of this naval duel, as we may call it, after a long and hot dispute, was, that the Frenchman being obliged to strike, was carried back again in triumph to Leghorn, to the great amazement, as well as diversion, of the whole town.

The brave Briton signified his success to the Admiralty in a letter written with his own hand, more laconic than elegant, and addressed, *To their Honours and Glories of the Admiralty*. As our valiant captain could fight his ship much better than he could write a letter, it gave as much pleasure to the Board, as the relation of the rise, progress, and event of the hardy action, by the hand of the British consul at that place, did astonishment and wonder. The royal acknowledgment was sent him for his service, and he was ordered home with his prize. Upon his arrival, he was presented with the Queen's pardon in form; which he was going to throw at the messenger's head, had not his officers, and some gentlemen who were come to pay him a visit on his landing, interposed. All their endeavors, however, could not make him understand, that in wantonly risking the Queen's ship he had incurred the guilt of high treason; swearing, "That he saw no treason in taking an enemy of more than double his force." And though he was pacified when he found he was to command his own prize, yet he would not accept it, unless he had his *brave boys* to a man along with him. Her Majesty was pleased not only to grant him this favour, but to leave to him also the nomination of his officers.

This honest antient Briton was ever afterward known by the name of "*Honor and Glory Griffith*."

Two instances of 'heroic humanity' may very properly be introduced on the present occasion:

During the assault of Commodore Thurot on the town of Carrickfergus, in 1760, an incident took place, reflecting at once the highest lustre on the soldier concerned, and evincing the union of consummate courage with noble humanity. Whilst the combatants were opposed to each other in the streets, and every inch was pertinaciously disputed by the British forces, a child, by some accident, escaped from a house in the midst of the scene of action, and ran, unawed by the danger, into the narrow interval between the hostile fronts. One of the enemy, seeing the imminent danger of the child, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come,



come, and then with all possible haste returned to resume his part in the fight. The officer who behaved so nobly was the Marquis de Scordeck, a native of Switzerland.

The following most extraordinary story we give on the authority of a French medical officer, who accompanied Bonaparte in the Austrian campaign of 1809; for its truth we cannot vouch; but we feel pleasure in doing justice to a humane enemy. He says, "A young female emigrant, with her infant child, had taken up her abode at Augsburg, having no idea that the French would ever reach her there. On their unexpected approach, she took her child in her arms to fly from the city: but unfortunately mistaking the gate, she fell in with the outposts of the French. On discovering her error, she fainted away; General La Courbe, moved with her distress, ordered her to be conducted to the town to which she intended to go, and sent a guard to protect her. Unluckily the child was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, in her alarm and confusion, did not perceive that it was left behind. A grenadier took charge of it; he discovered where the mother had been carried, but his duties prevented him for a long time from restoring to her this precious deposit, and in the mean time he made a leather bag, in which he always carried the child wherever he went. Whenever there was any engagement with the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he deposited his little charge, and returned after the battle, and resumed his burthen. At length an armistice was concluded, and the grenadier made a collection amongst his comrades, which amounted to twenty-five louis; this he put into the pocket of the child, and found out and restored it to its mother. Though all the army knew of this good action, I was never able to learn the name of this virtuous grenadier."

A *bon mot* of the late Earl Howe about *being afraid*, when his ship was on fire, is well known: but we meet with another here which is not so common.

When Earl Howe was Captain of the *Magnanime*, during a cruize on the coast of France, a heavy gale of wind obliged him to come to an anchor. It was on a lee-shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. After every thing was made snug, the ship rode with two anchors a-head, depending wholly on her ground-tackle. The Captain at this time was laid up with the gout, and was reading in his cabin, when the Lieutenant of the watch came abruptly in, and told his Lordship, in a hurried manner, that the anchors came home. "They are very much in the right of it," answered the Captain coolly: "I don't know who would stay out in such a night as this."

Many details occur respecting the great battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, but they appear to us not new, or not materially adding to our knowledge of the events of those important days: the former as completely annihilating the naval power of Bonaparte, as the latter crushed his military and consequently his political ascendancy.

The seven engravings are slight but spirited etchings.

Art.



**Art. 16.** *A Gazetteer of the most remarkable Places in the World: with brief Notices of the principal historical Events, and of the most celebrated Persons connected with them. To which are annexed References to Books of History, Voyages, Travels, &c. intended to promote the Improvement of Youth in Geography, History, and Biography.* By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing and Geography at Hackney. The third Edition, corrected and greatly enlarged. 8vo. 18s. bound. Mawman, &c. 1822.

So many Gazetteers exist and are perpetually recurring, and they are such *ungainly* objects of a Reviewer's attention, that we should not perhaps have been induced to take notice of Mr. Bourn's compilation, had not the favor with which it has been received by the public, and the peculiar features of its character, seemed to require that we should give it a place in our Catalogue. We think, indeed, that Mr. B.'s particular object in forming it, and the great labor and reading which must have been made subservient to it, deserve the success which it has experienced, and the good opinion which we now readily pronounce on it.

We are told in the Preface that

“This Gazetteer has been compiled with a view of imparting more historical, biographical, and miscellaneous information, than is generally found in such works; and of thus exciting the attention and facilitating the improvement of young persons in the agreeable and useful science of Geography. It does not profess to notice *every* place in the world, but those only which are most worthy of attention. The Gazetteers of Brookes, Crutwell, Walker, &c., profess to give an account of *all* the places in the world; and, though the author does not wish to depreciate the labours of his predecessors, he cannot help observing, that several places, which he considers of importance, are omitted in those works, though they will be found in this.”

Mr. Bourn adds that he has avoided long accounts of public buildings and descriptions of natural scenery, which he considers as both tedious to young persons and inadequate to convey accurate ideas of the objects themselves; for

“That which was form'd to captivate the eye  
The ear must coldly taste:”

‘but places where memorable events have occurred, where any art has been invented, where eminent persons have been born or have died, are easily remembered; and the curiosity of the intelligent pupil is excited by the inquiries of the judicious teacher, respecting the effects which those events or those arts have produced upon the aspect of human affairs, and the influence which those characters have exercised over mankind. The compiler has endeavoured to present characteristic sketches of the persons noticed in this work, which will enable the reader to form a correct idea of their moral and literary attainments, as well as of the rank they held among their contemporaries.

‘The references to works of history, biography, voyages, travels, &c., from which the information has been derived, are not annexed  
for

for the purpose of an ostentatious display of extensive reading, or for the sake of authority only, but to afford the inquisitive student an opportunity of obtaining further knowledge.'

The editor has referred to the Monthly Review not only on innumerable occasions in the body of the work, but in connection with the above passage in his preface, for a remark on the impression made on the mind by places which are connected with great men or great events; and he might have strengthened his and our opinion by some eloquent and beautiful observations of Cicero to the same effect.

The numerous poetical and entertaining quotations interspersed in this work make it almost a *readable Dictionary*; — "a PLEASING monster which the world ne'er saw." — Two or three short specimens will shew the writer's manner and method, and are all that we can afford room to quote.

'EISLEBEN, a town of Upper Saxony, N.W. of Leipzig, Germany, belonging to Prussia. It is famous for having given birth to the great Reformer Martin Luther. He was born here on the 10th of November, 1483, and was baptized on the following day; and called Martin, after the Saint to whom that day is dedicated in the Roman Calendar. He died here in 1546, on the 18th of February. The house in which Luther was born being destroyed by fire, a school was erected on the site, and on a statue of him is this Latin distich:

"Hostis eram Papæ, sociorum pestis et hujus,  
Vox mea cum scriptis nil nisi Christus erat."

' "I was an enemy to the Pope, and a plague to his followers: the name of Christ continually dwelt on my tongue, and was the theme of my writings." KEYSER'S *Travels*. — John Agricola, the founder of the Antinomians, was also born here in 1492. — *Gen. Dict.*; MOSHEIM'S *Eccles. Hist.*; EVANS'S *Sketch*; ROBERTSON'S *Charles V.*; *Mon. Rev.* xlix. 194. — 11. 40. E. 51. 32. N.

'EPWORTH, a village in the Isle of Axholm, in Lincolnshire, and the birth-place of John and Charles Wesley, the distinguished leaders of the Arminian Methodists. — See DORR; WHITEHEAD'S *Life of the Wesleys*. — The father of the Wesleys was the first who wrote in defence of the Revolution. The work he dedicated to Queen Mary, who rewarded him for it with the living of Epworth. John was born here on the 17th of June, 1703. When he was six years old, he had nearly perished in his father's house, which had been set on fire by some wretches who hated their pastor. — *Christ. Obs.* xvi. 86. — The title of Methodists was given them in the first instance by a fellow of Merton College, in allusion to an antient College of Physicians at Rome, who were remarkable for putting their patients under regimen, and were therefore called Methodistic. Themison was the founder of this sect, about 30 or 40 years before the Christian era; and it flourished, according to Alpinus, about 300 years. Le Clerc informs us, that the physicians of this sect were called *Methodists*, because they took it into their heads to find out a more easy method of teaching  
and

and practising the art of physic. That Themison was a man of most extensive practice, is evidently implied in the words of Juvenal, in his 10th Satire:

“ How many patients *Themison* dispatched  
In one short Autumn !” — GIFFORD.

“ What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,  
Or how, last Fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.” — DRYDEN.

In the article on *Sawston*, the awkward expression of riding ‘on a double horse’ should be corrected; and for *Lyson*, read *Lysons*.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Sir,

In the Appendix to vol. xcvi. p. 470. note, the Reviewer, by some error which may not have originated with himself, has ascribed to me an anonymous work entitled *Varieties of Literature*, which were written by the late Rev. William Tucke, well known for his curious knowledge of Russian history. The collection in question is chiefly drawn from German writers, and was published several years after the earlier volume of *Curiosities of Literature*. Having just seen in a bookseller's catalogue, not only my name affixed to, but as a farther confirmation of my authorship, my portrait inserted into a copy purchased at Mr. Astle's recent sale, I am left without an alternative in requesting you to correct the erroneous assignment of these volumes.

Should we ever possess a *Dictionary of anonymous Works*, an addition to the present, sanctioned by your authority, would inevitably be added to others incidental to a work which requires such diversified knowledge of the secret history of our literature. *Monsieur Barbier*, in exultingly opening his *Dictionnaire des Ouvrages anonymes et pseudonymes*, challenged a friend of mine to form one for England: — yet his four volumes, with all the care bestowed on them, are more deficient than we could reasonably suspect. I have long considered your Review as the solitary record of English literature for more than seventy years; and the public may feel grateful that you persevere in the most useful, but now neglected duty of a literary journalist, — that of furnishing statements of the great bulk of the productions issuing from British presses: — but, if impartiality is the first virtue of a journalist, it is only accuracy of intelligence which can secure confidence.

I am, &c. I. D'ISRAELI.

The mistake above corrected, occurring simply in a note of reference, escaped the Editor's attention; and the writer of the article was no doubt momentarily misled by the similitude of title in the two works: *Curiosities of Literature*, and *Varieties of Literature*.

The letter of ‘*An Old Reader*’ has been received, and we shall have pleasure in “meeting his ideas” as soon as an opportunity arises.

T. A.'s almost illegible *tirade* is unworthy of notice.

*Anglus* will find an account of M. Simond's Travels in Switzerland in our last Appendix, published on the 1st of February, with the Number for January.



THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,  
For MARCH, 1823.

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ART. I. *The Transactions of the Linnéan Society of London.*  
Vol. XIII. Part I. 4to. pp. 276. 2l. 10s.; and Part II. 4to.  
pp. 365. 2l. sewed. Longman and Co. 1821, 1822.

**N**ATURAL history, in its application both to the vegetable and the animal creation, supplies so much amusement, information, and edification, that we must not only applaud and congratulate those who study it, but recommend it to the cultivation of those who are yet strangers to its delights. The Linnéan Society of London includes the two branches of this pursuit, and affords to all readers a variety of specimens of the instruction which may thus be obtained, as well as of the diligence and accuracy of the votaries of this science. We have always pleasure, therefore, in attending to the Transactions of this body; and, as some time has elapsed since we were last called to report them, we return with renewed interest to their labors. Our account of vol. xii. will be found in the M. R. vol. lxxix. p. 284., and vol. xci. p. 257.

In the present volume, the first paper is intitled

*Observations on the Natural History and Anatomy of the Pelicanus Aquilus of Linnæus.* By Edward Burton, Esq. — Availing himself of an opportunity of collecting several of these birds at the island of Ascension, where they abound in the month of September, Mr. Burton has been enabled to ascertain some particulars of their structure and economy, which have not been recorded by our more popular writers on ornithology. The bright-red fleshy bag under the throat of the male assumes, in its flaccid state, or when the bird is at rest, a granulated appearance: but, when distended during flight, it is smooth, and enlarges to the size of a hen's egg, being then probably filled with air, and destined to support the upper parts of the body in the longer and more extended movements of the male bird. A very striking disproportion is observable between the wings and the other extremities: an extraordinary expanse of wing being requisite for a bird which is frequently found at some hundreds of miles from any resting-place; and which seems to be incapable of walking, as well

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well as very deficient in swimming, since it seizes its prey without immersing any part of its body or sitting on the waves, and the toes are webbed only to the second joint: besides that the lubricating gland is quite inadequate to prevent the plumage from being wetted. The tail, also, is so constructed as to assist the bird in darting on flying fish, &c. with velocity and precision, and in pouncing on them with its strong beak without either diving or swimming. A male was caught sitting on the egg, when the female was searching for food. The bones of the head are generally thick and heavy; and the cavity of the cranium, when compared with the size of the head, is uncommonly small. 'The sternum, clavicles, and particularly the bones of the upper extremities, are of a size and strength out of all proportion with the upper parts of the skeleton.' The œsophagus is extremely capacious; and its parietes are nearly half an inch in thickness.

*The Characters of Otiocerus and Anotia, two new Genera of Hemipterous Insects belonging to the Family of Cicadiadæ, with a Description of several Species.* By the Rev. William Kirby, M. A. — The characters of these two genera are laid down with Mr. Kirby's usual minuteness and perspicuity. Under *Otiocerus*, which is related to *Fulgora* and *Delphax*, are ranged *Degeerii*, *Stollii*, *Abbotii*, *Francilloni*, *Coquebertii*, and *Wolfii*, all from Georgia. The only species described under *Anotia* is denominated *Bonnetii*. The habits of these insects remain to be unfolded.

*Observations on the Germination of Mosses.* By Mr. James Drummond. — In the month of May, Mr. Drummond sowed the powder contained in the ripe capsules of *Funaria hygrometrica*, on pots of earth, plunged in a basket, among moist *Sphagnum palustre*; and at the same time he sowed some of the seeds in rain-water, in which they readily germinated. By the help of a compound microscope, he observed the progress of the nascent plants, which in many respects agreed with Hedwig's account: but the appendages seemed to him essentially different from any of the parts with which we are acquainted in the seeds of phænogamous plants. The several stages of growth are distinctly stated; and we are apprized that the duration of the conferva-like state of the young plants varies, according to the species, soil, and situation. *Polytrichum aloides* remains four months in this state, and forms what has been denominated *Byssus velutina*. — Mr. Drummond's germs will probably receive developement in the progress of future investigation.

*Observations on some Animals of America allied to the Genus Antilope.* By Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq. — This paper

is introduced by a description of *Antilope Furcifer*, the *Cabrit*, or *Prong-horned Antelope*, which bears some general resemblance to the Chamois, and which was observed by Messrs. Lewis and Clarke in the course of their progress up the Missouri. This quadruped is diffused over a large portion of the centre of North America, ranging along the Stony Mountains in small herds or families, and is remarkable for its flatness.

' In the memoranda of a journal written by Mr. Charles Le Rey, a Canadian trader, who passed several years of captivity among the Siour Indians, it is stated that, being with the hunters on the river Jaune in pursuit of these animals, the party selected for the sport a hill the ascent of which was gradual, but the opposite side precipitous: at the bottom of the slope they formed a chain of hunters, and crawled gradually and simultaneously towards the summit, inducing the game to approach the precipice. When arrived at a convenient height, they all suddenly rose and gave a loud yell, which terrified the timid creatures so completely, that most of them sprang over the brink and were dashed to death in their fall. Upwards of sixty Cabrits and big horned sheep were thus slain in a single beat.'

Another interesting animal, which Mr. Smith also describes and delineates, is styled by Blainville *Rupicapra Americana*: but it has little affinity to the Chamois, and the epithet *American* is too vague, as several of its congeners are known to exist in America. The author, therefore, proposes *Antilope lanigera* as a more appropriate appellation. The description and plate are taken from a specimen belonging to the Society, and presented by the late General Davies. The other species noticed in this communication are somewhat doubtful: but the obvious inference from the whole is that many kinds of animals still remain to be known in the interior of the new continent.

*Characters of a new Genus of Coleopterous Insects of the Family Byrrhidae.* By William Elford Leach, M.D. — The subject of these few lines of definition is designated *Murmidius ferrugineus*, and was found in a box of seeds and fruits imported from China.

*Description of some Shells found in Canada.* By the Rev. Thomas Rackett. — These are *Helix angulata*, *monodon*, and *palustris*, *Turbo fontinalis*, a very thick *Mya*, and two *Bullas*.

*On the Indian Species of Menispermum.* By Henry Thomas Colebrooke, Esq. — Had we more room at our disposal, we should gladly devote a separate article to these learned and critical remarks: but we must be contented to observe that, although they do not completely settle the nomenclature of the genus in question, they are calculated to remove much of the confusion in which the subject has been hitherto involved.



*The Characters of three new Genera of Bats without foliaceous Appendages to the Nose.* By W. E. Leach, M. D. — These genera are designed *Gelæob*, *Aello*, and *Scotophilus*. To the first belongs *Brooksiana*, so called in honour of Mr. Brookes, who has a specimen in his collection: the second includes *Cuvieri*; and the third *Kuhlîi*; both to be found in the same collection. The generic and specific characters are noted under each article: but the habitations and economy of the respective animals seem to be unknown. Perhaps we should add that Dr. Leach, with all his eminent qualities as a naturalist, has rather too much fondness for multiplying the zoological vocabulary.

*The Characters of seven Genera of Bats with foliaceous Appendages to the Nose.* By the same. — Five of these genera are non-descript; and Dr. Leach has added the distinguishing marks of the *Vampyrus* of Geoffroi St. Hilaire, who had omitted the posterior grinder of the upper jaw. He has likewise recapitulated the details of *Megaderma*, to show not only the characters of its grinding teeth and its affinity to *Nyctophilus*, but also the absence of the superior incisors. The new articles are, *Artibeus Jamaicensis*, *Monophyllus Redmani*, *Mormoops Blainvillii*, *Nyctophilus Geoffroyi*, and *Madartus Lavesii*.

*On two new British Species of Mytilus.* By the Rev. Revett Sheppard. — This gentleman rightly observes, that the vagueness of the Linnéan character of *Mytilus anatinus* may equally apply not only to *cygneus*, but also to *incrassatus* and *macula*, which are particularly described. '*Mytilus anatinus* is distinguished from *M. cygneus* by its anterior area running parallel with its base; and again from *M. macula* by the anterior area in the latter sloping upwards, and forming an angle with the fore part of the shell. In *M. cygneus* the base slopes upwards; and the *M. incrassatus* differs from them all by its large exerted ligament, superior roughness on the outside, and in having the posterior part in a slope from the umbones to the base incrassated.'

*Observations on the natural Group of Plants called Pomaceæ.* By Mr. John Lindley. — Strictly to draw the lines of demarcation between the natural families of *Pomaceæ* and *Rosaceæ*, is a task not unattended with the difficulties which Mr. Lindley has stated. Assuming the first section of the *Rosaceæ* of Jussieu as a legitimate category, he ranks under it the genera, *Chæmomeles*, *Cydonia*, *Pyrus*, *Orteomeles*, *Mespilus*, *Amelanchier*, *Cotoneaster*, *Eriobotria*, *Photinia*, *Chamæmeles*, *Raphioleptis*, and *Cratægeus*.

Account

*Account of some new Species of Birds of the genera Pittacus and Columba, in the Museum of the Linnæan Society.* By M. C. J. Temminck. — The articles here particularized were brought from the coasts of New Holland by Mr. Brown, and are either described for the first time or have been ascertained to rank as separate species. In M. Temminck they have found an able and perspicuous expositor; whose richly stored cabinet of birds, and numerous opportunities of examining them in various regions of the world, have enabled him to generalize and simplify the ornithological nomenclature, and to note, in a great multitude of cases, the diversities of plumage resulting from age and sex. The last edition of his *Manuel d'Ornithologie*, and his *Histoire Naturelle des Pigeons et des Gallinacées*, are already quoted as classical standards; and the present communication, which is characterized by his distinct and luminous style of writing, will not in any respect detract from his well-merited reputation. The *Psittaci* which he defines and delineates are designated *Cookii*, *Solandri*, (possibly the young of the preceding,) *nasicus*, *flavigaster*, *Baueri*, *Brownii*, *multicolor*, *icterotis*, *venustus*, and *pulchellus*. The six species of *Columba* are, *dilopha*, *magnifica*, *leucomela*, *scripta*, *humeralis*, and *phasianella*. If we add to the author's former catalogue four recently discovered in Brazil, and three in the Moluccan islands, the whole will be found to amount to one hundred. It is true that these may be and have been subdivided into different families and genera: but M. Temminck contends that, in this and many other instances, an intimate acquaintance with all the tribe will convince us that they gradually shade into one another, and admit no discriminations beyond specific differences.

*Descriptions of three Species of the Genus Glareola.* By W. E. Leach, M. D. — In his usual succinct manner, Dr. L. here gives the definitions and leading synonyms, 1st, of his *Glareola pratincola*, *Hirundo pratincola*, Lin., and the young of which corresponds to *G. naevia* and *Senegalensis*, Gmel.; 2dly, of *G. Orientalis*, which occurs in Java; and, 3dly, of *G. Australis*, a native of New Holland. The characteristic definitions are accompanied by excellent plates.

*Systematic Arrangement and Description of Birds from the Island of Java.* By Thomas Horsfield, M. D. — The subjects of this contribution were, with a few exceptions, collected between 1814 and 1817, the period during which the island of Java was under the protection of the British government; and they are deposited in the Museum of the Honorable East India Company. In reducing them to method, Dr.

Horsfield acknowledges that he has derived important aid from Dr. Leach, from Temminck's Manual, and from Cuvier's *Règne Animal*. In the few cases in which he has had recourse to the construction of new genera, he has successfully labored to attain perspicuity. — Three or four of the Falcons are rare, particularly the *Limnæctus*, distinguished by its short, strongly compressed and strongly curved beak, by its tarsi covered with plumes throughout their whole length, and by its small claws, of nearly equal size on all the toes. Dr. H. found it but once on the extensive lakes which were formed, during the rainy season, on the southern part of the island, where it feeds on fishes. Many new or uncommon species are enumerated, and not a few that are remarkable for the beauty of their plumage.

*An Account of a new Genus of Plants, named Rafflesia.* By Robert Brown, Esq. — This singular vegetable phenomenon was first described by Dr. Arnold, shortly before his demise; and it has been lately ascertained that it is not so rare in Sumatra as the first conjecture had made it. Mr. Bauer's colored plate and drawings, which accompany this elaborate article, will convey a far more adequate idea of the flower than any description. Without entering at present into the ingenious conjectures and observations of the author of the paper, we shall only state that the gigantic flower in question measures *three feet* across; that it is parasitical to *Cissus angustifolia* of Roxburgh; and that it smells so strongly of carrion as to induce numbers of insects to alight on it. The plant has male and female flowers: but certain points of information are wanting to determine its precise and appropriate station in the systematical arrangement. In the meantime, it has been named *Rafflesia Arnoldi*.

*Description of the Wild Dog of Sumatra, a new Species of Viverra, and a new Species of Pheasant.* By Major-General Thomas Hardwicke. — The description and plate of the first of these subjects would incline us to believe that it is rather a variety of the fox than of the dog; for, although the ears are more rounded than in the common fox, its face, general aspect, and tail, are more approximated to those of the latter. Besides, it appears to have no natural bark, to be extremely restless in confinement, and to void a fetid urine when teased. — The *Viverra* is denominated *Lingsang*, which is its provincial appellation; and it was described from a dead specimen transmitted to the Asiatic Society by Major Farquhar: but the teeth were wanting. It is a native of Java, and said to be carnivorous. — We cite at length the description of *Phasianus cruentus*.

‘ Size of a small fowl; length seventeen inches; bill short,  $\frac{8}{10}$  of an inch, convex, very strong, black, the base red, including the nostrils; temples naked; skin red, but feathered between the bill and the eye; from the base of the upper mandible rises a small crest of short various coloured feathers, inclining backward.

‘ The colour of the plumage above is dark ash, with white shafts, the coverts of the wings variously tinged with green, with broad strokes of white through the length of each feather; primaries and secondaries brownish-black with white shafts; the feathers of the chin deep crimson, neck much mixed with white; on the breast, belly, and sides the feathers are lance-shaped, of various length, the tips green with crimson margins, collectively resembling dashes of blood scattered on the breast and belly; vent rufous. The tail consists of twelve sub-equal feathers, about six inches in length; shafts white, rounded, the ends whitish; the coverts both above and beneath a rich crimson red.

‘ Legs deep red, armed with three unequal spurs, but varying in number in different subjects; toes long; claws strong, long and black.

‘ The hen is similar to the cock in plumage and all other marks, but smaller, and without spurs.

‘ This fine species of pheasant is a native of the Nepaul hills; and it is to the liberal contributions of the Honourable Edward Gardner, resident at the court of Nepaul, that I am indebted for the opportunity of presenting to the Linnéan Society this description, from well preserved dead subjects in my possession.’

*Descriptive Catalogue of a Zoological Collection, made on Account of the East India Company, in the Island of Sumatra and its Vicinity, under the Direction of Sir T. S. Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of Fort Marlborough; with additional Notices illustrative of the Natural History of those Countries.* By Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, Knt. — Although this communication is modestly styled a Catalogue, its present portion, which includes only the *Mammalia*, contains some important additions to our stock of zoological information. Several species are noted which are either new, or hitherto imperfectly known in Europe: such as *Simia syndactyla*, *carpolegus*, *melalophos*, and *fascicularis*, *Mephitis Javanensis*, *Viverra musanga*, *Ursus Malayanus*, *Tupaia ferruginea*, and *Tana*, *Sciurus affinis*, and *vittatus*, *Tapirus Malayanus*, and *Halicora dugong*. Sir T. Raffles has now obtained intelligence of several other mammiferous quadrupeds which he conceives to be non-descripts, and of which the properties and manners remain to be detailed when specimens of the originals can be procured. His occasional annotations on the structure or habits of those which he has already introduced to our notice greatly enhance the value of his sketches. — Of the *Ungka puti*, a small variety of *Gibbor*, which was in his own possession, he says, ‘ It is

the general belief of the people of the country that it will die of vexation if it sees the preference given to another; in corroboration of which I may add, that the one in my possession sickened in this situation, and did not recover until relieved from the cause of vexation by his rival the Siamang being removed to another apartment.' — Of *Simia carpolegus*, he tells us that there are three varieties, of which the largest is the most docile and intelligent; and, when sent to gather cocoa-nuts, it will select with great judgment those that are ripe, and pull no more than it is ordered. — The variety of domestic Cat peculiar to the Malayan archipelago is remarkable for having a twisted or knobbed tail, and for the occasional want of that appendage. 'This coincidence with the Madagascar variety is the more remarkable, as the similarity between the language and customs of the inhabitants of Madagascar and the Malay islands has frequently been a subject of observation.'

The *Bruangs*, or Malayan Bears, when taken young, become very tame.

'One,' says Sir Thomas, 'lived for two years in my possession. He was brought up in the nursery with the children; and, when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave a proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but Champaign. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was on an occasion when no Champaign was forthcoming. It was naturally of a playful and affectionate disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain bird or Lory of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of the same dish. His favourite play-fellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots.'

The *Moschus Kanchil* is said to be so alert and cunning, 'that it is a common Malay proverb to designate a great rogue to be as cunning as a Kanchil. Of this cunning many instances are related by the natives. If taken in the nooses laid for them, they will, when the hunter arrives, stretch themselves out motionless and feign to be dead; and if he is deceived by this manœuvre and unties them, they seize the moment to start on their legs and disappear in an instant. A still more singular expedient however is mentioned: that when closely pursued by dogs the Kanchil will sometimes make a bound upwards, hook itself on the branch of a tree by means

means of its crooked neck, and there remain suspended till the dogs have passed beneath.

It is remarked of the three species of *Cervus* particularized, that they do not, like the European kinds, shed their horns annually: but that the first horn, which is generally small and imperfect, falls early, and is replaced by the perfect one, which is permanent; and the author supposes that this is the case with all deer of the tropical climates.

We regret to learn that Sir Thomas Raffles was so much dissatisfied with the conduct of the two French gentlemen whom he had appointed to make zoological collections for the Company, that he was reduced to the painful necessity of dispensing with their services. He released them, however, from their engagements with the liberality of a man of science; and forthwith undertook the task of reporting the collection on his own responsibility.

The second part of this volume will be considered in our next Number.

[To be continued.]

APP. II. *Supplementary Annotations on Livy*: designed as an Appendix to the Editions of Drakenborch and Crevier: with some prefatory Strictures on the present State of Classical Learning in Great Britain. By John Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity-College, Dublin. 8vo. pp. 287. 12s. Boards. Printed at Glasgow; and sold in London by Longman and Co. 1822.

IN the course of some desultory and not well written remarks prefixed by the author to this publication, we have a lamentation on the alleged decay of classical learning in Great Britain: an assertion in support of which Mr. Walker adduces an article from one of the early volumes of the *Monthly Review* on Aikin's Translation of the Life of Agricola, declaring that neither the reviewer nor the translator understood a page of Tacitus. Of that criticism we shall by no means undertake any defence, because we deem it far beyond the reach of the present attack; and we mention the circumstance only as a specimen of the logical acuteness of Mr. Walker, who, in order to shew the *present* decline and neglect of that study, goes back to a single article in the *M. R.* written nearly fifty years ago.

In aid of his position, however, the author brings another argument, somewhat more convincing. It seems that he was engaged by the University of Dublin, many years since, to prepare an edition of Livy in seven volumes, 8vo.: but, having



having bestowed considerable time and labor on the work, such was the decline of classical literature in Great Britain that it remained wholly unknown beyond the precincts of Ireland; and 'I do verily believe,' he exclaims, 'that had it been published in Kamschatka, it would have bid much fairer for being known and circulated in England.' So it might, perhaps, if this Irish edition were never sent to England, nor advertized there; and certainly we have participated in the general ignorance of it. The names of Porson, Parr, Burney, Blomfield, Butler, Elmsley, Monck, &c. &c. are sufficient to vindicate England in the present age from the imputation of this writer; and we are therefore rather inclined to suppose that the Dublin edition of Livy has been a little over-rated by the natural and excusable predilections of Mr. Walker.

We confess, however, that had such a position been susceptible of proof, we should have deemed it of most gloomy augury, not only to letters but to morality and virtue: for we have never considered classical learning as a mere external ornament, an adventitious polish only, to the education of those who are destined to the higher walks of society; — deeming it rather a portion, and by no means an unimportant portion, of that general intelligence, which is adding daily to the aggregate sum of human happiness, by unfolding those truths which are the great objects of human investigation, and which conduce to the chief aim and destination of our being. The subjects of these studies are the moral nature of man, his desires and affections, the strength and the weakness, the greatness and the imperfection, of his powers; —

——— "*votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus* :"

all which is not foreign from our common humanity, but is a philosophy fitted for daily use and ordinary action; built on the soundest induction, because illustrated by the greatest variety of examples; and supplying us in our earliest youth with the wisdom of time, unbought by the trouble and sufferings of experience.

Such having always been our estimate of the utility of antient learning, we have never been unmindful of the heresies which have from time to time assailed it. That the English senate ever contained a single individual within its walls who was capable of decrying it, we lament with Mr. Walker: — but we have consoled ourselves by reflections which the literary history of mankind will frequently furnish; and it is not extraordin-  
ary

ary that, in an age so fertile of paradox, and so remarkable for the mutability of its opinions, the doctrine, strange and extravagant as it is, has occasionally found its proselytes. It is indeed a disease incidental to a high state of intellectual refinement, when wild speculations and absurdities break out as humours from a plethoric and distempered body. We therefore do not participate in Mr. Walker's alarm; being convinced that the paradox and the sect will soon sink into oblivion, because the common sense and taste of mankind must ultimately triumph.

The Annotations before us are, it seems, a selection from the original matter of Mr. W.'s edition of Livy; and they are offered as a Supplement to the celebrated editions of Crevier and Drakenborch, which he censures freely, and on some occasions with deserved asperity. If, however, we have no very high opinion of the taste of Drakenborch, or of the judgment of Crevier, we still think that the classical student owes considerable obligations to the acuteness of the French commentator, and to the plodding and laborious diligence of the German. Mr. Walker's emendations are also occasionally distinguished for accuracy of verbal discrimination, and he is not without a nice perception of the beauties of his author: but they are too often blemished with the controversial petulance and irritability which are peculiar to editors and annotators; and they overflow with egotism and vanity, after the manner of numbers of those important personages. All this and much more than this, however, we may be inclined to overlook in the case of Livy, because the text of the few of his decades that have come down to us is equally mutilated by time, and deformed by glosses. In one point, we cordially agree with the annotator; viz. his admiration of the writer whom he has undertaken to illustrate. Livy, indeed, is surpassed by no historian in the sober vivacity or the chaste and tender warmth of his delineations. He is more rhetorical though less eloquent than Thucydides; and his diction is undeformed by the harsh and formal antitheses, the hardness, or the laborious common-places of Sallust. His narrative flows like the majestic course of a mighty river: his events follow each other with rapidity, but without hurry or confusion; and his readers are transported in an instant from the stillness of their closets to the field of action. His praise, however, must not be pushed much farther. Being little acquainted with the art of war, and loose and negligent about geography, he has composed rather a romantic picture which delights the imagination, than a judicious history which must satisfy the understanding. He repeats the wildest fables  
without

without comment, and almost without suspicion; and the mysterious apparition sent by Jupiter to Hannibal to conduct him into Italy, (lib. xxi. c. 22.) and the softening of the rocks with vinegar, are equally related without the slightest symptom of incredulity. His deficiency in the appropriate requisites of an historian, we conceive, will be instantly perceived by those who have compared that part of his work which relates to the Carthaginian invasion of Italy, with the account given of the same expedition by Polybius; a writer whose good sense, unadorned simplicity, and appearance of candor and fairness, are immediate vouchers for the honesty of his narration: while the natural sterility of his fancy, which made him conscious that he *could not* adorn, taught him to despise the fables which were current among the Romans, but of which Livy seems to have so unsparingly availed himself.

We cannot assent to a remark which brings this delightful author into a comparison with another historian of antiquity: 'Livy,' says Mr. Walker, 'abounds much more richly, though less obtrusively, in maxims of moral and political wisdom than Tacitus.' Forced analogies between writers so dissimilar in style and sentiment are fallacious in point of reasoning, and are not necessary to illustrate the character and qualities of either. The title of a philosophic historian is not due to Livy, but pertains to Tacitus, and perhaps to him alone. Livy is the more skilful painter of human nature in its interesting and pathetic attitudes, but he does not penetrate into the inmost recesses of the soul: though we do not mean to say that Livy is incapable of profound thinking, or that Tacitus fails in the delineation of passion. Their characteristic differences lie in the separate aim of each historian. The former, intent on pleasing the fancy and stimulating the curiosity of his readers, inspires alternate horror, admiration, and pity. The destruction of Alba (lib. i. c. 29.) is the picture of a town taken by storm; in which the artist has contrived, with the most astonishing rapidity, to comprize every circumstance of terror and wretchedness that can be requisite for its effect, without one unnecessary adjunct or superfluous tint. He describes, also, with equal power, the noble efforts of vengeance excited by love, and tyranny expiring beneath their stroke: — the abuses of power: — and the stern severity of Roman virtue, which sacrificed the feelings of the father to the duties of the patriot. On the contrary, Tacitus, though not deficient in many of these excellences, has others of a higher nature. Had the task of Livy fallen to this historian, the whole chain of events would have been before us, instead

instead of a succession of broken but splendid tablets; and these events would have been deduced from the remote causes in which they slept, to their latest and most distant effect. The laws of the Decemviri, the influence of those laws on the Roman manners, and the harmony or discordance of that legislation with the genius of the people, all of which Livy has passed unnoticed, would have been delineated by the minute though rapid pencil of Tacitus. By him, the mysterious problem which has escaped the attention of Livy would in all probability have been solved; viz. the dissolution of the Roman republic, after it had arrived by the force of its institutions at the utmost point of its greatness. This defect has been partly supplied by Montesquieu: but how many traits must have been present to the eye of Tacitus, which the change of manners and the lapse of ages have rendered no longer visible? — It is time, however, to return to the Annotations before us.

Mr. W. admires very justly the preface of his author, for its grace and dignified simplicity, its modesty and good sense. His interpretation of the word *rem*, in the second sentence, is new as well as ingenious.

‘ *Præf. quippe qui, quum veterem, tum vulgatam esse rem, videam, &c.* “ Inasmuch as I see it to be an old and hackneyed subject, treated by a constant succession of new writers, each expecting to surpass his predecessors, either in the authenticity of his facts, or in his mode of narrating them.” The word *rem* in this passage Crevier interprets as importing the practice of commencing a history with the avowal of some such sanguine expectation, as Livy declines to profess. But not to insist on the harshness of the ellipsis, — *talia de coeptis suis prædicare*, — it would appear that the interpretation I have substituted is confirmed by the use of the same word, in the beginning of the period next but one: *RES est præterea et immensi operis, &c.*’

We extract also with approbation a specimen of just and useful criticism.

‘ C. 1. *Secundum inde prælium Latinis, Æneæ etiam ultimum operum mortalium fuit.*

‘ Here Crevier says, “ *Intellige secundum ordine, cui mox opponitur etiam ultimum.*” Against this interpretation it might be urged, that this battle was not the *second*, but the first, fought by the Latins; i. e. by the Aborigines and Trojans incorporated under that name. But independently of this objection, the proposed antithesis appears to me quite unworthy of Livy. I think the meaning of the words is evidently this; — that the battle which took place issued in victory to the Latins, but was even fatal to Æneas. — It may incidentally be remarked to the young student, that *secundus* is a verbal adjective from *sequor*, and that all its

Crevier, in his letter to Mr. Gibbon, remarks that the words *in vos* do not correspond with *otio vestro*, as they indicate something adverse to the interest of the Carthaginians, which does not accord with the idea of their tranquillity. He therefore substitutes *in his*, and reads, *Nec esse in his otio vestro consilium credatis ;*" i. e. Do not imagine that, when they deprived you of your forces, they meant by that measure to promote your tranquillity.

Conjectural criticism is not a dignified but is sometimes a useful species of learning; and the youthful reader of Livy may be thankful to Mr. Walker for those annotations, in which he has pointed out the beauties of the author. Although they are conveyed in a tone too declamatory, and encumbered with too many superlatives expressive of the admiration of the commentator, they are well calculated to direct the attention of the student to those latent charms of diction which may escape him in a hasty and careless perusal. The verbal emendations also display, for the most part, considerable ingenuity and learning; and we have no hesitation in recommending them, to those who are eager to become familiar with the inimitable and unimitated graces of the Roman historian.

**ART. III.** *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.* By William Rae Wilson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 544. With Eight Plates. 18s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1823.

THE influence of local emotions is not only natural but laudable in those travellers, who visit the spot on which the faith of the Christian world was first cradled, and the great events consecrated by Scripture and tradition actually took place. Amid such scenes, the piety of the coldest and most philosophical mind must grow warmer, and its devotion, fed and animated by the contemplation of the senses, must kindle into enthusiasm: — but there is an obtrusive and restless species of zeal in some writers, that not unfrequently shuts our eyes and understandings against the profitable lessons which those places ought to impart; while it delivers us over to a blind and rash credulity that, believing every thing, knows nothing, and substitutes the first sensations of wonder or of veneration for the genuine deductions of reason or the sober results of investigation.

Among this class of travellers, we must rank the author of the production before us. His journey has added nothing to the valuable researches of Maundrell, Clarke, Burckhardt, and Jolliffe: but, as a succedaneum for erudition and information, his



his narrative overflows with that overweening zeal which, with some religious thinkers, may perhaps be not the less estimable for being "without knowlege." Almost every page of the volume contains scriptural citations in the text, or in the notes, which latter are endlessly accumulated, often without any visible connection or applicability. Who can be insensible to the beauties and sublimities of the sacred writers, whether displayed in the simple majesty of the Hebrew prophets, or in the nervous and frequently polished diction of St. Paul, or in the plain and unpretending narratives of the Evangelists? Precisely, however, because the pious reader venerates and admires these authors, must he feel disgusted when they are desecrated and degraded by being forced into connection with common and familiar topics; and when he peruses Mr. Wilson's account of a storm which he encountered off the coast of Egypt, — an incident of sublimity indeed, but as common as any other feature of nature, — can he be gratified by the application of the finest passages in Scripture to so ordinary a circumstance as that of the writer having been incommoded by the gale, and placed with another passenger under hatches? These are the passages of Holy Writ with which he has dignified this unimportant event: — "The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was likely to be broken." *Jonah, i. 4.* — "Thou shalt be visited by the Lord of Hosts with thunder, and with storm, and tempest." *Isaiah, xxix. 6.* — "Praise him all deeps. Praise him, stormy wind, fulfilling his word." *Psalm cxlviii. 7, 8.*

Of Mr. Wilson as an author, it must also be remarked that he is extremely negligent in the construction of his sentences. Seldom, indeed, has poor Priscian's head been more completely battered. Scotticisms, Irishisms, or any *isms* but Anglicisms and grammaticisms, are to be found in all his pages, and betray a want either of the most ordinary education or the most common attention. We regret to add to this objection those of a lamentable defect of information, in some instances of the utmost ignorance, and often of the most extravagant errors concerning the places which the author visited and the objects which he saw. Concerning Alexandria, we learn little more than that the town is dirty and squalid; and a long chapter is eked out by a confused account of the invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte in 1798, derived from the ordinary sources of intelligence in old magazines and news-papers. Mr. W. was much struck with the famous column of Pompey, and was moreover surprized at being told that an Irish heroine, Miss T——, had the courage to climb to the top of it. (P. 30.)



What would be the surprize of "this same learned Theban" if he were told that the Pillar, which he takes for granted to have been that of Pompey, was not erected, as he quietly supposes, to the memory of that General, but, as the inscription might have told him, had he been able to decypher it, to the memory of Diocletian or of Hadrian? The name of Pompey's Pillar, which it has borne so long, was given to it we know not when, or by whom; but it has been so called only by the Franks. — In like manner, the name of Cleopatra's Needles, assigned to the two Obelisks by the travellers of the sixteenth century, answers Mr. W.'s purpose just as well as any other; and he proceeds for the hundredth time to give us their height and dimensions, not forgetting to quote from the Chronicles and Book of Kings appropriate texts "about pillars of thirty and five cubits height." A novel piece of information is communicated to us about several divines having flourished in the *libraries* of the Alexandrian schools,

'It was from the royal *Ptolemeian* library here, that the famous translation of the Bible, called the Septuagint, was executed; and in the libraries of the Alexandrian schools flourished many of those eminent divines who are considered as fathers of the church. This library was, indeed, famous for many ages, and not more remarkable on account of the vast number of books which it contained, than the circumstances in which it was, at different periods, destroyed.'

The author's lame and defective account of Alexandria is not rendered in the least degree more interesting by his having hashed up the old story about burning the Alexandrian library, and the exploded legend of the Caliph Omar, whose name he has taken the liberty of transforming into *Omer*.

Having told us that Lord Nelson obtained a great naval victory in the bay of Aboukir, Mr. Wilson inserts a pathetic description of his sufferings from vermin at a place where he halted on his road to Rosetta. Never was Christian more persecuted than this worthy pilgrim: but he bewails his misfortunes in terms which are far from savouring of the fortitude and patience of a Christian martyr. He was forcibly reminded, he informs us, of what the Egyptians must have endured from the third plague, namely, that of *lice*, and he takes care to give us chapter and verse for the occasion. He is, however, sufficiently considerate to suppose that 'his reader is tired with *hearing* a narrative so disagreeable;' though he assures him, by way of consolation, 'that he himself felt much more tired in going through the scene' which he describes. What, however, is the reason which he assigns for touching on the subject? — to excite in him 'thankfulness to God, and

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to rouse him to prayer and exertions to send the salvation of God to raise that degraded people from their dunghill!

Mr. Wilson is the first traveller, as far as we recollect, who has ventured to estimate the *canine* as well as the human population of Rosetta. The dogs of that town he conjectures to be about 7000, but on what data he does not inform us. We must not omit the important facts contained in the exquisite paragraph which follows:

‘ The voracious appetite of dogs, which reconciles them to the most impure species of food, appears not to have escaped the observation of the wise King, in reference to those acts of folly which were exercised by man.\* Even licking a sore, we find not to be disagreeable to their taste†; and when the animals themselves happen to be wounded, they lick their own sores till it effects a cure. I have, indeed, occasion to know, that one of my friends in London, who was affected with a disease in his eyes, had young puppies, by *medical* advice, applied to lick them; which operated as a perfect cure. Again, it must be observed, that the dog, in his manner of drinking, does not take the water as other animals, but by *lapping*; a practice among the antient people of God, as demonstrated by Holy Writ. ‡’

Mr. W. was also sadly disturbed by the yell of this canine population at night, which ‘placed a complete embargo on sleep.’ The flies, too, joined in the persecution; and at Grand Cairo his fate conducted him to a miserable inn, the passage of which was so ‘clotted and choked up with the excrements of poultry that it was difficult to enter:’ while the only room that he could obtain ‘was an empty garret worse than any cobbler’s den to be found in London, and infested with pigeons *in such a manner*, that it was impossible to convey any idea of this annoyance, added to the flies and musquitos that swarmed around me.’ This is one specimen of the taste and purity with which the author writes.— When we came to his description of the Pyramids, we naturally expected to be almost overwhelmed with eloquence adequate to the magnificence of the objects; and we prepared ourselves for some striking and picturesque delineation of those stupendous monuments, of which the vastness of structure is

\* “As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returns to his folly.” Prov. xxvi. 11.

† “Moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores.” Luke, xvi. 21.

‡ “And the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that *lappeth* water with his tongue as a *dog lappeth*, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down on his knees to drink.” Judges, vii. 5.

so impressive that the very spirit of sublimity seems to reside in them, and which are well calculated to excite mingled sensations of awe and delight by inspiring at once "ideas of duration, almost endless; of power, inconceivable; of majesty, supreme; of solitude, most awful; of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose." (Clarke's *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 46.)

We were, however, not a little disappointed at being told only that the author crawled into the sepulchral chamber of the great Pyramid, and wrote on one of its walls, 'God bless our gracious King, George the Third!' and on the other, 'God bless the Duke of Kent!'

In descending the Nile, Mr. W.'s vessel was infested with rats, who feloniously laid hold of an entire fowl which he had intended for his dinner. However, he reached Damietta, "safe and sound," where he waited on the French consul, whom he found to be an unwieldy person, ill adapted for velocity of motion!; and he narrowly escaped an unpleasant incident by being on the point of inquiring after his wife's health, which would in all probability have been resented as an insult. On landing at Joppa (Jaffa), where he first set his feet on holy ground, 'particular expressions of Scripture darted as it were in a moment on his mind;' and the superior of the convent, where he was hospitably received, gave him considerable offence by saying grace too rapidly. — He receives with undistinguishing credulity many of the local traditions with which the monks entertain all strangers who sojourn at the convent, and he is delighted because one of them conducted him to *the very place* where Peter raised Tabitha. At Ramah, (the antient Arimathæa,) he took up his abode at the Latin convent, which stood on the exact spot where the habitation of Nicodemus was formerly placed. Having imprudently leant over a pan of charcoal with his wet clothes, he was obliged to keep his bed: but he was enabled to collect some important information respecting the heating of apartments, which he communicates to his readers in the following grammatical sentence: 'This is the ordinary way (by charcoal) of heating apartments; which, if not cautiously used, death must be the inevitable consequence.'

On his way to Jerusalem, finding the husbandmen armed to protect themselves from robbers, the traveller ingeniously remarks that robbery was an antient practice, and refers to various parts of Scripture for confirmation of this profound hypothesis. We pass over the holy raptures which he felt as he approached that city; regretting, however, that he did not pay his readers the compliment of clothing so much pious emotion in more correct English. A peculiar complacency

placency bursts forth on this occasion ; and he 'acknowledges it as a favor on the part of Divine Providence, not unaccompanied,' he trusts, 'with the influence of grace,' that he was *elevated* in the manner narrated.' (P. 161.) 'Though long stripped,' he remarks, 'of all its antient beauty, Jerusalem is still a considerable city:'—but he seems to be wholly unapprized that the very site of the antient city is involved in inextricable obscurity. Of the city of David not a vestige remains, the course of the walls is changed, and the old boundaries are more than doubtful. The supposed Mount Calvary is said to have been levelled, and the brook of Kedron is dry. Of the two hills, which Tacitus, with his accustomed brevity and precision, describes as the site of Jerusalem, "*duos colles immensum editos claudebant muri per artem obliqui*,"\* that to the south called Sion was the antient or upper city: while the northern, called Acra, was gradually covered by the Temple and the buildings of the *new* city, and in later times by the various edifices which surround the modern sepulchre. Thus Jerusalem has gradually moved northwards, and the hill of Sion has long since been deserted.

With regard to Mr. Wilson's emotions on visiting the Holy City, which have surrendered him an unresisting victim to the most extravagant impostures, we shall say but little. Although the actual situation of Sion, or the

" holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet

Which, seventeen hundred years ago, were nailed

For our advantage, to the bitter cross,"

must be always an interesting theme of investigation, the scenes themselves are little calculated to call up those religious feelings, to which the present author has given such unrestrained utterance. The truth is that, with respect to the sacred places themselves, the faith of the Christian will derive little or no aid from the enthusiasm of the pilgrim. The chief utility of such researches relates to scriptural criticism, and the geography of Palestine must necessarily throw some illustration on the sacred books: but, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not in Judea that we must seek for those commentaries on the holy writings, which are supplied by living manners and usages. The race of natives, by whom that country is now peopled, will by no means afford them; and Persia, Arabia, or even Abyssinia, will present the traveller with richer materials for this purpose than any that can

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\* Hist. l. v. c. 2.

be collected from a territory wasted by so many successive hordes of Pagan, Christian, Saracenic, and Turkish invaders.

From a careful comparison of the several descriptions of Palestine which have at different times fallen beneath our notice, we are obliged to conclude that modern Jerusalem is least of all calculated to gratify the expectations, or to repay the labors, of the traveller. According to Dr. Clarke and Mr. Jolliffe\*, the very approach to the city produces a violent disruption of every grand or awful or pleasing association; and M. de Chateaubriand, speaking of the town, remarks that "the sight of the houses of stone, enclosed in a country of stones, prompts one to ask, whether we are not looking on the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert." As to the identity of the sacred places, all is confusion. Mr. Wilson did not, he tells us, proceed to 'the place (of crucifixion) consecrated by so many awful considerations to the heart of the Christian:' nor, moreover, does he give himself the trouble of inquiring upon what evidence the several localities rest, which excited within him such holy emotions. As for the general suffrage of antiquity, that suffrage has sanctioned the most palpable fables. No chain of evidence supports the traditions, either as to the place of crucifixion itself, or as to the several spots which Mr. W. visited, and which, he says, led to it. When Jerusalem was destroyed, what was left of it? and amid the desolation, who remained to point out and identify the places? None of the eye-witnesses of the dreadful catastrophe survived, and the Jews would attach no interest to places commemorated by such an event. Nor could the first Christians have affixed to them any durable record, before their final abandonment of the city previously to its destruction, which would not have perished in the general wreck. They fled from it as an accursed city: the voice, which warned them to depart, seemed almost to interdict their return; and it is not likely that they should have anxiously preserved the memorials of places, which they could not call to their contemplations without horror and affright. The mummeries of the Romish church, and the legends respecting Jerusalem, certainly receive no sanction from Scripture, which is uniformly silent as to the actual spots that tradition has consecrated, though it has preserved their names. Names, alone, however, are the most uncertain of all historical monuments. In whatever aspect, therefore, we consider the subject, "the holy

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\* Letters from Palestine, Rev. vol. xci. p. 337., and vol. xciv. p. 416.



places" are not identified by any thing that deserves the name of evidence.

As a favorable specimen of the author's manner, we extract a passage descriptive of the Dead Sea; omitting the scriptural citations with which his text is illustrated, but transcribing the references:

' The Lake Asphalt, or Dead Sea, as it is more commonly called, assumes the form of a bow, lies between a chain of mountains, is estimated at about eighty miles in length, and twenty miles in breadth; but it was impossible, at the particular spot where I stood, to take the whole into view, as it appeared to have a curving position; and although it is understood to have no visible issue, yet it does not overflow. Science has deep reason to deplore that no effort has been made, on the part of European governments, for permission from the Turks to transport a small vessel, which might be effected from Joppa, or materials to construct one on the banks of this lake, in order that every part of it might be carefully explored. When it is considered that hitherto all the knowledge possessed, relative to this prodigious body of dead water, has been derived either from the hasty inspection of solitary travellers like myself, or religious fanatics, willing to magnify and mystify every circumstance, it cannot admit of doubt that many curious discoveries might be brought to light. If, for example, it should be found to contain fish; as its waters are of a very different quality from those of the ocean, or any other lake from which fish have been taken, they may be of a kind and nature entirely different from those with which naturalists are yet acquainted. The truth, also, of what has often been supposed with regard to vestiges of remains of the demolished cities being under water, will be most accurately ascertained; in short, the precise length, breadth, circumference, and depth of the whole, with other objects highly important.

' A variety of conjectures have been formed as to the means employed by the Almighty in the destruction of the cities charged with guilt. Writers mention that this lake covers the Vale of Siddim, where the cities stood, nay, that these are actually to be seen, but I could not possibly discover the slightest vestige of them. Although some speak of the destruction of thirteen towns by an inundation of burning sulphur, the statement cannot be opposed as detracting from that of the Scriptures, in which Sodom, Gomorrah, Adinah, Zeboim, and Bela, are mentioned, and therefore must be supposed by implication. Others, likewise, state that the cities were destroyed by lightning, and the vegetable powers of the earth around burned up. If we attend, however, to the testimony of sacred historians, we are left in no state of doubt on the subject, since fire and brimstone have been so specially mentioned as a direct effect of the mighty vengeance of Heaven.

' But, in considering this tremendous phenomenon, without taking into view whether it was accomplished by fire and brimstone



from the viols of heaven, by an inundation of melted sulphur poured from the mountains ignited by lightning, by volcanic means, or the horrors of an earthquake, accompanied by a fiery tempest in the air, one question cannot fail to arise; viz. into what depository, or by what means, were the waters of the Jordan absorbed previous to the existence of such an event? It is perfectly evident that these must have had an outlet somewhere; and I cannot allow myself to think they were absorbed in agricultural purposes, as some have supposed, founding an opinion on what Maundrell alludes to respecting the Barrady, a river about the same size, which he describes as consumed by the gardens in and about Damascus.

‘ I am unwilling to offer any opinion upon this most interesting subject; but as it is evident that unless the very structure of the country has been changed, the Jordan must have had in this plain a receptacle for its waters previous to the destruction of the cities, and since the Scriptures say nothing respecting the formation of the Dead Sea as a consequence of the judgment of Heaven, I am humbly inclined to think that this Lake may always have existed, and the cities were situated on the banks of it. In the terrible concussion of their fate, and the desolation which was poured upon the country, it appears highly probable that some important alteration took place. The bounds of the Lake may have been enlarged, and the character of its waters changed by the nitre and bituminous materials thrown into it. But it is not at all probable that the latter was altogether formed at the time; on the contrary, had this been the fact, there can be no doubt a circumstance so peculiarly striking would have been described, nay, often alluded to, in the sacred record. However, from being silent on this point, I am inclined to conclude there is a strong confirmation of my opinion; although hitherto the common idea entertained has been that the Vale of Sodom and Gomorrah suffered a submersion, and the waters of the Lake Asphaltes covers the cities where they stood.

‘ Another opinion also may be entertained. I had occasion to mention, that from an elevation, on approaching Jericho, I had a most extensive view of its plain, with part of the Dead Sea at the northern extremity. Now, it may be supposed that the whole space covered by this sea, which is on an exact line with the plain, with a regular chain of mountains on each side, might have been, prior to the destruction of the cities, part of this very plain of Jericho; for the first tract of my journey along it to the Jordan, from west to east, and the sea to the north, was an entire dead waste, the ground in a white, pulverised state, as if burned up, on which nothing grows; and we find expressly, in one part of the history of Lot, that he beheld *all the plain of Jordan, before* the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah; and, in another, that God had overthrown Sodom and Gomorrah by fire and brimstone, with *all the plain*. (Gen. xix. 24.; Gen. xiii. 10.; Deut. xxiii. 23.)

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' The situation of the country, as described by Moses at the time he wrote, appears to have been the same as at the present moment; who observes, that the "whole land is brimstone and salt; it is not sown or beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon:" and the acts of Almighty vengeance, which have thrown it into such a terrible state, have been recorded, in Infinite Wisdom, as an everlasting warning to countries involved in sin and wickedness. (2 Esdras, ii. 8, 9.) In short, no language can more strongly describe the horrid situation of this country, than that which is to be found in Holy Writ. (Heb. xii. 29.; Deut. iv. 24. 32.; 1 Corinth. x. 11.; Jer. xxii. 29.)

' I spent about half an hour on this denounced shore, and filled two bottles with the water; and as the shades of night were approaching, the guards represented the danger of remaining longer, since an attack might be apprehended from some of the tribes of Arabs, who lurk about it, and are known to conceal themselves in the loose sands, watching for prey. In consequence of this, I mounted my mule and departed; when I could not fail to recollect the strong language of Scripture, at retiring from this mournful and frightful scene of desolation. (Jer. xxxvi. 7.)'

We have already devoted a space to Mr. Wilson's work which is far beyond its merits: but, as we have censured it with freedom, we have endeavored to shew that our remarks were not groundless. The looseness and negligence of its style, not to add its vulgarity and incorrectness, would, in our opinion, exclude it from any very extensive perusal, even if it abounded with striking facts, ingenious conjectures, or interesting discoveries.\* We are far from denying to

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\* We quote a few more instances of the writer's mode of composition. 'This right, added to the other, *are* uninterruptedly enjoyed.' P. 26.—'The ruins of a church *was* pointed out.' P. 158.—'After passing this interesting scene, and much exhausted, having rode from sun-set to sun-rise, the tract or way became very elevated.' *Ib.*—159.—'I remarked that, in conferring a favor on servants, they stooped,' &c. P. 237.—'My servant, who held the monks in great veneration, when he happened to enter the presence of any of them, stooped down and kissed the right hand, though many withdrew it at the moment he was about to go *into the act.*' *Ib.*—'He related a number of horrid circumstances that would freeze the very blood of man; not only as to Djezzar destroying the countenances of so many inhabitants, but those butcheries committed from caprice or amusement; and whose secluded wives had been sacrificed, the number of whom could never be properly ascertained.' P. 376.—'An incident occurred, which conveyed warning to be cautious in judging too rashly from appearances.' P. 385.—Mr. W. speaks with entire and laudable modesty as to his literary pretensions: but what is to become of the English language, if books are printed in shoals with this barbarity of diction?

the author the praise of being a devout and sincere Christian : but we would remind him that Christian piety is a meek and retiring affection ; that it inhabits the recesses of the soul, and does not ordinarily display itself in outward phraseology, affected raptures, or self-sufficient comparisons of ourselves with others ; while it reserves for the stated periods of worship, or for its private communion with the great object of human adoration, those expressions and thoughts which are polluted and debased by an association with low, worldly, or familiar occurrences.

ART. IV. *An Address to the Farmers of Great Britain : with an Essay on the Prairies of the Western Country.* By Morris Birkbeck. To which is annexed, the Constitution of the State of Illinois. 8vo. pp. 52. 1s. 6d. Ridgway. 1822.

ART. V. *Sketches of Plans for settling in Upper Canada, a Portion of the unemployed Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland.* Second Edition, with Additions. By a Settler. 8vo. pp. 53. 1s. 6d. Harding. 1822.

WHATEVER men may say, the world is wide enough to contain a vastly greater population than ever yet trod at the same time on its surface ; and the cornucopia which a bountiful Creator presents for the support of the human race, so far from failing in its stores, seems by repletion to invite the farther increase of mankind, as it were in scorn and derision of those trembling calculators and sinister prophets who predict its exhaustion. No, — let us not reproach Providence with a niggardly and circumscribed spirit : to the partial dispensations of man, not of God, are our sufferings attributable. In the natural economy of the bee, the drones are driven from their hive : but, in the artificial economy of human society, the industrious and productive classes, — those who have prepared the honey, — are those who are refused a participation of it, and are banished to uncultivated wilds and trackless forests to seek that subsistence which is denied to them at home. Thus, like the down of the thistle, are the sons and daughters of industrious poverty blown about by the storm, but destined to take root in distant regions, and flourish and bear fruit in distant ages.

Of the pamphlets before us, each sounds a note of invitation, one from the northern and the other from the western regions of America ; like the morning bell on the ears of a dreamer, announcing the day-break, and summoning him from unprofitable and unsound slumber to the exertions of industry attended

attended with competence and followed by repose. To recommend either of these settlements — Upper Canada or the Illinois — in preference to the other, would be to impose on ourselves a gratuitous responsibility of the most serious kind: but it is pleasing to observe that each has its advocates, and consequently that each may be presumed to have its advantages. We briefly noticed the first edition of the 'Settler's' pamphlet in vol. xcvii. p. 223.; which contained the outline of a plan for the independent provision of an indefinite and almost unlimited number of people, now subsisting mainly on parochial relief in Great Britain, by the productive employment, for a few years only, of the capital expended in the enterprize. A second plan is now suggested, which would draw from the mother-country merely the small advance of money required to convey emigrants from Europe to their places of destination: the emigrants, on their arrival, being to depend on supplies of produce to be drawn from the present inhabitants of the province. This, we must confess, does appear to us as an obstacle rather than a facility; because protection is more precarious when divided between two parties, irresponsible and unconnected, than when it is dependant on one. It seems that, in the year 1820, a project was in agitation for making a canal from Rice Lake to the head of the Bay of Quinte, by means of a subscription of the *produce* of the country; that subscription intitling contributors to proportionate shares in the canal. Although the views of the proposer, however, are represented as having been embraced most readily by all classes, rich and poor, of the district of Newcastle, through which the line was to have gone, we must infer that the project was abandoned, because this plan of opening that canal by means of emigrants is connected with the present scheme. The supposition is made of six thousand men, women, and children, who are to be settled; divided into three parties of two thousand each, to be forwarded to the river Trent, which connects the Rice Lake with the Bay of Quinte, in three successive springs. On the arrival of the first party, those who are capable of labor are to be set to work on the proposed canal, instead of proceeding to their destined "location:" food, clothing, medical attendance, instruction for children, &c. having been provided by a preliminary arrangement. The second spring will bring the next division, and the course of the ensuing year be as the former. On the arrival of the third party, the first will be permitted to visit the promised land, and make the necessary preparations for building, cropping, and settling. — Should this system of colonization be adopted, it may be continued to  
many



many succeeding bodies of two thousand persons; because, after the completion of the canal, no obstacle will remain to prevent their proceeding thence to the carrying place in the township of Smith, and forwards through the shallow lakes to the boundaries of the Canadas. Ministers of religion are to be chosen according to the profession of the different sects composing the colony.

Now comes the question, how is the money to be raised? We can imagine only two ways:—the first, by government; in other words, by a *compulsory* tax on those who stay at home for the aid of others to go abroad:—the second, by parishes, who must mortgage their poor-rates, and *voluntarily* impose a present tax on themselves with the uncertain speculation of future relief. The immediate absence of a number of families, now burdensome, would doubtless in some measure alleviate this immediate tax: but the probability is that, under the present system, in a very short time the places of these absentees would be supplied by others of the same description.

‘ With respect (says the Settler) to the supply of provisions, &c. to meet the wants of our emigrants on their arrival, nothing can be more simple than the mode contemplated in 1820, viz. that every old resident should, according to his means, subscribe his quota of the required produce. Some would subscribe wheat, others oats, barley, peas, beans, and hops; others whiskey and maple sugar; others cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs; barrelled pork and beef, and salt from the home pits; others, again, hay and straw, lumber, scantling, &c. Our friend, the enterprising supporter of the new iron works on the Trent, would experience the pleasure of contributing, for his shares, the iron implements that will be wanted; and the home manufacturers, the spinners, the possessors of wool, &c. will not be found backward in their supplies: in short, for such an object there can be no doubt of abundant contributors coming forward with whatever the province produces. The distribution may either be under the general management, or various bodies or gangs may be apportioned to the care of various individuals, sharers in the canal.

‘ It will not be a work of charity, as the word is generally understood; the present inhabitants of Canada will not be gratuitously giving away so much of their staple commodities; inasmuch as they will have their shares in the canal for remuneration, according to their subscriptions; and then the acquisition of the improved water-course and of an industrious body of settlers in the heart of the province will not be disregarded. And how well do these settlers merit their title to these supplies, as well as ultimately to their allotment of land? There is obligation on neither side, although the foundation will be laid for the intercommunication of the most friendly sentiments. The settlers are taken to their new homes: they are maintained for three years; and they will go to their cleared land free of expense. In return, they give  
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to their old country their absence, 'and to Canada the accomplishment of works desired by all who have thought upon the subject, and the acquisition of some thousands of valuable members.'

This really appears to us a most precarious and insufficient dependence for support. Without wishing unfairly to discourage emigration, we do not believe that it will have any permanent effect in alleviating poverty at home; where we have abundance of food for all, and might have abundance of employment, if taxation, with its voracious appetite, did not swallow up so large a share of the fruits of British industry; and we deem it a duty to caution those, who contemplate an almost irretrievable step, against the seduction of writers, some of whom from interested motives, and others from the natural desire of promoting the prosperity of the colony which they have themselves adopted, are apt to paint in gaudy colors the real advantages that it possesses, while they throw into the shade the dangers, privations, and hardships which must be encountered to obtain them. The 'Settler' is aware of this bias, and offers his testimony in favor of Upper Canada with the necessary qualification: but he declares without reserve that, in climate, general fertility, and the means of comfortable subsistence, no country in the world surpasses it!

Mr. Birkbeck has been hardly used: but it was to be expected, because he is a political dissenter from the established administration of the country. A man of talents, character, and family-connections, he did not hesitate, while at home, to denounce corruptions and abuses; and then, hopeless of effecting the reform without which there is no chance of redemption, he flew to the western wilds of America with his wife and family, to save himself from sinking into that wretched pauperism which, having long since denuded the cottage, has now entered the farm-house, and is threatening the mansion of the landlord. After having communicated to the public the motives, the progress, and the result of his enterprize, and encouraged others to follow him by a faithful narrative of the success which has crowned his labors, he is attacked by a set of writers who accuse him of wilfully misrepresenting, from base and sinister motives, the actual state of the country which he describes; of being a speculator and land-gambler; and of endeavoring to allure into his toils the weak and the credulous, to their certain perdition. Conscious that much pains have been taken to impress on the public mind a belief that his undertaking has failed, and that he is both disappointed and ruined, Mr. Birkbeck, after the lapse of five years, now affirms, 'with the confidence of an honest man, and with something of that indignation which such a man feels when  
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the truth of his word has been called in question, that *all* the statements and opinions of moment contained in his former publications have been confirmed by experience.' Of all the dangers attendant on emigration, he says, that of being misled is the greatest; 'for myself, I should inform you that I have no speculations to prevent the integrity of my testimony; I retain only the estate which I purchased for my own occupation; and my only business is the cultivation of it.' The sum of the whole is this:

'The Illinois is a country delightful to inhabit; healthy, rich in soil, and of easy tillage, with good water and a sufficiency of timber; convenient to navigation, and consequently favourable for a market; — under a government formed by its inhabitants for their own benefit, and transacted by deputies of their own appointment. It is a country where land in abundance, of excellent quality, may be purchased at the price of from one dollar and a quarter to three dollars per acre; where the settler may accommodate his expenditure to the depth of his purse without being subject to invidious comparisons; where the farmer may cultivate much or little according to his capital, or his inclination; where the labourer may earn a week's subsistence by the labour of two days; and, lastly, where every man can enjoy the fruits of his industry in perfect security. Here are no tithes or poor-rates, and the amount of taxes is under one penny per acre. Yet here, as elsewhere, industry is as essential to success as it is to enjoyment; and the idle, the dilatory, and the dissolute are equally wretched and contemptible. The original decree, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," though not enforced with rigour, must not be evaded with impunity.

'From the shores of Virginia to this place, I had to explore a vast country, always looking out for an opportunity of settling. I have also traversed this state in various directions; and it is with a feeling of self-gratulation which your candour will rather sympathise with than condemn, that I can now assure you, that, had I again to choose, this would be my residence in preference to any other situation that I have seen or heard of.'

Mr. Birkbeck's observations 'on the Prairies of the Western Country' were first inserted in the *Illinois Intelligencer*, with a view to the correction of some erroneous notions respecting the soil, geography, and formation of them. The universal covering of the prairies is a black mould, varying from six inches to two feet or more in depth; and of a quality so uniform, that it should seem to have been deposited at the same period by some vast body of superincumbent water. It is free from stones or coarse fragments, and the particles are so fine as to be scarcely palpable. It possesses a large portion of what Mr. B. calls *water of absorption*; that is, water not evaporable by the sun or atmosphere, in union with its clayey

clayey particles; and these are so intimately mixed with fine siliceous sand as to prevent all tendency to *bind*, or accumulate in clods, when under cultivation. This quality enables it, he says, to retain moisture with wonderful tenacity through the driest seasons; while in the wettest it does not *hold* water, but becomes firm and fit for the plough in a few hours after the heaviest rain. It rests on a sub-soil of loam, more or less retentive as it approaches to the character of clay or sand. Prairie-land, when merely inclosed, is in a more forward and profitable state for cultivation than timbered land when inclosed and cleared in the usual way at the expence of fifteen or twenty dollars per acre; or of twice that sum by European laborers who are unpractised in the work. A prairie which has been mown or pastured for two years may be ploughed with half the labor of that which is in its wild state.

The *Constitution of the State of Illinois* is now for the first time published in this country. The Congress of the United States passed an act in the year 1818, enabling the people of this territory to form a state-government; and establishing the admission of it into the Union, on an equal footing with the states originally confederated. We have read this 'Constitution' with great interest. It recognizes entire freedom in religious matters, with freedom of discussion by means of an unfettered press, and is founded on representation and election. Indeed, the principle of election is carried to an extreme: for not only are the governors, senators, and representatives, to be chosen by the people, but (art. iv. sect. 4.) the justices of the supreme court, and the judges of the inferior courts, are to be appointed by joint ballot of the general assembly, &c.; and by art. v. sect. 3., "company, battalion, and regimental officers (staff-officers excepted), are to be *elected* by the persons composing their several companies, battalions, and regiments." The powers of government are divided into three distinct departments, each confided to a separate body of magistracy; namely, those which are legislative, those which are executive, and those which are judiciary; and, with certain specified exceptions, "no person or collection of persons being one of those departments shall exercise any power belonging to either of the others." The constitution is prudently jealous of any interference and influence from the United States: for it prohibits (art. ii. sect. 25.) any public functionary whatever, under the United States, from having a seat in the general assembly of the Illinois; and no one holding an office of honor or profit under the former can hold an office of honor or profit under the latter. Art. vi. sect. 1. declares that neither slavery nor involuntary

voluntary servitude shall hereafter be introduced, *otherwise* than for the punishment of proved crimes on a trial by jury: that the children, hereafter born of Negroes or Mulattoes already in servitude, shall become free, males at the age of twenty-one years and females at eighteen; and that no indenture of any Negro or Mulatto *hereafter made*, (that is, from the recognition of the constitution,) executed *out of* the state, or if made in the state where the term of service exceeds one year, shall be of the least validity, except those that are given in cases of apprenticeship. Art. viii, sect. 3. declares that no man can of right be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry, against his consent; that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishments or modes of worship; and that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust.

Such are some of the principles on which the Constitution of Illinois is founded. To have recognized them thus openly is a great thing: — to act on them, and to preserve them free from corruption and abuse, will be a much greater.

Mr. Birkbeck would confer an essential service on many who are now meditating whether they shall emigrate to our own colony of Canada or to the Western States, if he would collect and publish a fair statistical account of the Illinois: displaying its actual income, revenue, resources, population, state of agriculture, manufactures, and markets.

ART. VI. *A History of the Brazil*; comprising its Geography, Commerce, Colonization, Aboriginal Inhabitants, &c. &c. &c. By James Henderson, recently from South America. Illustrated with Twenty-eight Plates and Two Maps. 4to. pp. 520. 3*l*. 13*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Longman and Co.

THIS is rather a geography than a history of Brazil. It has little resemblance of either form or matter to the valuable work of Mr. Southey, which bears a similar title, but much in common with Koster's Travels, which we noticed in vol. lxxxvii. p. 122., and with Luccock's Notes on Rio de Janeiro, reviewed in vol. xcvi. p. 81.; and, indeed, it compresses into one volume a large portion of the information contained in those two geographical works. The author's object has been to describe the state of Brazil from its first discovery to the present time; to trace distinctly the boundaries of the twenty-two provinces which it comprizes, their sub-

subdivisions into districts, and their mountains and rivers; to enumerate the establishments in each province, with the nature of their agricultural productions; and to pourtray the composition of the inhabitants, whether Whites, Mulattos, Mamelucos, Mestizos, Christianized Indians, or Africans. Much use has been made of the Portuguese book on this subject, published by Father Manoel Ayres de Casal. — Lithographic engravings, from drawings taken on the spot, illustrate many peculiar objects.

In the introductory chapter, Mr. H. describes his voyage, in March, 1819, from England to Rio de Janeiro, the bay of which supplies a picturesque sketch; and the ensuing chapter gives an outline of the historical progress of discovery, down to the period of the arrival of the royal family in Brazil. Two sections are allotted to the province of Rio de Janeiro, as the most important; and one section to each of the other twenty-one provinces. Conclusive observations terminate the text; and an appendix concerning natural history finishes the volume.

Some of the scenery at Rio de Janeiro is thus delineated:

‘ An aqueduct, for furnishing water to the Cidade Nova, is nearly completed; in which quarter some new fountains are to be observed, especially the Lagarto, and another in the Campo St. Anna, large, built of stone, and discharging the water by numerous spouts.

‘ The fountains in the eastern district of the city consist of one in the Palace Square, in the shape of a tower, the *Marrecas*; one in the Moura Place; and the *Carioca*, with twelve spouts; all of which are supplied by the aqueduct already mentioned.

‘ A visit to its source I found to be a most interesting excursion. I was accompanied to it by two friends. We directed our course to the village of Matta Cavallos, passing underneath the double arcade, the superior one having forty-two arches, and which conducts the water from the Therezian hill across a valley close to the city. We called upon Mr. Langsdorffe, the Russian consul, and proceeded from his house up a gradual ascent, covered with almost impervious woods, and, after crossing a deep glen, gained the terrace, which is formed by excavation along the sides of mountains and precipices for nearly four miles. As far as two white pillars, opening into the Orange Valley, a distance of about three miles, the terrace has been recently repaired, and forms of itself a very fine promenade. Upon its inner side the range of aqueduct is erected, which is nearly eight feet high, consisting of two walls, a yard from each other, which space is arched over, and encloses the small stream of water that flows rapidly along a channel hewn out of stone. As far as the pillars it has been recently enlivened by white-washing, and at certain distances small apertures are left for the purpose of ventilation. In some

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places, small iron gates are introduced into the wall, to admit of the occasional entrance of persons within it; those gates are locked, and an opening is left at the bottom large enough to receive the arm. There is likewise a bason, cut out of the stone, to supply the passers-by with water, which has rather a peculiar flavour.

‘ The eye is delighted with the succession of beautiful scenery which the walk presents, and rambles in undiminished rapture at every point, over the varied and romantic objects which sportive nature has here produced. Precipices above, and accumulated alpines, shut in the view to the south and west. Winding glens below, formed by smaller elevations; here and there houses seen, almost embosomed in the woody ravines; the valley of Engenho Velho, sprinkled with white houses, which is also the site of the palace of St. Christovao; the city and bay, surrounded with their amphitheatres of mountains; the high soaring masses near the pass to the Tejuca; the towering piles of the Organ range, and others of varied appearance to the right, edging the distant horizon, together form a grand totality, a most animated and animating picture, extending far to the north and the east, harmonizing the feelings, and lifting the mind into a profound and pleasing train of wonder and adoration of the all-powerful Being who has ordained these noble diversities of nature, over which his creative hand has thrown the graceful and cheerful covering of verdant trees and shrubs, swarming in wild profusion, the hand of man having in few places contributed its aid.

“ Hail, Source of beings! Universal Soul  
Of heav’n and earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
To Thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts  
Continual climb, who with a master hand  
Hast the great whole into perfection touch’d.”

‘ This charming picture is lost to view on passing the opening betwixt the pillars, where the prospect, although more confined, is admirable, consisting of the deep recesses of the Orange Valley, the more lofty features of the mountains which encompass it, and the singularly formed Corcovada at its head, all rising into indescribable magnificence. These are scenes that would have delighted and invigorated with new energy the most exalted poets and painters. From hence, a narrower terrace, covered with entwining brushwood, and skirting along the side of the mountains for about a mile, brought us to the head of the valley, where the origin of the aqueduct is marked, by an inscription, to have taken place in the year 1744. Its source is adorned with a fine cascade, at the foot of which, a declining platform of rocks, overshadowed with trees, and refreshed with the falling water, afforded us a delightful retreat from the rays of the sun; and here in reality we enjoyed the refreshment a slave had brought for us: above us the rugged mountains in precipices and the stony bed of the rivulet were seen, overhung with high trees and shrubs as far as the eye could reach. In this place, and from these waters, a poetical mind

mind must, indeed, imbibe those draughts of inspiration which the vale of Tempe, and the mountain and stream of Parnassus, are fabled to have produced. A long and intricate path leads from hence to the summit of the Corcovada Mountain; below us there was an abrupt and rocky steep, its sides covered with thickly growing brushwood, down which the water descended in a murmuring course to the valley; the whole of its varieties of verdure and fertility, with the bay of Bota-fogo at its lower extremity, was within our view. A winding road led us to a point, where we descended by a difficult way into the valley, while its fine oranges, growing spontaneously, supplied us with a dessert. It is beautified with some elegant houses.'

Having described the circus erected for bull-baiting, the author adds:—'Within the last two years this building was the scene of the various feats in horsemanship of Mr. Southby and his troop, for which it is well adapted. The clown, soon acquiring some of the local peculiarities of the people, produced amongst them a fund of merriment they had been little accustomed to; and they expressed themselves more highly astonished and pleased with those performances, and the wonderful display of agility by Mrs. Southby on the tight rope, than any thing they had ever before witnessed.' It is curious to find the amusements of the London vulgar thus installed on the American continent among the delights of royalty.

Assassination, especially from motives of jealousy, is here said to be very common in the metropolis; and an account is given of the death of a British officer by a stab, or *facada*. The tenure of lauded property is criticized as very unfavorable to agricultural improvement, the estates being almost all leasehold, and subject to arbitrary fines.

'The savage Indians,' says the author, 'frequently carry off by force some of their Christianized brethren, and display an inveterate antipathy to civilization. The tribes on the northern bank of the Parahiba, bordering upon the Portuguese establishments, are considered much more cruel than those on the southern, and have afforded various and recent proofs of cannibalism. On some occasions they lie in ambush near pathways, and, with their arrows, pierce the stranger to the heart, and feast upon his body. A proprietor of a sugar-work was carried off about three years ago, and devoured by them; and since that time three or four Negroes have shared the same fate. They are addicted to plunder, and commit at times great devastation amongst the sugar-plantations, advancing in bodies of fifty or sixty from the woods, and cutting down the canes, which they carry off to their retreats. They are great cowards; and, on those appointed to keep watch giving the alarm of the approach of a single individual, they fly precipitately.'



In the province of Rio Grande do Sul, the cattle undergo a sort of military drill, and seem to take a pleasure in "doing their exercise."

' For the management of a fazenda of five thousand head of cattle, it is said six men are sufficient, with one hundred horses at least; the whole of which pasture together in troops of twenty, with a tamed mare, from which they do not usually stray. From the sandy nature of the soil, as in many other parts of Brazil, particularly at Pernambuco, no expense is incurred by the owners for shoeing them. In each establishment, or tract of land, there is commonly a small hill, or the most elevated land is selected, as plain and even at the summit as possible, which is known by the name of *rodeio*, (a certain compass of land,) and is capable of receiving the whole flock, when brought together. For this purpose, the shepherds on horseback distribute themselves round about the cattle, and cry out loudly "*Rodeio, rodeio, rodeio*;" at whose voices the cattle march at full trot towards the *rodeio*, in files, divided into droves or bands of fifty to one hundred, according to the numbers that pasture together. This mode of forming them early into troops is indispensable, in order to put on the mark of the dono or proprietor upon such as have it not, and with more facility to select those that are upwards of four years old for the market, or for *carnesecco*, or jirked beef.' —

' The breed of sheep would, if attended to, much exceed that of cattle, in consequence of their generally producing two at a birth; they are not, however, numerous, few farmers possessing one thousand head, and the major part not any. Nothing here appears so easy and cheap as the multiplication of this animal. For the purpose of shepherding a flock of one thousand, two cur-dogs are sufficient, bred up in the following mode. As soon as they are whelped, the lambs of a ewe are killed, the puppies are put to her, and she suckles them until she becomes habituated to treat them as her young, when, upon opening their eyes and seeing no other benefactor, they attach themselves to her, and play with the lambs as if they were of the same species. Nothing is ever given them to eat: they are shut in the fold with the sheep; and on obtaining strength and vigor to attend the flock, they are suffered to go at large, when they accompany it to the field. In a little time, and without more instruction, they are so familiarized with the sheep, that they never separate from them. When it happens that a ewe lambs in the field, and the lamb cannot accompany the mother, in consequence of its not yet having sufficient strength to follow her, one of the dogs watches near, and if he finds that the lamb cannot follow the mother to the flock, he carries it in his mouth, without doing it the least harm. No other animal or unknown person can approach the sheep, of which these dogs are the guardians, without the risk of being attacked. The other domestic dogs and the hordes of the chimarro dogs are the greatest enemies to the flock;  
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against them and the birds of prey, which pick out the eyes of the lambs, the vigilance of the watch-dogs is requisite.'

The keepers of cattle have evidently yet many things to learn, since usages so different from the European are already found applicable to animals of European origin. By thus recording the experience of the New World, the Old may learn to profit from it.

In every section, the author adopts an uniform plan of classifying his information. He begins with the boundaries of the province, and the history of its colonization; then passes on to the mountains, mineralogy, phytology, zoology, rivers, lakes, and ports; and next attends to the towns, parishes, agricultural establishments, and population. — The cochineal insect is found in many provinces, and might be cultivated to a great extent.

When describing the province of Matto Grosso, Mr. H. gives the following anecdote, which nearly authorizes our placing in Brazil the adventures of Whittington Lord Mayor of London. 'At this period, (1730,) a singular branch of commerce flourished at Assumption, which was in the disposal of cats, at exorbitant prices: the first pair of those animals that were brought to that city were sold for one pound of gold, and their progeny at thirty oitavas, and so on, till the augmentation of this race proportionably reduced their value. The extraordinary value of cats in this place was occasioned, by the houses and stores of Indian corn, &c. being infested with prodigious swarms of rats.'

It is also stated that, in this province of Matto Grosso, the Indians frequently change the color of a green parrot into yellow, by stripping off the plumage and applying the dye of the *urucu* to the unfeathered skin. — The following table contrasts the general language of the province with that of the Guaycuru savages who inhabit a part of it:

	GEN. LINGUA.	GUAYCURU.
' Sun	<i>Araci</i>	<i>A'liga</i>
Moon	<i>Jaci</i>	{ <i>Pannay</i> (used by the men only) <i>Epannay</i> (women)
White	<i>Tinga</i>	<i>Lapaca</i>
Black	<i>Una</i>	<i>Nabidre</i>
Great	<i>Guassu</i>	<i>Elodo</i>
Brother	<i>Enduva</i>	<i>Nizo</i>
Salt	<i>Juki</i>	<i>Juki</i>
Ostrich	{ <i>Ema</i> <i>Guaripe</i> }	<i>Apacanigo</i>
Crocodile	<i>Jacare</i>	<i>Nioze</i>

	GEN. LINGUA.	GUAYCURU.
Horse	<i>Cavaru</i>	<i>Apolicano</i>
Pig	<i>Taycu</i>	<i>Nigda</i>
Dog	<i>Jaguara</i>	<i>Niknik</i>
Wolf	<i>Guara</i>	<i>Tiglicon</i>
Cat	<i>Bracaya</i>	<i>Perixene</i>
Man	<i>Apuaba</i>	<i>Hulegre</i>
Demon, or Evil } Spirit }	<i>Anhanga</i>	<i>Nanigogigo</i>
Diviner	<i>Page</i>	<i>Unigenito.</i>

We are sorry to learn from a passage in p. 392. that Mr. Koster, the author of the well-made book of *Travels in Northern Brazil*, to which we have already referred, has fallen a victim to the climate, and died at Recife.

This volume is rather dry, and not free from repetitions, since the account of one district is often equally applicable to others, while the formal arrangement of topic, which the author has adopted, necessitates a fresh recapitulation in every chapter of the same heads of information. Mr. Luccock's less methodical manner is more conducive to amusement. On the whole, however, Mr. Henderson deserves commendation for much originality of observation, much translated instruction, much orderly disposition of parts, and much rational commentary.

The author's 'Concluding Observations' thus anticipate the approaching improvement of Brazil:

'A nobler view of this fine country is rising before us. The adoption by the Brazilians of the free constitution of government recently determined upon by the mother-country, and sanctioned by the beneficent disposition of their monarch, as well as by the highly honorable, judicious, and decided approbation of the Prince Royal, will, it is hoped, rouse the latent energies of this fine country, and produce an immediate advance towards that flourishing and distinguished state we have been contemplating. Indeed it cannot be otherwise if the constitution is adopted with stability and energy; for liberty, civil and religious, is richly productive of every thing that is honourable and beneficial to mankind, and those have been the most truly glorious who have enjoyed it most, giving, as it does to man, when wisely tempered, an open and happy countenance and heart, and a firm and erect attitude, step, and character. Such has been Greece in ancient and such is Britain in modern times.

'The want of similar blessings in the Brazil has greatly paralysed industry in the pursuits of husbandry and commerce, engendered apathy, and an almost total depression of any desire to emerge from a state of profound ignorance in literature and the arts. Education, partially derived from royal professors, whose pompous denominations are a mockery upon learning, will now surely soar to excellence, by means of the establishment of seminaries of learning, with professors of real talent diffusion

of knowledge, and the interest which a share in a popular constitution will give the people in their government, will change their listless character into one of life and energy. The amelioration of the laws respecting property in land, the adoption of new regulations in favor of commerce, and the curtailing the mind-degrading and extortionate influence of a numerous and slothful priesthood, will give the Brazilians the desire and power of giving effect to the immense physical means of felicity and glory afforded by a country so extraordinarily favoured by nature.

‘ When so barren, so foggy, so unproductive, and so small a country as Holland, has rendered itself so rich and distinguished among the European states, infinitely more blessed by nature, what may not be anticipated of a land so immense, so luxuriant in soil, and so favourable in climate as the Brazil, capable as it is of largely producing almost whatever nature has bestowed upon other countries. What may not be anticipated now that such a land has exchanged slavery for freedom ?

‘ The philosopher, the man of business, and the philanthropist, already exult in the change, and are felicitated by the prospect so richly and grandly opening before them. To the first, improved facilities will be afforded, in one of the most magnificent and varied fields in the world, for his delightful pursuits in Natural History. To the British merchant particularly an immense augmentation of his commercial dealings will be opened, by a wiser administration of the Brazilian government relative to the exchange of commodities with other countries, and by the increased industry and prosperity of the Brazilian people. The well-wisher to the happiness of his fellow-men will be cheered with the prospect of the gradual if not speedy abolition of the hateful slave-trade ; thus conferring the enjoyment of freedom not only upon their sable brethren in South America, but cutting off one of the main sources of the wars, slavery, and misery of the people of Africa. The revered names of Clarkson and Wilberforce will then sound as gratefully as they now do odiously to the Brazilian planter and dealer, who at present, from a prejudiced and narrow conception of what best contributes to the prosperity of individuals and of nations, and from an ignorant and ill-founded notion of the faculties of the Negro, misconceive the labors of those excellent men. The picture which we have drawn of the future advancement of this country permits us also to indulge the hope that the blessings of civilization will be carried with Jesuitical earnestness among the numerous untamed Indians, and that the envenomed dart, rudely-painted skin, and distorted features, will give place to the customs of social life, thereby converting their native wilds into scenes of fertility, such as formerly beautified the missions of Paraguay, where groves of fruit-trees, where sweetest plants and flowers, plantations of roots, of rice, and Indian corn, numerous useful animals, together with a mild paternal government, ensured plenty and prosperity to the inhabitants.’

We are not willing to think that this picture is too highly colored : but is not attention to Brazil as a field of commercial



cial speculation, or colonial exploit, on the decline in this country? and may not the imperial constitution, which it is about to receive, give to its laws an inhospitable and intolerant tendency? Titles probably will be multiplied, entails encouraged, and landed property acquire a feudal importance and inseparability. Instead of land tending to divide into small possessions, vested absolutely in the cultivator, every planter may become the vassal of a monastery, or of a nobleman. Idle proprietors will then be the *grandeers* of the region; and the taxes, instead of attacking the resources of laziness, will be flung on the earnings of industry. The revenue of *fixed* property is absorbed by the state with advantage to the activity of the community: but the taxation of *circulating* property checks the movements of trade, confiscates its accumulations, and delays the progress of universal wealth. We apprehend danger, also, in all the South American nations, of a growing prejudice against the European foreigner: the Creole population almost every where combines against the stranger and the intruder; and thus a long postponement of the importation of the arts and civilities of the old world is threatened. Forgetting that the lapse of a single generation suffices to replace the stranger by the native, these jealous self-sufficient traders reject the instruction of the experienced and the co-operation of the skilful, and thus prolong the adolescence of a society which a more liberal policy would sooner ripen to maturity. To encourage a taste for travelling into Europe might be the best remedial process for the native governments; since it would generate the habit of consulting a mass of literature which has outgrown the prejudices of a darker age, and which, though still compatible with superannuated institutions, may tend to check their revival and extension in a newer and a vaster world.

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ART. VII. *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent*, during the Years 1799—1804. By Alexander de Humboldt, and Aimé Bonpland; with Maps, Plans, &c. Written in French by Alexander de Humboldt, and translated into English by Helen Maria Williams. Vol. V. In Two Parts. \* 8vo. pp. 870. 1l. 4s. Boards. Longman and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING the intellectual regale with which M. de Humboldt generally contrives to treat the thinking class of his readers, we have again to express our disappointment

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\* For the preceding volumes of this series, we have to refer to M.R. vol. lxxix. p. 1.; lxxxviii. p. 234., and xc. p. 14. The sketches of maps connected with the volume now submitted to our examination will appear in the next number of the *Geographical Atlas*.

at the manner in which he has been induced to retail the materials of his journals. A more strict regard to unity of design would have prevented the introduction of all sorts of discussion under the department of a *Personal Narrative*; while a due respect for the *lucidus ordo* would have produced a more consecutive and distinct record of facts and events; and a consciousness of the feelings and sympathies of our common nature would have justified an occasional descent from the elevated and majestic style of philosophy, to the more accommodating phraseology of the ordinary intercourses and amenities of life. In his pompous approaches to the consideration of questions of general or mysterious import, we trace the semblance at least of affectation; and, when we find the recurrence of the same statements in different parts of his writings, or suffer under the prolixity of some of his investigations, we can scarcely absolve him from the charge of aspiring to the character of a voluminous author. These circumstances, together with the impracticability of adequately conveying even the substance of many long passages within our circumscribed boundaries, will plead our apology for noticing the volume before us rather less in detail than the multifarious and important nature of its contents might seem to require.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 15th of April, the travellers left the island of Panumana, when elevated lightnings, unaccompanied by thunder, illuminated the sky, and the jaguars were roaring on the strand. At sun-rise, they passed the mouth of the Rio Anaveni, arriving very late at the foot of the great cataract, and halting at the mission of Atures, apparently situated in the antient bed of the river. The inhabitants of this settlement have dwindled to forty-seven individuals, from among whom the aboriginal Atures have nearly disappeared. In this neighbourhood, the opposite sides of the river are occupied by tribes of very different characters and dispositions; those of the western bank being nomadic, or vagabond, dirty and disgusting in their habits, and with difficulty reclaimed; while those to the east, being natives of the forest, and cultivators of the soil, live in fixed abodes, and readily associate with the missionaries. The prevalence of febrile affections in these latitudes seems to result from the combined effects of excessive heat and humidity, and unwholesome aliment: but the natives likewise attribute it to certain pestilential exhalations, arising, as they suppose, from the rocks of the cataracts. At all events, it is not a little curious that these rocks are coated over with a brownish-black crust, like that of meteoric stones; which has  
been



been also remarked of masses of primitive rock in the cataracts of Syene, and in the river Congo. According to Mr. Children's analysis, this incrustation is composed of the oxyds of iron and manganese; and such a deposition, it is presumed, may originate in a sort of chemical cementation: but the author very judiciously observes that any dangerous consequences from sleeping on the *black rocks* may, with more correctness, be ascribed to the intense heat of their surface than to exhalations which are alleged to taint the salubrity of the atmosphere.

To the natural causes of depopulation on the banks of the Oroonoko, is to be added the practice which obtains among the young married women of procuring abortions by the use of certain deleterious herbs, that do not otherwise impair their constitution, or prevent pregnancy at a more advanced age. 'When twins are born, false notions of propriety and family honor require that one of them should be destroyed.'

The vicinity of Atures suggests an interesting parallel between the rivers Amazon and Oroonoko, and a sketch of the appropriate physical and vegetable features of the surrounding landscape: but we labor through many observations before we arrive at any very distinct picture of the magnificent cataracts themselves; and at the moment when we think we have reached it, we find the account frittered down into minute and broken details. After all, the greatest perpendicular height, in the whole length of these falls, is supposed not to exceed 28 feet; and, although their noise is heard at the distance of more than a league, and is particularly audible during the night, it by no means affects the inhabitants with deafness, as some of the missionaries have alleged. — Passing over the speculations on the propagation and intensity of sound, &c. we may notice the somewhat prolonged, yet not uninteresting, comments on the geographical distribution of the several tipulary insects which infest those moist and heated latitudes. 'The plague of the flies' is a general topic of conversation, and a source of enduring torment. These insects consist chiefly of six species of *Culex*, differing from our European gnats; and of some species of *Simulium*, which observe their respective periods of sallying forth, 'cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with their long suckers, in the form of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing, whenever you attempt to speak in the open air.' Every tropical country, however, is not equally vexed by noxious insects; and table-lands, in particular, are generally almost free from them. It is also deserving of remark that most of the stinging individuals are females; and

and that the Indians, and all people of color, suffer from their attacks, though perhaps less painfully than the whites, owing to the different conformation of the dermoid system.

The rapids of Maypures, and the surrounding objects, are thus graphically depicted:

‘ To take in at one view the grand character of these stupendous scenes, the spectator must be stationed on the little mountain of Manimi, a granitic ridge, that rises from the savannah, north of the church of the mission, and is itself only a continuation of the steps, of which the *raudalito* of Manimi is composed. We often visited this mountain, for we were never weary of the view of this astonishing spectacle, concealed in one of the most remote corners of the earth. Arrived at the summit of the rock, the eye suddenly takes in a sheet of foam, extending a whole mile. Enormous masses of stone, black as iron, issue from its bosom. Some are paps grouped in pairs, like basaltic hills; others resemble towers, strong castles, and ruined buildings. Their gloomy tint contrasts with the silvery splendour of the foam. Every rock, every islet, is covered with vigorous trees, collected in clusters. At the foot of those paps, far as the eye can reach, a thick vapour is suspended over the river, and through this whitish fog the tops of the lofty palm-trees shoot up. What name shall we give to these majestic plants? I suppose them to be the *radgini*, a new species of the genus *oreodoxa*, the trunk of which is more than eighty feet high. The leafy plume of this palm-tree had a brilliant lustre, and rises almost straight toward the sky. At every hour of the day the sheet of foam displays different aspects. Sometimes the hilly islands and the palm-trees project their broad shadows, sometimes the rays of the setting sun are refracted in the humid cloud, that shrouds the cataract. Coloured arcs are formed, and vanish and appear again alternately; light sport of the air, their images wave above the plain.

‘ Such is the character of the landscape discovered from the top of the mountain of Manimi, which no traveller has yet described. I do not hesitate to repeat, that neither time, nor the view of the Cordilleras, nor any abode in the temperate vallies of Mexico, have effaced from my mind the powerful impression of the aspect of the cataracts. When I read a description of those places in India, that are embellished by running waters and a vigorous vegetation, my imagination retraces a sea of foam and palm-trees, the tops of which rise above a stratum of vapour. The majestic scenes of nature, like the sublime works of poetry and the arts, leave remembrances that are incessantly awakening, and through the whole of life mingle with all our feelings of what is grand and beautiful.

‘ The calm of the atmosphere, and the tumultuous movement of the waters, produce a contrast peculiar to this zone. Here no breath of wind ever agitates the foliage, no cloud veils the splendour of the azure vault of heaven; a great mass of light is diffused in the air, or the earth strewn with plants with glossy leaves,  
and

and on the bed of the river, which extends far as the eye can reach. This appearance surprises the traveller born in the north of Europe. The idea of wild scenery, of a torrent rushing from rock to rock, is linked in his imagination with that of a climate, where the noise of the tempest is mingled with the sound of the cataracts; and where in a gloomy and misty day, sweeping clouds seem to descend into the valley, and rest upon the tops of the pines. The landscape of the tropics in the low regions of the continents has a peculiar physiognomy, something of greatness and repose, which it preserves even where one of the elements is struggling with invincible obstacles. Near the equator, hurricanes and tempests belong to islands only, to deserts destitute of plants, and to those spots, where parts of the atmosphere repose upon surfaces, from which the radiation of heat is very different.'

It is a singular fact that various tribes of the Maypures, and other Indian families on the Oroonoko, have been in the practice of manufacturing pottery-ware from time immemorial; and, on digging the ground in the forests, in almost every direction, fragments of earthen vessels are found. The process of fabrication is chiefly confided to the women, who purify the clay by repeated washings, form it into cylinders, and mould the largest vases with their hands; being unacquainted with the wheel, the use of which was known to the Oriental nations in remote antiquity. In painting their vessels, these Indians have recourse to the oxyds of iron and manganese, particularly red and yellow ochres, and occasionally certain vegetable extracts. The prevailing figures are *Grécques*, painted in straight lines, analogous to those which we find on the vases of *Magna Grecia*, and on the Mexican edifices of Mitla; such as meandrites, crocodiles, &c. Similar indications of partial civilization have been traced in North America. — Around the village of Maypures grows a majestic tree, the *Unona xylopoides* of Decandolle, which the planters call *Frutto de burro*; and bearing aromatic fruit, of which the infusion is such a powerful febrifuge, that the missionaries seldom travel without a little bag filled with it. 'The people of America have the most inveterate prejudices against the employment of the different kinds of cinchona; and in the very countries where this valuable remedy grows, they try to cut off the fever by infusions of scoparia dulcis, and hot lemonades prepared with sugar and the small wild lime, the rind of which is equally oily and aromatic.' — About the 20th of April, the centigrade thermometer, at Maypures, indicated during the night from 27° to 29°, and, in the shade, during the day, 29° 6': the temperature of a fine spring, issuing from granite, being 27'.8, which was supposed to be a little lower than the mean annual heat of the atmosphere.

The

The thick forests of the lofty Cerros de Sipapo, being quite unfrequented, have been selected for the abode of the Rayas, 'who have their mouth in the navel,' as an old Indian boasted of having seen with his own eyes; and it is not at all times safe to avow scepticism with regard to the existence of this acephalous race. The fantastic rocks of these Cerros consist of granite, passing into gneiss; and at the confluence of the Vichada they are covered with moss and lichens, resembling the *chladonia pyxidata* and *lichen rangiferinus*, which are so common in the north of Europe: yet here the travellers were elevated less than 100 toises above the level of the ocean, and in five degrees of latitude in the torrid zone, which has so long been reckoned destitute of such cryptogamic plants. M. Bonpland discovered, at the same time, several specimens of *Laurus cinnamomoides*, or cinnamon of the Oroonoko, which is highly aromatic, though specifically different from that of Ceylon. This and other facts, which are appositely stated, illustrate the important position that 'analogy of climates is often found in the two continents, without identity of productions.' — The epithet *black* has been applied to the waters of the Zama, the Metaveni, the Atabapo, &c. which appear brown, like coffee, or of a greenish black; yet they are clearer, more agreeable to the taste, and less frequented by moschitoes than the *white* waters. The cause of this marked diversity in the color of rivers has not been satisfactorily explained, though the data which M. de Humboldt has supplied may guide and assist the future investigations of chemists.

From Atabapo to the Rio Negro, the travellers proceeded by means of tortuous and intermingled rivers, of which the courses and relations are for the first time accurately disentangled, so as to obviate the errors and supply the omissions of former geographers. One portion of the Atabapo abounds with crocodiles and fresh-water dolphins. Enormous water-snakes, resembling boas, were also observed swimming by the side of the canoe. Though they are at the most 12 or 14 feet long, we can readily suppose that analogous animals, of far larger dimensions, may inhabit the waters of the ocean, in conformity to the recent testimonies of some naturalists and travellers. — A melancholy interest attaches to the tale of a woman of *Guakiba*, whose maternal tenderness and heroism, and whose cruel fate, are recorded with the feelings of indignant history: but the passage is too long for quotation.

Flat granitic plains, covered with forests, extend along the banks of the Temi; and the junction of the latter with the Tumini is situated near Javita, whence the boat was to be transported across the portage of Pimichin. In the mean  
time,



time, the longitude of Javita was determined to be  $70^{\circ} 22'$ , or  $1^{\circ} 15'$  farther west than that of the junction of the Apure with the Oroonoko. Early in May, the centigrade thermometer kept up in the day to 26 or 27 degrees, and in the night to  $21^{\circ}$ . Here it often rains four or five months, without intermission; and, on the 1st of May, the rain-gauge indicated 21 inches in the short space of five hours. — In the forests of Pimichin, M. de Humboldt ascertained that the *dapicho*, or alleged mineral caoutchouc, is an extravasation from the roots of two trees, called *jacio* and *curvana*. This subterraneous discharge from the sap is most abundant after the trees have attained to a great age, and the interior of the trunk begins to decay. It is a white corky substance, resembling that of *boletus igniarius*, rendered blackish by being softened before the fire, and is used for rebounding balls, stoppers for bottles, &c. It seems to be the milky juice of these trees, slowly inspissated, and modified by the humidity of the soil and the absence of light. Elastic gum has now been obtained from various plants both in the old and the new continent; and the author asserts that, 'without cultivating trees with a milky sap, a sufficient quantity of caoutchouc might be collected in the missions of the Oroonoko alone for the consumption of civilized Europe.'

Such of the natives of the Upper Oroonoko, and of the tracts of territory watered by its many tributary streams, as have been adopted by the missions, may be regarded as still in the infancy of society; transferring their slender settlements from one fertile spot to another, setting fire to the brambles, and putting a few seeds or slips into the soil. M. de Humboldt alleges that they have no other worship than that of the powers of nature: but this is a vague expression; and its import is apparently contradicted in the very next sentence, which informs us of their Great Spirit, or Good Principle, and of their Evil Spirit; — to say nothing of the *Botuto*, or sacred trumpet, which is become 'an object of veneration,' and which 'if a woman have the misfortune to see, she is put to death without mercy.'

Compared with the Amazon, or the Rio de la Plata, or the Oroonoko, the Rio Negro is a stream of second order. The author gives a long historical and critical dissertation on its sources, and its connection with the other considerable streams of South America: the many and palpable errors of former travellers and geographers are elaborately exposed; and the far-famed *El Dorado* is demonstrated to be fabulous. This last topic is resumed in the sequel, at rather an unnecessary length.

The subsequent particulars may be new to some of our meteorological readers :

‘ It rains on the banks of the Rio Negro almost the whole year, with the exception of the months of December and January. Even in the season of drought the blue sky is seldom seen during two or three days in succession. In serene weather the heat appears so much greater, as the rest of the year, although the nocturnal temperature is twenty-one degrees, the inhabitants complain of cold during the night. I repeated the experiments at San Carlos, which I had made at Javita, on the quantity of rain that falls in a given space of time. These researches are important for explaining the enormous swellings of the rivers near the equator, which were long thought to receive the snow-waters of the Cordilleras. I have seen fall at different times, in two hours, 7·5 lines ; in three hours, 18 lines ; in 9 hours, 48·2 lines. As it rains without intermission, (a small, but very thick rain,) I have thought, that the quantity of water, which falls annually in the forests, cannot be less than ninety or one hundred inches. The justness of this estimation, however extraordinary it may appear, was confirmed by observations made with great care in the kingdom of New Spain by the colonel of engineers, Mr. de Costanzo. There fell at Vera Cruz, in 1803, in the months of July, August, and September only, thirty-five inches two lines (*ped du roi*) ; in the whole year, sixty-two inches two lines of rain-water ; yet there is a great difference between the bare and arid climate of the coasts of Mexico, and that of the forests. On that coast not a drop of rain falls in December or January ; and the months of February, April, and May, generally produce only from two inches to two inches three lines : at San Carlos, on the contrary, the atmosphere seems to resolve itself into water during nine or ten successive months. In these humid climates, the earth in the space of a year would be covered with a stratum of water eight feet deep, if there were no evaporation or flowing off of the fluid. These equatorial rains, which swell the majestic rivers of America, are accompanied by electric explosions ; and while at the extremity of that continent, on the western coast of Greenland, the noise of thunder is not heard once during five or six years \* ; here, near the equator, the clouds are almost daily rumbling. The coincidence of the electric explosions and the rains, however, does not justify the ancient hypothesis of the formation of water in the air by the combination of oxygen and hydrogen. In vain has hydrogen been sought as far as three thousand six hundred toises of height. The quantity of water contained in saturated air augments much more rapidly from twenty to twenty-five degrees than from ten to fifteen degrees :

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\* \* The Chevalier Giseke, who resided seven years in the seventieth degree of latitude, saw lightning only once, during the long exile to which he condemned himself from his love of the sciences. On the coast of Greenland the noise of avalanches, or that caused by the fall of ice, is often confounded with the sound of thunder.’

A single



A single degree of cooling produces consequently a greater quantity of visible vapours in the torrid than in the temperate zone. Air unceasingly renewed by the effect of currents may furnish by simple precipitation all the water, which so much strikes the imagination of philosophers in the equatorial rains.'

On the island of Dapa, lying in the middle of the river, the party encountered four natives, seated round a fire of brush-wood, and eating a sort of white paste, prepared with smoked *vahacos*, a species of large ant, the abdomen of which resembles a lump of grease. In the village of San Carlos, they observed a few *Juvias*, which produce the triangular nuts called in Europe *Almonds of the Amazon*. This fine stately tree is now denominated *Bertholletia excelsa*. — According to M. de H. the *Amazon stones*, or green amulets, to which so many superstitious properties have been attributed, belong to the *Saussurite*, or genuine *jade*; and their history introduces that of the Amazons themselves, which is made up of various exaggerated traditions, recorded by M. de la Condamine and others.

May 10. At the distance of eight miles from San Carlos, the travellers entered the Rio Cassiquiare. Here a granitic rock, which forms a small cataract, attracted their attention by the numerous quartz veins by which it is traversed; and wherever these veins cross one another, those containing mica and black schorl are observed to disturb the direction of such as contain only white quartz and felspar. — The scenery of the Cassiquiare considerably resembles that of the Rio Negro: but it has white waters, and more frequently changes its direction. Its banks are decorated by the chiriva palm-tree, with pinnate leaves, silvery beneath: while the rest of the forest consists of trees, with large coriaceous glossy leaves, having plain edges. In the whole course of the river, a length of fifty leagues, not two hundred inhabitants are to be found; the Indians having withdrawn into the woods on the east, and the plains on the west being almost deserted. The soil appears to be more fertile than that of the banks of the Negro.

As little authentic information has been received relative to the habits of the Toucans, we gladly copy the following notices:

'The toucan resembles the raven in its manners and intelligence. It is a courageous animal, but easily tamed. Its long and stout beak serves to defend it at a distance. It makes itself master of the house, steals whatever it can come at, and loves to bathe often and fish on the banks of the river. The toucan we had bought was very young; yet it took delight, during the whole voyage,

voyage, in teasing the cuscusis, or nocturnal monkeys, which are sad and passionate. I did not observe what has been related in some works of natural history, that the toucan is forced, from the structure of its beak, to swallow its food by throwing it up into the air. It raises it indeed with some difficulty from the ground, but, having once seized it with the point of its enormous beak, it has only to lift it up by throwing back its head, and hold it perpendicularly as long as it is in the act of swallowing. This bird makes extraordinary gestures when preparing to drink. The monks say, that it makes the sign of the cross upon the water; and this popular belief has obtained for the toucan, from the Creoles, the singular name of *Diostede* (God grant it thee).'

M. de H.'s reflections on anthropophagy, suggested by some revolting incidents at the mission of Mandavaca, are calculated to excite a painful interest in the eventful history of our species. The cannibalism of the natives of Guyana is never prompted by want of subsistence, nor by the dictates of a gloomy superstition, as in the South Sea islands, but generally by the spirit of revenge in a conqueror: but the disgusting propensity to which we allude, and the practice of human sacrifices with which it is often connected, prevail in various quarters of the globe, and among people of very different races. They are even sometimes retained in a state approaching to civilization; and those tribes, among whom it is reckoned a point of honor to devour their prisoners of war, are not always the rudest or the most ferocious.—The Indians of Mandavaca are celebrated for their preparation of the *curare* poison, the nature of which is afterward more particularly explained.

The mission of Vasiva, the next stage, situated in a marshy and very feverish territory, is rendered still more unhealthy by the complete absence of wind.—From this point to the separation of the Itinivini from the Cassiquiare, the country proved wild and solitary: but M. Bonpland's researches were rewarded by the flowers of a new species of bamboo, which rises to twenty feet; and it is worthy of remark that several of this tribe of plants vegetate in great luxury, and appear to be unquestionable denizens of the soil, without manifesting any fructification.—The navigation from Mandavaca to Esmeralda is described as the most painful portion of the traveller's movements in America; for he had to exercise his courage and patience against the prevalence of heat and moisture, the privation of wholesome and adequate food, and especially against the monotonous and incessant harassment of gnats and moschitoes.

On the 21st of May, the frail bark again entered the bed of the Oroonoko, three leagues below the mission of Esmeralda;

meralda ; and, though 750 miles were still to be passed before it reached Angostura, it now had to move with the current, and in the middle of the stream, which is freer from insects than the shores.

‘ The point of the celebrated bifurcation of the Oroonoko has a very imposing aspect. Lofty granitic mountains rise on the northern bank ; and amid them are discovered at a distance the Maraguaca and the Duida. There are no mountains on the left bank of the Oroonoko, west or east of the bifurcation, till opposite the mouth of the Tamatama. There stands the rock Guaraco, which is said to throw out flames from time to time in the rainy season. When the Oroonoko is no longer surrounded by mountains toward the south, and reaches the opening of a valley, or rather a depression of the ground, which terminates at the Rio Negro, it divides itself into two branches. The principal trunk (the Rio Paragua of the Indians) continues its course toward the west-north-west, turning round the group of the mountains of Parime ; the branch which forms the communication with the Amazon runs into plains, the general slope of which is towards the south, but of which the partial planes incline in the Cassiquiare toward the south-west, and in the basin of the Rio Negro toward the south-east. A phenomenon so strange in appearance, which I verified on the spot, merits particular attention ; and so much the more, as it may throw some light on analogous facts, which are thought to have been observed in the interior of Africa.’

About fifty pages are occupied with a general view of the hydraulic system of Spanish Guyana, or the distribution and relations of its principal rivers. Having sketched the course of the Oroonoko, the author adverts to three peculiarities which it exhibits ; namely, its invariable tendency to the groupe of mountains round which it turns at the south, the west, and the north, — the position of its sources in the apparent basins of the Rio Negro and the Amazon, — and its bifurcation, by which one of its branches is sent off to another system of rivers. This last circumstance is now ascertained to take place in  $3^{\circ} 10'$  of N. latitude, and  $68^{\circ} 37'$  of longitude west of the meridian of Paris. These and other important geographical points are treated with much critical ability, and their investigation conducts us to these humane and cheerful reflections :

‘ Since my departure from the banks of the Oroonoko and the Amazon, a new era unfolds itself in the social state of the nations of the West. The fury of civil discussions will be succeeded by the blessings of peace, and a freer development of the arts of industry. The bifurcation of the Oroonoko, the isthmus of Tumini, so easy to pass over by an artificial canal, will fix the attention of commercial Europe. The Cassiquiare, as broad as the

the Rhine, and the course of which is one hundred and eighty miles in length, will no longer form in vain a navigable canal between two basins of rivers, which have a surface of one hundred and ninety thousand square leagues. The grain of New Grenada will be carried to the banks of the Rio Negro; boats will descend from the sources of the Napo and the Ucuyabe, from the Andes of Quito and of Upper Peru, to the mouths of the Oroonoko, a distance which equals that from Tombuctoo to Marseilles. A country nine or ten times larger than Spain, and enriched with the most varied productions, is navigable in every direction, by the medium of the natural canal of the Cassiquiare, and the bifurcation of the rivers. This phenomenon, which will one day be so important for the political connections of nations, unquestionably deserved to be carefully examined.'

Part the second of this volume commences with an account of the Upper Oroonoko, from Esmeralda to the confluence of the Guaviare. Opposite to the bifurcation, the granitic ridge of Duida rises in the form of an amphitheatre to the height of 8000 feet. At its base is the missionary hamlet of Esmeralda, surrounded by a pleasant plain, which is watered by limpid streams, and embellished with clumps of the *Marmitia* palm, the sago-tree of America. Here, too, are found pine-apples, of a delicious flavour, not inferior to those of Cuba. — The monk appointed to celebrate mass at Esmeralda resides at Santa Barbara, about 50 leagues' distance, and an old officer acts as deputy-missionary; teaching the children their rosary, ringing the bells, and sometimes using 'his choirster's wand in a manner not very agreeable to the natives.' — 'A mineralogical error gave celebrity to Esmeralda. The granites of Duida and Maraguaca contain in open veins fine rock-crystals, some of them of great transparency, others colored by chlorite, or blended with actinote; and they were taken for diamonds and emeralds.' When this illusion vanished, and immense multitudes of insects continued at all times to obscure the air, this station was regarded as a place of banishment and malediction: but its natural capabilities are such as to offer the greatest encouragement to steady and industrious settlers. The only manufacture for which the place is at present celebrated is that of the *curare* poison; and the process of preparing it from the juice of *bejuco de mavacure*, and of the *kiracaguero*, is detailed with sufficient minuteness. This subtle poison may be received into the stomach with impunity, but, in contact with the blood, it immediately affects the vascular system, and violently excites the spinal marrow.

After having witnessed the operation of preparing this poison, the travellers attended at the festival of the *Juvis*, which



which was celebrated by dancing and the most savage intoxication. Many roasted and blackened monkeys were ranged along the wall of the hut allotted to the ceremony. The dancing was somewhat dull, the females not presuming to join in it; and the music proceeded from a rude sort of pan-pipes, arranged by the natives. — The *Bertholletia excelsa*, which yields the *Brazil chesnuts*, is next described at considerable length, and in a manner that cannot fail to interest the botanists of Europe. — ‘The Indians in all the Upper Oroonoko fry fish, dry them in the sun, and reduce them to powder, without separating the bones. I have seen masses of fifty or sixty pounds of this flour, which resembles that of cassava. When it is wanted for eating, it is mixed with water, and reduced to a paste.’

At Esmeralda, as in the other missions, such of the Indians as remain unbaptized live in a state of polygamy, the husbands exercising much domestic tyranny over their wives. Here M. de Humboldt had an opportunity of meeting with some of those dwarf and those fair Indians, whom tradition has long placed near the sources of the Oroonoko: but he found that the shortness of their stature and the fairness of their complexion have been alike much exaggerated, and both descriptions appear to be varieties of the race which had existed previously to their settlement in the same country.

On the 23d of May, the author and his companion took their departure from Esmeralda, in stormy weather, and labouring under the effects of bodily languor and fatigue. Proceeding down the stream, and passing by the mouths of the Cunucununo, the Guanami, and the Puraname, they observed that the banks on both sides were destitute of inhabitants; yet rude figures of the sun, moon, animals, &c. traced on the hardest rocks of granite, attest the existence of a former population, and a state of culture at present unknown. The same remark applies to various other regions of South America, and is intimately connected with the mythological fables of the Tamanacs, and the traditions of a great flood. — In the small village of Santa Barbara were found some traces of industry, the produce of which, however, was reserved for the mission; or, as the phrase is in those countries, ‘for the church and the convent.’

From the mouth of the Atabapo to that of the Apure, the country had been already visited. The rapids of Guahiboes and Garcita were passed on the 31st of May, when the vicinity of the cavern of Ataruipe induced the party to land.

‘We climbed with difficulty, and not without some danger, a steep rock of granite, entirely bare. It would have been almost impos-

impossible to fix the foot on its smooth and sloping surface, if large crystals of feldspar, resisting decomposition, did not stand out from the rock, and furnish points of support. Scarcely had we attained the summit of the mountain, when we beheld with astonishment the singular aspect of the surrounding country. The foamy bed of the waters is filled with an archipelago of islands covered with palm-trees. Toward the west, on the left bank of the Oroonoko, stretch the savannahs of the Meta and Casanare. They resembled a sea of verdure, the misty horizon of which was illumined by the rays of the setting sun. It's orb, resembling a globe of fire, suspended over the plain; and the solitary Peak of Uniana, which appeared more lofty from being wrapped in vapours that softened its outline; all contributed to augment the majesty of the scene. Near us the eye looked down into a deep valley, enclosed on every side. Birds of prey and goatsuckers winged their lonely flight in this inaccessible circus. We found a pleasure in following with the eye their fleeting shadows, as they glided slowly over the flanks of the rock.

A narrow ridge led us to a neighbouring mountain, the rounded summit of which supported immense blocks of granite. These masses are more than forty or fifty feet in diameter; and their form is so perfectly spherical, that, appearing to touch the soil only by a small number of points, it might be supposed, at the least shock of an earthquake, they would roll into the abyss. I do not remember to have seen any where else a similar phenomenon, amid the decompositions of granitic soils. If the balls rested on a rock of a different nature, as it happens in the blocks of Jura, we might suppose, that they had been rounded by the action of water, or thrown out by the force of an elastic fluid; but their position on a summit of a hill alike granitic makes it more probable, that they owe their origin to the progressive decomposition of the rock.

The most remote part of the valley is covered by a thick forest. In this shady and solitary spot, on the declivity of a steep mountain, the cavern of Ataruipe opens itself; it is less a cavern than a jutting rock, in which the waters have scooped a vast hollow, when, in the ancient revolutions of our planet, they attained that height. We soon reckoned in this tomb of a whole extinct tribe near six hundred skeletons well preserved, and so regularly placed, that it would have been difficult to make an error in their number. Every skeleton reposes in a sort of basket, made of the petioles of the palm-tree. These baskets, which the natives call *Mapires*, have the form of a square bag. Their size is proportioned to the age of the dead; there are some for infants cut off at the moment of their birth. We saw them from ten inches to three feet four inches long, the skeletons in them being bent together. They are all ranged near each other, and are so entire, that not a rib or a phalanx is wanting. The bones have been prepared in three different manners, either whitened in the air and the sun; dyed red with onoto, a colouring matter extracted from the *bixa orellana*; or, like real mummies, varnished



with odoriferous resins, and enveloped in leaves of the heliconia or of the plantain-tree. The Indians related to us, that the fresh corpse is placed in damp ground, in order that the flesh may be consumed by degrees; some months after, it is taken out, and the flesh remaining on the bones is scraped off with sharp stones. Several hordes in Guyana still observe this custom. Earthen vases half-baked are found near the *mapires* or baskets. They appear to contain the bones of the same family. The largest of these vases, or funeral urns, are three feet high, and five feet and a half long. Their colour is greenish gray; and their oval form is sufficiently pleasing to the eye. The handles are made in the shape of crocodiles, or serpents; the edge is bordered with meanders, labyrinths, and real *grecques*, in straight lines variously combined. Such paintings are found in every zone, among nations the most remote from each other, either with respect to the spot which they occupy on the globe, or to the degree of civilization which they have attained. The inhabitants of the little mission of Maypures still execute them on their commonest pottery; they decorate the bucklers of the Otaheiteans, the fishing implements of the Eskimoes, the walls of the Mexican palace of Mitla, and the vases of ancient Greece. Every where a rhythmic repetition of the same forms flatters the eye, as the cadenced repetition of sounds soothes the ear. Analogies founded on the internal nature of our feelings, on the natural dispositions of our intellect, are not calculated to throw light on the filiation and the ancient connections of nations.'

Similar repositories of the dead are observable in various districts of North and South America.

By staying at Carichana, M. Bonpland was allowed to breathe from his fatigues, and bread of maize-flour, and even milk, were procured; for even in tropical climates the cow yields milk wherever she can have good pasturage.

The very picturesque mission of Uruana is inhabited by the Otomacs; a rude tribe, 'who swallow every day, during several months, very considerable quantities of argillaceous earth to appease hunger, without injury to their health.' Traces of the same depraved appetite are found among the Guamos, and between the confluence of the Meta and Apure. The clay selected for the purpose by the Otomacs is of a smooth unctuous quality, of a yellowish grey hue, but reddened by being slightly baked in the fire. From the analysis of it by M. Vauquelin, it appears to be quite destitute of magnesia, and to contain more silex than alumine; with three or four *per cent.* of lime. It is not subjected to decomposition, nor blended with any organic substance, either oily or farinaceous. M. de Humboldt dilates with his accustomed felicity on this singular physiological topic, which can no longer be treated as the invention of careless or problematical travellers. That

the Otomacs can swallow such quantities of non-nutritious matter, with impunity, he attributes to the effects of a habit progressively acquired; and he does not deny that, in other countries, this *geophagous* mania becomes excessive, so as to induce sickness or even a fatal decline. The propensity exists chiefly among people of the torrid zone; being in some cases the result of choice, and in others of a desire to assuage the severe cravings of hunger, which cease long before digestion takes place. There is even reason to believe that the introduction of such matters into the stomach and intestines may excite a powerful secretion of the gastric and pancreatic juices, which may be re-absorbed as so much aliment. — The Otomacs are described as a restless turbulent tribe, addicted to violent passions, and to habits of intoxication induced by the powder of *acacia niopo*, with which is mixed freshly calcined lime.

Although Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guyana, contains only 6000 inhabitants, its bustle and accommodations were singular contrasts with the tranquillity and desolation which pervaded tracts of country extending over 500 leagues; and the traversing of which, in a canoe, had occupied 75 days. Humble dwellings now appeared magnificent, every person seemed to be indued with a superior intellect, and the sight of wheaten bread on the governor's table excited sensations of delight. — M. Bonpland began to examine the small number of plants which he had been enabled to save from the dampness of the climate, while the author was busied with astronomical observations: — but both were unfortunately attacked, almost simultaneously, by a febrile affection, which in the case of M. Bonpland had nearly proved fatal. His fellow-traveller, however, was speedily cured by a mixture of honey and of the extract of Carony bark, *Cortex Angosturæ*, now *Bonplandia trifoliata*.

Angostura stands at the foot of a hill of hornblend-slate, destitute of vegetation. The houses are lofty and agreeable: but the quays are sometimes inundated; and, even in the town, imprudent persons occasionally become the prey of crocodiles.

‘ A Guaykeri Indian from the island de la Margareta went to anchor his canoe in a cove, where there were not three feet of water. A very fierce crocodile, that habitually haunted that spot, seized him by the leg, and withdrew from the shore remaining on the surface of the water. The cries of the Indian drew together a crowd of spectators. This unfortunate man was first seen seeking with astonishing courage for a knife in the pocket of his pantaloons. Not being able to find it, he seized the head

of the crocodile, and thrust his fingers into its eyes. No man in the hot regions of America is ignorant, that this carnivorous reptile, covered with a buckler of hard and dry scales, is extremely sensible in the only parts of his body which are soft and unprotected, such as the eyes, the hollow underneath the shoulders, the nostrils, and beneath the lower jaw, where there are two glands of musk. The Guaykeri Indian had recourse to the same means which saved the Negro of Mungo Park, but he was less fortunate, for the crocodile did not open its jaws, and lose hold of its prey. The animal yielding to the pain plunged to the bottom of the river; and, after having drowned the Indian, came up to the surface of the water, dragging the dead body to an island opposite the port. I arrived at the moment when a great number of the inhabitants of Angostura had witnessed this melancholy spectacle.

‘ As the crocodile, on account of the structure of its larynx, of the hyoid bone, and of the folds of its tongue, can seize, though not swallow, its prey under water, a man seldom disappears, without the animal being perceived, some hours after, near the spot where the misfortune has happened, devouring its prey on a neighbouring beach. The number of individuals, who perish annually the victims of their own imprudence, and of the ferocity of these reptiles, is much greater than it is believed to be in Europe. It is particularly so in villages, where the neighbouring grounds are often inundated. The same crocodiles remain long in the same places. They become from year to year more daring, especially, as the Indians assert, if they have once tasted of human flesh. These animals are so wary, that they are killed with difficulty. A ball does not pierce their skin; and the shot is only mortal when directed at the throat, or beneath the shoulder. The Indians, who know little of the use of fire-arms, attack the crocodile with lances, after it is caught with large pointed iron hooks, baited with pieces of meat, and fastened by a chain to the trunk of a tree. They do not approach the animal till it has struggled a long time to disengage itself from the iron fixed in the upper jaw. There is little probability that a country, in which a labyrinth of rivers without number brings every day new bands of crocodiles from the eastern bank of the Andes, by the Meta and the Apure, toward the coast of Spanish Guyana, should ever be delivered from these reptiles. All that will be gained by civilization will be to render them more timid, and more easily put to flight.

‘ Affecting instances are related of African slaves, who have exposed their lives to save those of their masters, who had fallen into the jaws of a crocodile. A few years ago, between Uritucu and the *Mission de Abaxo*, a Negro, hearing the cries of his master, flew to the spot armed with a long knife (*machette*), and plunged into the river. He forced the crocodile, by putting out his eyes, to let go his prey, and hide himself under the water. The slave bore his expiring master to the shore; but all succour was unavailing to restore him to life. He died of suffocation,  
for

for his wounds were not deep. 'The crocodile, like the dog, appears not to close its jaws firmly while swimming.'

The comparison of the Delta of the Oroonoko with that of the Nile, and many valuable geographical and political considerations, are well calculated to attract the attention of men of enlightened conceptions and philanthropic sentiments: but we cannot pretend to analyze them without exceeding all reasonable bounds.

In a note subjoined to this volume, we are informed that two quartos of the Personal Narrative, one volume of Zoology, two volumes of the *Nova Genera et Species Plant. æquin.*, the *Magnetical Observations*, and the new edition of the *Geography of Plants*, remain to be published. Eighteen volumes of the original work, eleven of which are in quarto, have already appeared. We may safely observe that a more ample and scientific report of a series of adventurous and perilous travel has never before been given to the world; and the whole, when completed, will afford rich and varied data to minds which delight in physical and moral speculation: — but who, except members of our own fraternity, will, in this age of frivolous or morbid literature, undertake the perusal of a score of massy tomes on far distant mountains and rivers, forests and savannahs, savages and missionaries, plants, monkeys, and insects, — frequently interspersed with rambling meditations, or abounding in repetitions, and devoid of neat and logical arrangement? The quantity of useful and accurate information, conveyed in this huge apparatus of press-work, might have been much more methodically distributed, and much more profitably condensed. In such a compacted form, it would have descended to posterity, not a less proud and honored memorial of years and fortune, of exertions and anxieties, devoted to the cultivation of truth, of science, and of virtue.

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ART. VIII. *The Life of Ali Pacha*, of Janina, Vizier of Epirus, surnamed Aslan, or the Lion. From various authentic Documents. 8vo. pp. 320. 10s. 6d. Boards. Relfe. 1822.

So many opportunities of displaying the character and recording the actions of Ali Pacha have occurred to us, that our readers are already well acquainted with his bloody career, and its deservedly violent termination. The last occasion for our paying attention to him was in reviewing Colonel de Bosset's account of Parga, (Number for December last,) where Ali's final success in obtaining possession of that island

was



was detailed. With regard to the present memoir, it appears that a life of him published by M. Beauchamp, at Paris, forms its principal ground-work: but, besides the matter derived from this source, many extracts from recent travels in the Levant are inserted, which throw additional light on the character of the Pacha, and on the geography of his domain. Among the authorities most frequently quoted, may be distinguished Pouqueville's *Voyage dans la Grèce*, and the Travels of Dr. Holland and Mr. Hughes; while Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* supplies the following appropriate motto to the book, which begins with a short sketch of the antient history of Albania.

“ In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring  
Of living water from the centre rose,  
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,  
And soft voluptuous couches breath'd repose,  
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes;  
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws  
Along that aged venerable face,

The deeds that lurk beneath and stain him with disgrace.”

The Vizier of Janina or Ioannina was born about the year 1750, at Tepelini, on the left bank of the Aous or Voioussa, in a family surnamed Hissas, Moslems of the tribe of the Toskides. The whole clan were by profession *kleftes*, or public robbers. Vely Bey, the father of Ali, became Aga of Tepelini, and married the daughter of the Bey of Conitza, who was named Khamco, who survived her husband, inherited his fortune, and was intrusted with the guardianship of her son Ali, and his sister Chainitza. This Khamco was a woman of great strength of character, and endeavored to inspire her son with military and ambitious passions. “To my mother,” said Ali one day to the consul of France, “I owe all; for my father on his death-bed left me but a mere hole, and a few fields: my imagination, fired by the counsels of her who has twice given me existence, for she has made me a man and a vizier, revealed to me the secret of my destiny, and taught me to look on Tepelini but as the natal aerie from which I was to dart on prey already mine in idea. I thought but of power, treasures, and palaces, and time has realized my hopes.” — At the early age of fourteen, he had conducted some predatory excursions of his vassals against the lands of the enemies of his family; and he was about eighteen when he ventured on the plunder of Gardiki. The inhabitants of this place, however, took a severe revenge; for they armed themselves by night, and succeeded in carrying off from Tepelini the mother and sister of Ali, (he being absent at a wedding,) who were after-

afterward exposed at Gardiki to the most indecent outrages. With the assistance of the Bey of Dosti, Ali recovered their liberty: but their thirst for vengeance was so strong that Chaintza said she should never feel peace until she had stuffed her cushions with the hair of the Gardikiote women: a threat which, after the lapse of forty years, her brother enabled her to realize.

An unsuccessful expedition against Tchormowo reduced Ali's finances to sixty parats, with which he could not long satisfy the troop of Albanians who had shared his misfortune. One day, having retired to the ruins of an old monastery to ruminate on his desperate situation, and mechanically raking up the ground with his stick, he discovered a chest full of gold, which had been hidden there. With this aid he raised two thousand men, and returned in triumph to Tepelini. He was twenty-four years of age when he thus became unexpectedly enriched; and he now married Emineh, the beautiful daughter of Capelan Pacha of Delvino, who had converted the strong town of Argyro-Castron into the seat of a small independent tyranny: — by this wife he had two sons.

Having thus enlarged his connections, Ali resolved to recover the whole of his paternal property; and, by dividing his enemies, and offering his services to the Porte against certain revolted chieftains, he attained not only his immediate ends but an important military appointment. — Epirus was at this period separated into three pachaliks, those of Janina, Paramithia, and Delvino. Selim had succeeded to Ali's father-in-law in the latter, and was denounced by him at Constantinople for having sold to the Venetians a forest situated near the lake Pelode. The Divan dispatched to Ali a firman for Selim's death, which was perpetrated by assassination; and Ali was soon afterward appointed lieutenant to the Pacha of Romelia, a station of profit rather than of honor.

In 1787 a war breaking out between Turkey and Russia, Ali obtained an important command under the Grand Vizier Jouzouf, and his service was rewarded with the pachalik of Tricala in Thessaly. He now purged the country of robbers, and kept in pay a body of four thousand men; when, finding his treasures increase, he set about bargaining for the pachaship of Janina. Meanwhile, his mother died of a dropsy, and left in her will an exhortation to punish the inhabitants of Gardiki, by whom she had been so shamefully insulted.

Calo-Pacha, who had governed Janina during fifteen years, dying at this time, Ali forged an imperial firman, appointing himself to the pachaship of Janina, and took possession of the place. At the same time he sent messengers with great pecuniary



pecuniary presents to Constantinople, who succeeded in purchasing for him the vacant appointment, and thus his usurpation obtained a legal sanction. This change happened in the year 1788: but, as it gave offence to other beys who were his competitors, he took into his counsels and employment many Greeks who were inimical to those beys; and not long afterward he executed the will of his mother with barbarous fidelity, razing to the ground the scene of her disgrace, and selling into slavery all the inhabitants whom he did not torture or destroy. The terror which this enterprize infused throughout the neighbourhood facilitated to Ali farther conquests.

When Bonaparte invaded Italy, General Gentili dispatched by his order an adjutant-general named Roza to sound Ali, and if possible to gain him over to the French interests. Ali assured the emissary that he was a staunch disciple of the Jacobin faith, and was anxious to be initiated into the worship of the Carmagnole; actually mistaking jacobinism and its excesses for a new religion. He accompanied these professions with offers of service, and obtained on his part from the French some assistance to extend his territory along the sea-coast opposite to Corfu. For these encroachments, which were made at the expence of Christian residents, he got credit with the Porte, to whom he offered an increase of tribute, and in whose name he professed to hold the new territory. Indeed, the surname of Aslan, or the Lion, was given to him in consequence by a firman of the Divan. He also exerted himself against the rebel Passevan Oglou. — Perceiving that a war between France and Turkey must follow the invasion of Egypt, he renewed private negotiations with the French, to gain assistance from them in seizing some of the Ionian islands: but, whether the two parties had not common interests, or whether the habitual perfidy of Ali rendered any permanent co-operation impracticable, he quarrelled with his new allies, and imprisoned the adjutant-general Roza. Still, however, he found means during the anarchy to extend his domains, seized Nicopolis and Preveza, and obtained farther honors from the Porte. Even Lord Nelson judged it fit to compliment Ali on the acquisition of Preveza, probably in order to ascertain the maritime value of the Ionian isles.

Successful expeditions against the Souliotes continued to extend the fame and fortunes of Ali, of whom a Report presented to Bonaparte concerning him thus speaks:

‘ “ Ali is from fifty to fifty-five years old \*, but he does not exhibit any traces of a premature old age. His manly and open

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\* This Report was written about 1802 or 1804.’

face is marked with decided features, which strongly express the passions which agitate him. Having the most perfect command over his physiognomy, his glance is seductive, and his well-practised smile indicates a sentiment the very reverse of that by which he is affected; but when inflicting punishment, he is unable to control his anger, which manifests itself by a terrible convulsion of his features, indicative of the violence of his character. He is brave to an extreme: his arms and breast are covered with honourable scars. Steady in his plans, if ever he finds himself compelled by circumstances to deviate from the line he has traced out, he returns to it again and again, and never loses sight of his object till it be attained. Extremely attentive to the convulsions which agitate, and the disasters which shake, the Turkish empire, he with the utmost dexterity avails himself of the weakness of the government to extend his frontiers, and to occupy advanced posts. Strong in the self-devotion of his creatures, and in the powerful friends whom he subsidizes even in the Divan, the Porte itself, aware of his resources, finds it expedient to conciliate his friendship. While aiming at actual independence, he never fails in the payment of tribute, certain that with money the favour of the Ottoman is always secure. He is fond of repeating that he is the modern Pyrrhus (Bourrhous, as he pronounces it). In fact, if the generosity and elevation of character so prominent in Pyrrhus be wanting, Ali at least possesses all his activity, restlessness, discernment, and rapid *coup-d'œil* both in the cabinet and in the field; but his policy has far greater stability. Ali is never lulled into a false security. Superior in knowledge and experience to the other pachas, he is continually awake to what is passing in Europe: the newspapers are translated to him, and it is rarely that a foreigner passes through his dominions without being introduced to Ali, who never fails to glean from him some information: the various political events which affect the amicable relations of sovereigns are also the frequent subjects of deep reflection and acute investigation.

“ His territory comprehends Epirus, Acarnania, a part of Etolia, Thessaly, and some cantons of Macedonia. This pachaship, which includes so many others, is in fact subjected to his sole authority, the other pachaships being mere empty titles: Ali's dominions therefore should, strictly speaking, be considered as a true sovereignty. Little satisfied with an ephemeral empire, to prevent his pachaship from becoming the prey of strangers at his death, Ali carries his views even into futurity, and has already obtained from the Porte the title of Pacha for his two sons.

“ His revenues consist of timars, numerous flocks and herds, and taxes which are raised with less circumstances of severity and vexation than in any other part of the Turkish dominions. If an approximate calculation be made of his revenues, and the profits which he derives from the sale of wood and wool (for he is one of the first merchants and the chief monopolist in the country) be added, the sum-total of his revenues may amount to about 480,000*l.* sterling. With this sum he defrays the expenses of his household,

household, remits his annual tribute to the Porte; and pays his soldiers: the number of whom is in general from eight to ten thousand Albanians, but he is frequently obliged to increase his army, and consequently his expenses. The whole of his military establishment is in a very high state of improvement.

“ In the acquirement of friends or the destruction of enemies, Ali unites the arts of political craft to the other powerful means already in his possession. Far from annoying the agas by repressing their extortions, he permits them to continue their peculations with impunity. Hence therefore it is that the greater part entertain for him all the devotion of fanaticism.”

In 1808, Ali began to fancy that he could better realize his views of independence by the assistance of the English than of the French, and the consequent negotiation is here thus narrated:

“ Ali used much mystery, and at the same time great activity, in keeping up a constant communication with the English admirals commanding in the Mediterranean. His purpose was to bring about a peace between Turkey and Great Britain. But one revolution succeeded another at Constantinople. Mustapha Bairactar, the avenger of Selim, after having deposed the Sultan Mustapha, and proclaimed his eldest brother, endeavoured to disband the Janizaries, and to introduce European customs in all branches of the government; he failed in this perilous enterprize, and perished in a fresh revolt of the Janizaries. The death of this Grand Vizier created at first a general confusion. The English ambassador, Mr. Adair, who, having arrived at the Dardanelles, had opened a communication with the Turkish Divan, despairing of success, was on the eve of his departure, when he received a letter from Ali Pacha, earnestly entreating him to await the event. The advice of Ali Pacha was followed, the English well knowing his great influence in the Divan: he was even suspected of having contributed to foment this last revolt, as he had done that of Nizam-Djedid, under the reign of Selim; nor is this improbable, for every pacha, who aspires to an independent sovereignty, will always prefer the old Turkish system to European innovations. As Ali had desired, peace was soon concluded between England and Turkey. As soon as the preliminaries were signed, Ali hastened to despatch an envoy to London, named Seid-Achmed-Effendi, in order to enhance the services he had rendered to the British cabinet. So much importance was attached to them, that a transport-vessel was immediately ordered to sail for the coast of Epirus, having on board a fine park of artillery and several hundred of Congreve rockets, a recent invention. Major Leake, who had the command of the artillery, was ordered to remain at the court of Ali Pacha, to instruct his Albanian troops in the use and practice of artillery, and also to fill the duties of English resident. Ali, now openly espousing the interests of England, opened his ports to her cruizers and merchant-vessels, and supplied provisions

sions and stores on the most advantageous terms, both for the English fleets and the allied armies of Spain and Portugal.'

As long as the anarchy of warfare continued, Ali contrived to annex Berat and other places to his district, and at last Parga; of the melancholy cession of which, in 1819, many particulars are here given: but the melancholy topic has been sufficiently treated in the article of our Review to which we have already referred.

'The Vizier Ali Pacha might now be considered as having attained the *acmè* of his prosperity. His sons and grandsons were all ennobled with high titles, and appointed to important offices; and although not one in reality, yet he might truly consider himself upon an equality with a sovereign in power and magnificence. Nor were flatterers wanting. At Vienna a poem had been written in his praise: a coat of arms was found for him by one well skilled in heraldry: it consisted of a *lion in a field gules embracing three young lions*, the emblem of his dynasty. A grammar of the French and Greek languages had also been dedicated to him, in which the titles of *high, puissant, and most merciful*, were lavishly bestowed upon him. The author thus expresses himself in the dedication: *The earth, most illustrious Prince, is full of the glory of thy name: the bright and dazzling fame of thy noble virtues has reached every ear.*'

"Even-handed justice," however, allows no stability of prosperity to the perfidious. Ali had omitted to form any enduring alliance, and had not been admitted and recognized as an independent power during the European negotiations for peace. The Porte, indeed, had from weakness connived at his practical separation from allegiance, but it had not agreed to acknowledge his right of sovereignty: secret emissaries were now employed to surround the old age of Ali; and, at length, Churchid Pacha was sent in arms against him. Ali affected to embrace Christianity, stimulated the Greeks to revolt, and endeavored to prepare a formidable resistance: but Churchid gradually surrounded him, drove him into a narrow fortress, invited negotiations, and at last exhibited to him the firman from Constantinople, which demanded his head. He resisted, and killed several of the officers, but was himself shot in the abdomen and in the breast, and almost instantly expired. His head, separately embalmed, was sent to be exhibited in the metropolis on the portal of the seraglio.

This biography throws much light on the habits and manners of the barbarians who occupy the territory formerly illustrated by the Greeks of antiquity. They have escaped that effeminacy of character which seems to overspread modern Italy: but, though courageous and intellectually quick,  
they



they are not superior to perfidy and dishonesty, and thus carry their vindictive feelings to an alarming bitterness: There are no vices which a wise government may not hope to extirpate, after a generation of extended education: but, perhaps, had the independence of Ali, wretch as he was, been extorted from the Porte at the last general peace, a beginning might sooner have been made in disciplining and ameliorating the country.

ART. IX. *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.* 12mo. pp. 206. 5s. Boards. Taylor and Hessey. 1822.

THE bare announcement of *Confessions* has in it something of a popular and attractive nature, not very easy for ordinary or indeed for *any* readers to resist. It would seem to imply the communication of matters which, for private and particular reasons, have hitherto been withholden from the public eye, yet are in some way so connected with individuals or with society as to be interesting to the community. To the usual attractions of auto-biography, this species of writing adds the novelty of obviously implied self-accusation; and we see the accuser and the accused standing forth in the same character, pleading guilty, and preparing to take their trial before the tribunal of their country. It would, then, be requiring too much from human curiosity to demand that it should be silent or affect indifference on such an occasion; and we thus find that, from the time of Jean-Jaques up to the present Opium-Eater, the world has been fond of assuming the character of a father-confessor, listening to the sins and errors of its votaries, and perhaps giving absolution with a kind and merciful spirit, provided that the detail be sufficiently instructive and amusing. We may add, also, that it is an infirmity of our common nature to be eager in receiving what was not exactly intended for its ears, whether this desire arises from a love of the marvellous, or of scandal, or of pure knowlege.

It is not, however, in this view only that the *Opium-Eater's Confessions* will be found intitled to a share of public regard; for the manner in which they are delivered, and their style of execution, confer on them a separate interest of their own. They have an air of reality and life; and they exhibit such strong graphic powers as to throw an interest and even a dignity round a subject which, in less able hands, might have been rendered a tissue of trifles and absurdities. They are, indeed, very picturesque and vivid sketches of individual character and feelings; drawn with a boldness yet an exactness of pencil,

pencil, that is to be found only in one or two prominent geniuses of our day. They have consequently met with a degree of attention and applause that is seldom accorded to auto-biographies even of a more important and laborious kind: but this is the privilege of genius; for, though they are not very instructive and edifying to a large portion of society, and can apply perhaps only to *a very select company of Opium-Eaters*, they are not therefore the less original and amusing. They combine strong sense with wild and somewhat fantastic inventions, accuracy of detail with poetic illustration, and analytical reasoning and metaphysical research with uncommon pathos and refinement of ideas. From the variety of opposite but good qualities which they exhibit, as well as from a certain *enjouement* and raciness of expression, we are inclined to suspect that they were poured forth under the operation of the *pleasures* rather than of the *pains* of opium; and we are the more confirmed in this opinion by the reasons which the writer assigns for not fulfilling his promise of giving us a third part: viz. the being compelled to renounce the Circean cup, and being subjected to such pangs from the want of the alluring drug as appear to have unfitted him for farther exertion.

The author seems to have commenced this Oriental custom about twenty years ago; and he is exceedingly accurate with regard to dates and doses, tables of which are attached for the information of the uninitiated, as well as for those who yield to such enchanting spells. His reasons for giving these confessions to the world are conscientious and just: resolving themselves into a sense of duty 'towards his poorer brethren,' who are not yet redeemed from the delicious thralldom of the drug.

If it be asked, Who are these opium-eaters? Is the writer serious or in jest? 'Reader,' answers this great arch-master of the order, 'they are a very numerous class, indeed. Of this I became convinced some years ago, by computing at this time the number of those in one small class of English society, (the class of men distinguished for talents, or of eminent station,) who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium-eaters; such, for instance, as the eloquent and benevolent —, the late Dean of —, Lord —, Mr. — the philosopher, a late Under Secretary of State; (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to opium, in the very same words as the Dean of —, viz. that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach), Mr. —, and many others hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention.' If we look a little



blank after this *uninforming information*, the author goes on to state that he was told by several cotton-manufacturers that their work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much that, on a Saturday afternoon, the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. If we have been rightly informed, however, the practice arose among these people from a motive of economy which the amateur-eaters cannot advance: it occurred only when wages were so reduced as not to admit of more copious and pleasing drams; and it prevailed to such a very limited extent and degree, that the author needs not be uneasy about the sufferings of the manufacturing interest, even though he believes that no man who has once tasted the divine luxuries of opium could ever descend to the gross mortal enjoyments of alcohol.

Before we proceed to state this patient's case in his own words, we may premise that he does not acknowledge any real guilt to attach to him as the author of his own sufferings; though he has the magnanimity to avow that, even if he did, he should still have made his confession for the service which it might render to the whole class of amateurs. He begins by presenting to us a brief and masterly sketch of his early life; of the days passed at school and college, whence he ingeniously absconds; of his rambles in the metropolis; and of his inmost thoughts and feelings relative to various objects and pursuits. These, however, are merely episodes in this great tragi-comedy of the "*Pains and Pleasures of Opium*:" but we cannot refrain from expressing our sense of the pathos and touches of nature which he has contrived to throw into the history of a poor girl whom he encountered in the streets of London, whom he advised and assisted, and who in turn advised and assisted him in his distresses. In mutual misery they appear to have met: wretchedness was the bond of their affections; and in mutual wretchedness they parted. His first dose of opium seems to have been taken on account of extreme pain and distress; which led to a repetition at various intervals, till the absence of pain was converted into a positive pleasure, and he arrived at the enormous amount of 320 grains or 8000 drops in a day, which we think he states as the maximum of his delight. Yet so completely may he be said to have rendered himself poison-proof, that this quantity probably produced no higher degree of intoxication than that which has been felt by a person who has been known, on recovering from sickness, to get drunk by eating a beef-steak. Among  
the

The many delightful pictures exhibited of the pleasures of opium is the following:

‘ With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end: but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system: this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my noviciate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupify the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than argumentatively,) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804 and 1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary: but I regard that little: I must desire my reader to bear in mind, that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time; and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people: these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

‘ The late Duke of —— used to say, “Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk:” and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks: for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for “a glass of laudanum-negus, warm, and without sugar.” No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sung at the Opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the Operahouse now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and

poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the Barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in *Twelfth Night*, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici* of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the re-action of the mind upon the notices of the ear, (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind,) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach ideas to them. Ideas! my good Sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c. of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of my past life — not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the [sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.]

Turning from the *pleasures* of opium, we must reverse the picture. Some idea of its *horrors* may be gathered from the ensuing quotation:

‘ I have

‘I have described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years, during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished: and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. — I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case: it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day’s appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities, or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and night-mare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love: — he curses the spells which chain him down from motion: — he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

‘I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

‘The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, “I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don’t tell them to come.” Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. — In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Cæsar*,

pus of Priam — before Tyre — before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour.'

We are soon made acquainted with the very alarming progress and variations of the author's sufferings, in a powerful and eloquent piece of writing. A previous interview with a wandering Malay had been related.

'The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to mean antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was

stared



stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parrots, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among streeds and Nilotic mud.'

Such is the last specimen of this singular production that our limits will permit us to give: but we think that no humane reader could desire to see a larger portion of pains and penalties inflicted on the victims of this absurd and destructive though fascinating and luxurious taste. Perhaps only historical painters and tragic or epic poets have a fair title to a free use of it, in order to assist the visionary terrors of their muse. Among the latter, we have known some who almost regularly sipped the inspiring beverage before they sat down to await their poetic attack, as a patient takes his bark when he expects a recurrence of his ague-fits: — but they certainly never met with those poetic returns from it, which were in any degree commensurate with the folly and danger of the trial. For our own part, we are inclined to view the matter in as amusing and absurd a light as we can place it, because we do not think that the practice is likely to become either very extended or very fashionable. We do not, therefore, agree with this gifted opium-eater in viewing the dark side of the picture, though he has shewn great judgment in throwing a sombre and terrific air over the whole. Such a taste will surely not travel far beyond a few infatuated individuals, who have certainly a right, if they so please, (as the author justly observes,) to make experiments *in corpore vile*: — and, if they possess a share of the genius of the amateur before us, the literary not less than the medical world must feel itself indebted to the courage which can venture to furnish it with such an assemblage of curious facts, and so much original and amusing matter. The present author's views in this respect appear to have been perfectly disinterested; for, with a life, he says, worth only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  years' purchase, and the noble indifference of a transcendental philosopher, devoting much of his time to the phænomena of his own body, he makes the subsequent unusual offer.

'If the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspection of my appearances in the body'

body of an opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care that mine shall be legally secured to them — i. e. as soon as I have done with it myself. Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy, and consideration for my feelings: I assure them they will do me too much honour by 'demonstrating' on such a crazy body as mine: and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life.'

Our readers will now have formed a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the work. They will perceive that it is "of a mingled yarn;" that much truth and fine coloring are displayed in the descriptions and details; and that its qualities are all of a rich and elevated kind, such as high pathos, profound views, and deep reasoning, with a happy vein of ridicule indulged at the writer's own expence. That he is evidently a disciple of the German philosopher *Kant*, and of his metaphysical and transcendental school, appears not less from the structure of his language and the turn of his ideas, than from the admiration which he expresses for the superior mysticism and *opium-powers* of only 'one greater than himself.' This we take to be a high compliment to the enlarged capacities of the author of "*Christabel*;" for that neither that gentleman nor Mr. C. Lambe is the real author of the present work, we have the best reasons for believing. Yet we are quite as well assured that the English *Opium-Eater* is partly identified, in genius and social habits, with those whom Lord Byron rather uncourteously calls the *Naturals*, we mean the *Lake-school*. That he chiefly resides among the hills, and is a favorite in many literary and private circles, as well as much respected by the country around him, we may state without unduly trespassing on the *incognito* character, or divulging the name of the author. — May his lucubrations be attended with the success which he seems to covet, in reclaiming his opium-eating friends "from the errors of their ways!" We must not therefore venture to say, though we have few fears of our own on the subject,

"Let those eat now who never ate before,  
And those who always ate now eat the more."

ART. X. *A Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste.* By M. M'Dermot. 8vo. pp. 408. 12s. Boards. Whittakers. 1822.

SOME time has passed since we perused this work, but we have delayed our notice of it in order that we might reconsider our first impressions respecting it, and not pronounce a pre-

a precipitate judgment. In the preface, the author speaks of his own precision and freedom from obscurity in these terms: 'There is one merit which I may be allowed to claim — that of rendering my meaning, and the opinions which I have laboured to establish, clearly understood. That I have been right at all times is more than I can presume to assert; but, right or wrong, I apprehend my readers will be at no loss to discover the spirit and tenor of my arguments, as I have never sought to throw an importance over them, by that studied ambiguity of expression which affects to dignify style by perplexing the understanding; and which always looks most profoundly wise when it is most perfectly unintelligible.' Now it happens that, to our conceptions, the writer's style is in an extraordinary degree diffuse and ample; and notwithstanding his very frank assertion of his claim to the merit of perspicuity, we have had great difficulty in discovering in many parts the real gist of his arguments. A second perusal, however, has satisfied us that the fault is not so much in Mr. M'Dermot's expressions as in his ideas, and that he has rendered his views of the subject as intelligible to the reader as we conceive they must have been to himself. In short, though his criticisms on some particular passages of authors are in many cases just, and even deserving of great commendation, yet, when he attempts to ascend to general principles, and to develope a regular system, he seems to us to venture on matters above his reach, and to exhibit at almost every step strong indications of inadequate acquirements in the science of mind.

Writers on the subject of taste have endeavoured to account in very different ways for the pleasure which the mind appears to derive from particular objects in nature, distinguished from others or from the representations of them by art, and which objects are in common language classed together by the term *beautiful*. Some have supposed that it originates in organic impression, and some in lines, or shapes of determinate form; others in particular colors, — or in aptitudes of the objects to particular purposes, — or in particular proportions, — or entirely in mental associations, — or partly in primary sensations, but principally in casual or habitual associations. In proportion as the subject has been investigated, the feeling of beauty has been shewn not to be a simple feeling, or susceptible of being explained by a reference to any common principle in the classes of objects by which it seems to be suggested to different minds, or to the same mind at different periods. Though the theory which Mr. Burke labored to establish has not been able to stand the test of inquiry,

deny Mr. Knight's sceptical conclusion, that because beauty is not confined to one certain form, or to a hundred, there are no certain qualities at all that go to the composition of beauty, and that it is therefore arbitrary. The earth is not confined to ten miles in circumference, nor to a thousand, but it would be as fair to argue, that the circumference of the earth is not limited to any certain number of miles, because it exceeds a thousand, as that beauty is not limited to any certain qualities, because it is not confined to a few. If we should suppose twelve forms or figures so contrived that they would present a beautiful appearance in whatever manner they were placed with regard to each other, the number of beautiful appearances, presented by these twelve figures, would amount to the immense number of 479,001,600, no two of which would be alike. How unphilosophic is it then to conclude, that beauty is arbitrary, and found in all forms, because it is not confined to a few. The conclusion is just the same as to assert, that these twelve figures would present an infinite number of beautiful forms because they were found to exceed some hundred millions. Had a person who made an experiment with these figures, and who continued altering their position till he placed them in 300,000,000 different situations, desisted when he came to this number, he might perhaps conclude, if he were unable to enumerate the number of possible changes, that he might continue changing them to eternity; and in coming to this conclusion he and Mr. Knight would reason just alike; but it is certain that notwithstanding the immense number of different appearances which these twelve figures could produce, human ingenuity could not add *one* appearance more to the number. It is therefore possible for the varieties in dress to continue changing for some thousand ages, and yet remain always beautiful. But notwithstanding this, the number of beautiful forms of which dress is capable must not be deemed infinite: no arguments therefore can be drawn against fixed notions of beauty from the revolutions in dress, as the varieties produced by these revolutions bear no comparison to all the varieties of which beauty will admit. It may also be added, that the varieties in dress are not so numerous as appearances would make them, for old fashions are frequently revived, and perhaps we might go so far as to assert, that we have scarcely any new fashions at all, as the greater part of them, if not the whole, were in use before.

Mr. M'Dermot not only refers on many occasions to a projected work on the Elements of Beauty, but from some expressions in his preface we should presume that work to be in a state of forwardness; and perhaps most readers may be inclined to imagine that, of the two inquiries, the one promised would in the course of things have been undertaken as in some degree preliminary to the one now published. Some passages in the body of this volume, however, indicate that the designed inquiry is on several most material points scarcely

scarcely existing even in embryo. The ensuing quotation will explain and justify our remarks :

‘ There are few men, I believe, who think even one half of the sex beautiful ; and the most indifferent judge, much less an *elegans formarum spectator*, would place a greater number of the sex in the rank of ordinary women, than he would in the rank of beauty. If, then, to the former class we add those who are generally deemed ugly and deformed, how greatly must it reduce the proportion of beautiful females. The fact is, that men judge of beauty in women as they judge of it in all other subjects in which it is found ; for though an individual may, from certain associations, and peculiar sympathies, of a physical and moral nature, think an ordinary woman beautiful, the generality of mankind will agree in judging of her as they would of all other objects in nature.

‘ The difference of opinion that exists between the black and white nations, with regard to beauty, is a subject that would lead me into a more ample discussion than I have room for at present. It will be treated at full length in my Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful. I must, however, do Mr. Knight the justice to say, that those who have replied to his arguments merely by endeavouring to prove, that white women are more beautiful than black, have ultimately proved nothing ; for as beauty can have no abstract existence, independent of a percipient mind, it necessarily follows, that if the blacks do not perceive any beauty in white women, the sense of female beauty is not universal, and consequently not founded in the common feeling of mankind. I should not, perhaps, have suggested so strong an argument on the part of Mr. Knight, as I must necessarily have to reply to it hereafter ; but as the discovery of truth is not only the duty, but the interest, of every writer, I can have no object in concealing any argument that seems to weaken any part of my own theory. If I can disprove it, the theory suffers nothing from it : on the contrary, the removal of a forcible objection is the greatest proof that the theory to which it is opposed is founded in truth : if no satisfactory reply can be given to it, we must necessarily conclude, that the universality of the sense of beauty admits of an exception with regard to the fair sex. But this admission, even if it must be made, does not oblige us to admit also, that mankind are equally divided in their sense of the beauty of all other objects. Mr. Knight would, therefore, gain but little from this admission, as a theory is never weakened by one exception. The laws of nature frequently cross each other, and though each of them continues to exert its own original and inherent energies, it is only the more powerful law that seems operative to us. If, then, I were obliged to admit one exception in favour of Mr. Knight's scepticism, (an admission which I by no means promise,) I could still maintain, that the sense of beauty is universal, though its influence is not sensibly felt when overpowered by the stronger influence of a more powerful law of nature. Men are naturally attached to the place of their nativity,



vity, yet if it be made the scene of perpetual misery and distress to any individual in his youth, this law of natural attachment loses its influence, and he never thinks of it but with aversion and disgust. The laws of nature, therefore, sometimes combat with each other in the breast of man, and the more powerful law must necessarily prevail. If two men, moving in opposite directions, come in contact, the stronger will force the weaker in the same direction with himself. The philosopher, however, will not conclude, that the force by which he endeavours to move eastward has ceased, because he perceives him moving to the west : he admits the operation of both powers at the same time, and proves their existence by shewing, that he would move still quicker to the west, than he actually does, if he had not exerted all his strength to move eastward. The sense of beauty must not, therefore, be considered extinct whenever it ceases to exert its sensible influence over the heart and its affections. With these observations I must conclude this chapter ; hoping I shall be able to give my readers more ample satisfaction regarding the difference of feeling that exists between the Europeans and Africans, relative to the beauty of their respective females, in my Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful.'

We might multiply extracts in evidence of our statement that the obscurity and indistinctness which pervade Mr. M'Dermot's Dissertation, wherever he enters on the discussion of general principles, arise not from any defect in capacity or in language but from insufficiency of reflection, and from having proceeded to communicate his thoughts to the public before he had completed his investigation of the subject ; and that this want of fixed and clear notions occasions him to use many vague expressions, as well as to fall into observations in one part of the volume that are not easily reconcileable with his train of thought in others. We shall, however, gladly quit this ground of censure, which our duty to the public, and our disappointment at finding so much promise end in so inadequate a performance, have compelled us to take, and proceed to notice particular passages in which the author has shewn taste and discernment. We think that he has been victorious in continuing Dr. Blair's censure on those lines of Pope \* from Eloisa to Abelard, which Mr. Payne Knight attempted to defend ; and his justification of the representations of females among the antients, from Madame de Staël's comments on them as devoid of sensibility, appears to us eminently successful. Some farther observations on that accomplished woman's general notions of sensibility also seem to us so just, that we cannot forbear to gratify our

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\* " O write it not, my hand, — the name appears  
Already written, wash it out, my tears."

readers by extracting Mr. M'Dermot's own words at some length.

‘ Madame de Staël has evidently taken her ideas of sensibility from the character of Rousseau, of whom she is a professed admirer. She will not therefore permit any person to possess feeling, who is not gloomy or melancholy. “Happy,” she says, “is the country where the authors are *melancholy*, the merchants satisfied, the rich *gloomy*, and the middling classes of people contented.” If these gloomy ideas of feeling were to be adopted in this country, a complete revolution would take place in *taste*, and the ancient models would be no longer regarded as worthy of imitation. And indeed Madame de Staël is careful to encourage such a revolution among us, for she compliments us highly on the gloominess of our character;—she is enraptured with Ossian, though she finds nothing in Homer above other great men, considers his observations always superficial, but cannot sufficiently praise the gloominess of Ossian, whose monotony she labours to defend, by saying, “When we are enervated, the fault is not to be attributed to the poetry, but to the susceptibility and weakness of our organs. What we experience at that time is not a disgust, but the fatigue of a pleasure too long continued.” This defence is sophistical; for though pleasure too long continued will undoubtedly fatigue us, it still remains to be shewn, why ten pages of Ossian fatigue us more than thirty in Homer. — “The Italians,” she says, “would possess dignity, if there was any thing gloomy or melancholy in their character.” It is to the English alone she is willing to grant this enviable melancholy, in its greatest perfection, for she says, that none of the Greek tragic writers “equalled the perfection of the English writers in displaying melancholy emotions and the extent of human woe.” I am, however, inclined to think, that Madame de Staël is mistaken in her character of the English writers. They have, no doubt, been successful in describing melancholy sensations; but have they not been equally successful in describing all the other affections and sympathies of the soul? They did not, therefore, give a decided preference to gloomy subjects; and he who of all English writers has best described the nature of philosophic melancholy, has not been less happy in his portrait of joy and festivity. I allude to the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Milton. I must confess myself one of those who never admired the poems of Ossian. In *Fingal* and *Temora*, every thing is dark, gloomy, and dreadful, because the writer eternally labours to surprise and astonish us. His great ambition is to be sublime, and accordingly he always takes care to present himself in the limbs and habiliments of a giant. That he should excite the admiration of his readers is not therefore surprising; but this admiration is seldom mingled with that more congenial, and more kindred pleasure, which is found in the softer and familiar scenes of private life. Even when a tender scene is met with in Ossian, there is a certain gloom that hangs around it: it never smiles on us with the smile of pleasure; it never cheers us with the delights of  
anticipating

anticipated enjoyment. It is true, he is often as tender and pathetic as a melancholy man can be ; but, inexorable to the cheering influence of social happiness, to the genial thrill of joy “ and unreproved pleasures,” he has worked himself into a certain intellectual gloom, which renders the authenticity of the poems themselves extremely doubtful, as such brooding melancholy could not be natural to the most desponding of the Celtic bards. We can therefore account for it only by supposing, that M'Pherson himself was the author of these poems, and that he preserved a strain of melancholy throughout, the better to support a borrowed character. By pursuing one uniform strain of feeling and sentiment, he painted only one trait in the character of the ancient Celts, and as this perhaps was the most prominent feature in it, it would be more difficult to shew, that his work contained sentiments, or notions, that did not belong to the people whom he described ; whereas, by painting all the diversified feelings, passions, and propensities of the human heart, he could scarcely avoid giving expression to notions and sentiments which might be found at variance with the real character and manners of the people whom he described. It may be said, that this perennial opacity of soul was inspired by the kindred gloom of the Highland scenes, where Ossian was first enraptured with the visions of poetry ; but when we look to the character of the present Scots, and perceive that they are as happy, as lively, as cheerful, and as social in their manners, as any other people in Europe, we must hesitate before we admit, that this conjecture sufficiently accounts for Ossian's melancholy gloom. Dr. Blair, indeed, endeavours to defend this character of Ossian's poetry, by telling us “ *that tender melancholy is often an attendant on great genius.*” But though this will be easily granted, it is still certain, that no one opens his heart more to the ecstatic delights of pleasure than he who is most susceptible of this tender melancholy. The degree of melancholy is always proportioned to a certain degree of happiness which we have lost, or of which we believe ourselves capable, if permitted to enjoy it ; but the degree of happiness itself varies with our susceptibility of joy and pleasure. The more exquisitely the soul is alive to the emotions of joy, the more deeply does she lament the absence of these emotions. Hence it is, that he who is incapable of high delights is also incapable of deep affliction ; for how can a man express a tender regret for a happiness that never expanded his indurated feelings, or poured on his soul those blissful tumults, and romantic associations, which peculiarly belong to poetic minds ? He who has never felt these softer raptures, has never been favoured, if I mistake not, with the glowing ardour of poetic enthusiasm. It will, therefore, be generally, if not universally found, that he who “ *best can paint*” the emotions of tender melancholy, will be found most capable of giving expression to the exquisite sensibilities of rapture and delight ; and had the author of “ *Penseroso*” never written his “ *Allegro*,” yet a knowledge of human nature might convince us, that no other could be better qualified for the task. Hence it may be presumed, without much  
scepticism,

scepticism, that if Ossian was the author of the poems attributed to him, the same susceptibility of impressions that taught him to paint the emotions of melancholy gloom, would have led him, in some of his minor poems, at least, to give expression to the higher raptures of ecstatic joy. Light-haired Fancy, that enchanting goddess, without whose propitious presence no man can be a poet, "borne by the frolic wind that breathes the spring," would have visited him, at one time or other, in the course of his poetic effusions, and poured into his melancholy soul the balsam of rapt ecstasy and enthusiastic delight. Can it be supposed, that Ossian, who lived in a community as yet in the state of nature, a state in which the heart yields without resistance to every impulse of joy and happiness, would have wrapped himself up in solitary gloom, and resisted the inspiring call of pleasure, when he heard

‘ ——— The ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistle o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singing blithe,  
And the mower whet his scythe,  
And every shepherd tell his tale  
Under the hawthorn, in the dale?

Or when he saw

‘ Many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the checquer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday?

Human nature is always the same under similar circumstances; and we know, that rural subjects have been always the theme of the ancient poets, who wrote while society was as yet unacquainted with commerce, civilization, and the fine arts, and capable only of relishing natural enjoyments.

Had Mr. M'Dermot written throughout in this manner, and composed a work of less pretence, — or, if he must write a dissertation on principles, had he studied the groundwork more thoroughly before he trusted pen to paper, — our gratification would have been much more unmingled than we confess it has been in the perusal of the volume before us. It contains, however, as it is, many indications of the excellences as well as the failings of youthful ardor; and we are not without hope that, when the incaution and effervescence of early years have subsided, more comprehensive views and more steady and solid reflections may be expected from the productions of this author's maturer age.

**ART. XI. *Memorial de Sainte Hélène.*** Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. Vols. I. and II. in two Parts each. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Boards. Colburn and Co. 1823. (Also a French Edition.)

**C**ENTURIES pass without producing such events as we have witnessed within the last thirty-five years, or an individual whose career has been so truly extraordinary as that of Napoleon Bonaparte, and whose influence over those events has been so great. It can be no slight or idle curiosity, therefore, which seeks the best and fullest information respecting these transactions and so principal an agent in them; and it is both a desirable and a rare circumstance to obtain such satisfaction so decidedly at the fountain-head, as from the mouth or the pen of the grand master of the movements himself. From the time, indeed, at which he became this prominent figure, the comprehensive and tremendous convulsion called *the French Revolution* appeared to subside or be concentrated in the wonderful achievements of one man; and we remember the prophetic remark of an experienced and reflecting friend, before the appearance of this comet of the French hemisphere, that the distractions and changes of that country would continue till some ambitious, gifted, and fortunate individual, some new Oliver Cromwell, entered on the agitated scene to “ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.”

It is yet too early to draw a just and satisfactory parallel between Bonaparte and Cromwell\*, or Cæsar, or any other eminent military and political hero: but we are gaining a number of materials for such a purpose, and for the other great uses of history; and the accounts given by Mr. Warden†, Mr. O'Meara‡, and now by the Count De las Cases, of the information abundantly communicated to them by the Ex-Emperor himself, are extremely important contributions towards these objects. As we have formerly observed, however, though a principal actor in any event is a very *competent*, he is at the same time so *interested* a witness that his statements cannot all be taken with implicit confidence; and should they:

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\* He has himself instituted a parallel of this kind, in a curious comparison of the revolutions of England and France, Part III. of the volumes before us, to which we shall perhaps advert more particularly in the course of our view of them.

† See Rev. vol. lxxxi. p. 418. Count las Cases states (Part III. p. 296.) that Mr. Warden ‘has strangely misrepresented the particulars which he communicated to him.’

‡ Rev. vol. xcvi. p. 225.



be placed in conflict with the evidence of other principal actors, who then shall decide between them?

If, in conversing with Mr. Warden and Mr. O'Meara, Napoleon might be suspected of being on his guard, and of still *playing a part of his part*, his intercourse with his few attached followers into exile should, we think, be considered as less open to this suspicion, while it certainly is much more extensive and important; not because his desire to set himself in an advantageous light might not in like manner exist, but because it would not be so easy for him to deceive those who were well acquainted with him and with the events which were discussed. That he partook, indeed, of this feeling, — of this desire to be well placed in the picture, — which is so common and so congenial to our nature, is sufficiently apparent from the numerous eulogies which he bestows on himself in the course of the conversations here recorded: but, if ever vanity were allowable in any mortal, it might be justified in *him* by the recollection of his exploits; and when a man finds himself struck to the ground from a proud eminence, and cut off from all future movement, then is the natural time for him to call to mind his past efforts, in order to console his own feelings and still to dazzle the eyes of others by diffusing around him the rays of departing glory.

It is to be expected, also, and it is equally allowable, that the companions and faithful adherents of such a man, thus circumstanced, should always be ready to minister the medicine of sweet praise to a mind so diseased, and to assist in the endeavor to paint the view of his life in brilliant colors. No reader of these volumes can be surprized, therefore, or ought to be displeased, if he finds the Count De las Cases often expressing the highest devotion to his master, and the highest admiration not only of his talents but of his heart; for the sincerity of those feelings is amply attested by his voluntary participation in the banishment and ruin of the object of them. The excess may be forgiven, indeed, even if some of the dialogues have so much of a dramatic air and effect, that the theatrical term of *clap-traps* will suggest itself to the mind of the cool and less interested reader as applicable to their character and purport.

To exemplify Napoleon's own appreciation of his views and his power, out of innumerable instances it may suffice to quote his observation that, 'if he had enjoyed a few years of peace, imagination can scarcely fix limits to what he would have accomplished;' (Part II. p. 275.) and again, (*ib.* p. 361.)

'Speaking of Egypt and Syria,' he observed 'that if he had taken Saint-Jean-d'Acre, as ought to have been the case, he

would have wrought a revolution in the East. "The most trivial circumstances," said he, "lead to the greatest events. . . The weakness of the captain of a frigate, who stood out to sea instead of forcing a passage into the harbour, some trifling impediments with respect to some shallops or light vessels, prevented the face of the world from being changed. Possessed of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the French army would fly to Damascus and Aleppo; in a twinkling it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it: nations were on the point of being shaken." One of us having said that they would have presently been reinforced with 400,000 men. "Say 600,000," replied the Emperor: "who can calculate what it might have been? I should have reached Constantinople and the Indies; I should have changed the face of the world."

This is a *quick march*, indeed. — On another occasion he said,

"Liberal ideas flourish in Great Britain: they enlighten America, and they are nationalized in France; and this may be called the tripod whence issues the light of the world! Liberal opinions will rule the universe. They will become the faith, the religion, the morality of all nations; and in spite of all that may be advanced to the contrary, this memorable era will be inseparably connected with my name; for, after all, it cannot be denied that I kindled the torch and consecrated the principle. Friends and enemies, all must acknowledge me to be the first soldier, the grand representative of the age. Thus I shall for ever remain the leading star."

With respect to Count Las Cases himself, our readers may wish for some farther information. It appears that he was educated under the Bourbons for the French navy, (though we hear nothing of his services in that profession,) and emigrated to this country at an early period of the Revolution.\* During his stay here, he compiled *An Historical, Genealogical, Chronological, and Geographical Atlas*, which was published under the name of *Le Sage*, and which he now informs us succeeded so well as materially to repair his diminished purse. He even calls it 'a mine of gold.' It is very often introduced in these volumes, always with much satisfaction and commendation; and we find that we noticed it at some length and with considerable praise in our lxxiii<sup>d</sup> vol. N. S. p. 154. — He speaks thus handsomely and gratefully of the beneficence of the English nation towards the French emigrants:

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\* We learn in Vol. I. Part II. that the Count believes himself to be of the same family with the good *Barthélémi De las Casas*.

‘ The Emperor asked me some questions relative to the French emigrants, London, and the English. I told him that though the emigrants in a body did not like the English, yet there were few who did not become attached to some Englishman or other : that though the English were not fond of the emigrants, yet there were few English families who did not shew themselves friendly to some of the French. This is the real key of those sentiments and reports, so often contradictory, that are met with on the subject. With regard to the kindness we received from the English, particularly the middle class, from whom the character of a nation is always to be learned, it is beyond all expression, and has entailed a heavy debt of gratitude upon us. It would be difficult to enumerate the private benefactions, the benevolent institutions, and the charitable measures by which our distresses were relieved. The example of individuals induced the government to assist us by regular allowances ; and even when these were granted, private benevolence did not cease.’

Returning to France at the peace of Amiens, the Count was employed under the Imperial government, and afterward became a member of the Council of State ; of which he gives an interesting account in Vol. I. Part I. and Vol. II. Part IV. We quote a few passages.

‘ The Council of State received appeals and pronounced finally on all administrative judgments ; and incidentally on those of all other tribunals, even those of the Court of Cassation. There, were examined, complaints against the ministers, and appeals from the Emperor to the Emperor better informed. Thus the Council of State, at which the Emperor uniformly presided, being frequently in direct opposition to the ministers, or occupied in reforming their acts and errors, naturally became the point of refuge for persons or interests aggrieved by any authority whatever. All who were ever present at the meetings of the council must know with what zeal the cause of the citizens was there defended. A committee of the Council of State received all the petitions of the empire, and laid before the sovereign those which deserved his attention.’—

‘ The Emperor asked me whether I thought the discussion perfectly free in the Council of State, or whether his presence did not impose a restraint on the deliberations ? I reminded him of a very long debate, during which he had remained throughout singular in his opinion, and had at last been obliged to yield. He immediately recollected the circumstance. “ Oh, yes,” said he, “ that must have been in the case of a woman of Amsterdam, who had been tried for her life and acquitted three several times by the Imperial Courts, but against whom a fresh trial was demanded in the Court of Cassation.” The Emperor hoped that this happy concurrence of the law might have exhausted its severity in favour of the prisoner ; that this lucky fatality of circumstances might have turned to her advantage. It was urged in reply, that he possessed the beneficent power of bestowing pardon ; but that the law was inflexible,

inflexible, and must take its course. The debate was a very long one. M. Muraire spoke a great deal, and very much to the point; he persuaded every one except the Emperor, who still remained singular in his opinion, and at length yielded with these remarkable words: — "Gentlemen, the decision goes by the majority here; I remain single, and must yield; but I declare, in my conscience, that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

So little was the nature of the Council of State understood by people in general, that it was believed no one dared utter a word in that assembly in opposition to the Emperor's opinion. Thus I very much surprized many persons, when I related the fact, that one day, during a very animated debate, the Emperor, having been interrupted three times in giving his opinion, turned towards the individual who had rather rudely cut him short, and said in a sharp tone: "I have not yet done; I beg you will allow me to continue. I believe every one here has a right to deliver his opinion." The smartness of this reply, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, excited a general laugh, in which the Emperor himself joined.

"Yet," said I to him, "the speakers evidently sought to discover what might be your Majesty's opinion: they seemed to congratulate themselves when their views coincided with yours, and to be embarrassed on finding themselves maintaining opposite sentiments. You were accused, too, of laying snares for us, in order to discover our real opinion." However, when the question was once started, self-love and the warmth of argument contributed, along with the freedom of discussion which the Emperor encouraged, to induce every one to maintain his own opinion. "I do not mind being contradicted," said the Emperor: "I seek to be informed. Speak boldly," he would repeat; whenever the speaker expressed himself equivocally, or the subject was a delicate one; "tell me all that you think; we are alone here; we are all *en famille*."

When the restoration of the Bourbons took place, the author resumed his allegiance to them, but lived chiefly in retirement, and again passed some time in England. On Napoleon's final abdication in 1815, the Count's admiration of him had become so great that he determined on offering to follow his reverses of fortune, whithersoever they might lead; and accordingly, having accompanied his master on board the *Bellerophon*, he was subsequently placed among the exiles to St. Helena.

As one source of amusement in this banishment, the Count persuaded Napoleon to dictate to him a variety of particulars relative to his *Campaigns in Italy*, in order to form a history of that period of his military career. Some portions of this narrative are contained in the present volumes: but it is intended that the whole shall hereafter be published as a separate

rate work, on a grand scale, of which the author has given a *programme* in Vol. II. Part IV. for the instruction of his son, if he himself should not live to accomplish his design. The details now printed relate to the battle of Montenotte, 11th April, 1796; of Millesimo, 14th April; of Castiglione, 5th August; of Dego, August 15th; of Arcola, 15-17th November; of Rivoli, January, 1797; the surrender of Mantua, battle of the Tagliamento, 16th March, entrance into Germany, &c. On the present occasion we shall not farther advert to these military episodes, but shall wait for the appearance of the complete work. This plan of history-writing was also farther extended, by dictation on other points to Count Montholon and General Gourgaud; and two volumes of these "*Memoirs of the History of France during the Reign of Napoleon*" are already published, one by each of those gentlemen. Again, therefore, we have a Cæsar writing Commentaries on his own wars.

The interesting passages in the volumes before us are so numerous, that it will not be possible for us to attend to more than a portion of those which we should be inclined to bring forwards, or to enter on that discussion of them which they are often so well adapted to excite. It is difficult even to select, and still less easy to arrange; the work being strictly a journal, relating events and conversations according to their daily occurrence, without any other order or classification. We shall begin, however, by illustrations of the private and personal character of the Exile, which was probably rendered better known to his companions on the Rock than it had ever been to the satellites round his throne or the captains in his camp.

Early in Part I., Count Las Cases brings together 'the details which he collected at various times, respecting the early years of the Emperor's life,' interspersed with some communications from Napoleon himself, from which we shall detach a few particulars.

' Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, about noon on the 15th of August (the Assumption-Day) in the year 1769. —

' In his boyhood (*childhood*) Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively and agile in the extreme. —

' At the age of ten, he was sent to the military school at Brienne. — At this period a great change took place in his character. In contradiction to all the apocryphal histories, which contain anecdotes of his life, he was when at Brienne mild, quiet, and susceptible. One day the quarter-master, who was a man of harsh disposition, and who never took the trouble of considering the physical and moral shades of character in each individual scholar, condemned Napoleon, by way of punishment, to wear the serge coat, and to take his dinner on his knees at the door of the refectory.



refectory. Napoleon, who had a vast share of pride and self-conceit, was so mortified by this disgrace, that he was seized with a violent retching, and suffered a severe nervous attack. —

‘ \* “ On attaining the age of puberty, Napoleon’s temper became morose and reserved ; his passion for reading was carried to excess ; and he eagerly devoured the contents of every book that fell in his way. Pichegru was at this time his quarter-master and his tutor in the four rules of arithmetic.” ’ —

‘ \* “ In 1783, Napoleon was one of the scholars who, at the usual competition at Brienne, were fixed upon to be sent to the military school at Paris, to finish their education. The choice was made annually by an inspector, who visited the twelve military schools. This office was filled by the Chevalier de Keralio, a general officer, and the author of a work on military tactics. He was also the tutor of the present King of Bavaria, who in his youth bore the title of Duke de Deux-Ponts. Keralio was an amiable old man, and well adapted to discharge the duty of inspector of the military schools. He was fond of the boys, played with them when they had finished their examinations, and permitted those who had acquitted themselves most to his satisfaction to dine with him at the table of the monks. He was particularly attached to young Napoleon, and took a pleasure in stimulating him to exertion. He singled him out to be sent to Paris, though it would appear he had not at that time attained the requisite age. The lad was not very far advanced in any branch of education except mathematics, and the monks suggested that it would be better to wait till the following year, to afford time for further improvement. But this the Chevalier de Keralio would by no means agree to: ‘ I know what I am about,’ said he, ‘ and if I am transgressing the rules, it is not on account of family influence : — I know nothing of the friends of this youth. I am actuated only by my own opinion of his merit. I perceive in him a spark of genius which cannot be too early fostered.’ The worthy chevalier died suddenly, before he had time to carry his determination into effect ; but his successor, M. de Regnaud, who would not perhaps have evinced half his penetration, nevertheless fulfilled his decision, and young Napoleon was sent to Paris.” ’

‘ At this period he began to develop qualities of a superior order : decision of character, profound reflection, and vigorous conceptions.’ —

‘ Napoleon was scarcely eighteen years of age when the Abbé Raynal, struck with the extent of his acquirements, appreciated his merit so highly as to make him one of the ornaments of his scientific *déjeûners*. Finally, the celebrated Paoli, who had long inspired Napoleon with a sort of veneration, and who found that the latter had headed a party against him, whenever he showed himself favourable to the English, was accustomed to say, “ This young man is formed on the ancient model. He is one of Plutarch’s men.” ’ —

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‘ \* These lines were dictated by the Emperor himself.’

‘ When

When about eighteen or twenty years of age, the Emperor was distinguished as a young man of extensive information, possessing a reflective turn of mind and strong reasoning powers. He had read an immense deal, and had profoundly meditated on the fund of knowledge thus acquired, much of which, he used to say, he had probably since lost. His sparkling and ready wit, and energetic language, distinguished him wherever he went: he was a favourite with every one, particularly with the fair sex, to whom he recommended himself by the elegance and novelty of his ideas, and the boldness of his arguments. As for the men, they were often afraid to engage with him in those discussions into which he was led by a natural confidence in his own powers.' —

Circumstances and reflection have considerably modified his character. Even his style of expression, now so concise and laconic, was in his youth diffuse and emphatic. At the time of the Legislative Assembly, Napoleon assumed a serious and severe demeanour, and became less communicative than before. The Army of Italy also marked another epoch in his character. His extreme youth, when he went to take the command of the army, rendered it necessary that he should evince great reserve, and the utmost strictness of morals. "This was indispensably necessary," said he, "to enable me to command men so much above me in point of age. I pursued a line of conduct truly irreproachable and exemplary. I proved myself a sort of Cato. I must have appeared such in the eyes of all. I was a philosopher and a sage." —

In 1793, Napoleon was in Corsica, where he had a command in the National Guards. He opposed Paoli as soon as he was led to suspect that the veteran, to whom he had hitherto been so much attached, entertained the design of betraying the island to the English. Therefore it is not true, as has been generally reported, that Napoleon, or some of his family, were at one time in England, proposing to raise a Corsican regiment for the English service.

In Part II. we have this sketch of him by the author, at a much later period of his life:

Who can pretend to know the Emperor in his character of a private man better than myself? — I who was with him during two months of solitude in the desert of Briars; — I who accompanied him in his long walks by moonlight, and who enjoyed so many hours in his society? Who like me had the opportunity of choosing the moment, the place, and the subject of his conversation? Who besides myself heard him recall to mind the charms of his boyhood, or describe the pleasures of his youth, and the bitterness of his recent sorrow? I am convinced that I know his character thoroughly, and that I can now explain many circumstances which, at the time of their occurrence, seemed difficult to be understood. I can now very well comprehend that which struck us so forcibly, and which particularly characterized him in the days of his power; namely, — that no individual ever permanently incurred the displeasure of Napoleon: however marked might be his disgrace, however

however deep the gulf into which he was plunged, he might still confidently hope to be restored to favour. Those who had once enjoyed intimacy, whatever cause of offence they might give him, never totally forfeited his regard. The Emperor is eminently gifted with two excellent qualities; — a vast fund of justice, and a disposition naturally open to attachment. Amidst all his fits of petulance or anger, a sentiment of justice still predominates. He is sure to turn an attentive ear to good arguments, and, if left to himself, candidly brings them forward whenever they occur to his mind. He never forgets services performed to him, nor habits he has contracted. Sooner or later he invariably casts a thought on those who may have incurred his displeasure; he reflects on what they have suffered, and regards their punishment as sufficient. He recalls them, when they are perhaps forgotten by the world; and they again enjoy his good graces, to the astonishment of themselves as well as of others. Of this there have been many instances. The Emperor is sincere in his attachments, without making a show of what he feels. When once he becomes used to a person, he cannot easily bear separation. He observes and condemns his faults, blames his own choice, expressing his displeasure in the most unreserved way; but still there is nothing to fear: these are but so many new ties of regard.

‘ It will probably be a matter of surprise that I should sketch the Emperor’s character in so humble a style: all that is usually written about him is so far-fetched; it has been thought necessary to employ antitheses, and brilliant colouring; to seek for effect, and to rack the imagination for high-flown phrases. For my own part, I merely describe what I see, and express what I feel.’

The assertion of Napoleon’s clemency and candor, in the preceding passage, receives many confirmations in the course of the work. Those qualities appear in his remarks on the tergiversation of Ney, when he learned the proceedings on his trial, (Part II. p. 20.) and in the anecdote of his forgiving reception of that Marshal on his return from Elba. They are evident also in his conduct towards the celebrated Bertholet:

‘ Bertholet had sustained losses which involved him in difficulties; when the circumstance having come to the Emperor’s knowledge, he sent him 100,000 crowns, adding, that he had reason to complain of him, since he seemed to have forgotten that he, Napoleon, was always ready to serve his friends. Bertholet, however, behaved very ungratefully to the Emperor, at the period of his disasters. His conduct deeply affected Napoleon at the time, and he was often heard to exclaim: — “What! Bertholet . . . on whom I thought I could rely with such confidence! . . .”

‘ On the Emperor’s return from Elba, Bertholet seemed again inclined to manifest his former sentiments of attachment to his benefactor. He ventured to show himself at the Tuileries, and desired Monge to inform the Emperor, that if he did not obtain a sight

sight of him, he would put a period to his existence the moment he left the palace. The Emperor could not refuse his request, and saluted him with a smile as he passed by.'

His candor is also manifested in his acknowledgement to his companions, that he had conducted himself improperly in a scolding interview which had passed between him and Sir Hudson Lowe. "I behaved very ill to him, no doubt," said he, "and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humour, and could not help it; I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never during the period of my power did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends for it." A similar feeling is moreover exhibited in his remark concerning Sir Robert Wilson:

'We leaped for joy when we heard of the deliverance of Lavalette. Some one observed, that his deliverer, Wilson, could not be the same individual who had written so many offensive things concerning the Emperor. "And why not?" said Napoleon. "You know but little of men, and the passions that actuate them. What leads you to suppose that Sir Robert Wilson is not a man of enthusiasm and violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? And while we were enemies we contended with each other; but in our present adversity he knows better: he may have been abused, and deceived, and may be sorry for it; and he is perhaps now as sincere in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us."'

Among the papers which fell into Napoleon's hands after his return to Paris from Elba, some contained 'very improper remarks respecting himself personally,' in the hand-writing of individuals who had already again solicited and obtained favors from him.

'The first impulse of his indignation was to determine that they should be printed, and to withdraw his protection: a second thought restrained him. "We are so volatile, so inconstant, so easily led away," said he, "that, after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service: in that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burnt."'

In another place, Count Las Cases remarks;

'Since I have become acquainted with the Emperor's character, I have never known him to evince, for a single moment, the least feeling of anger or animosity against those individuals who had been

been most to blame in their conduct towards him. He gives no great credit to those who distinguished themselves by their good conduct : they had only done their duty. He is not very indignant against those who acted basely ; he partly saw through their characters : they yielded to the impulses of their nature. He speaks of them coolly, and without animosity ; attributing their conduct in some measure to existing circumstances, which he acknowledged were of a very perplexing nature, and threw the rest to the account of human weakness.

One of the vexations so often arising at St. Helena having induced Count C. ' rather sharply ' to offer to take an immediate measure in consequence, Napoleon replied with great gravity, " No, Sir, you are now out of temper. It rarely happens that any thing is done well under such circumstances : it is always best to let the night pass over after the offence of the day."

His good humor and kindness are evinced by various anecdotes. Count Las Cases had taught him English, in which he had made considerable proficiency ; and one day at Longwood, says the Count, when the party were assembled in the drawing-room a short time before dinner,

' The valet-de-chambre in waiting at the door of the room brought me a letter, on which was written *very urgent*. Out of respect to the Emperor, I went aside to read it : it was in English ; it stated that I had composed an excellent work ; that, nevertheless, it was not without faults ; that if I would correct them in a new edition, no doubt but the work would be more valuable for it ; and then went on to pray that God would keep me in his gracious and holy protection. Such a letter excited my astonishment, and made me rather angry ; the colour rushed to my face ; I did not, at first, give myself time to consider the writing. In reading it over again, I recognised the hand, notwithstanding its being much better written than usual, and I could not help laughing a good deal to myself. But the Emperor, who cast a side-glance at me, asked me from whom the letter came that was given to me. I replied, that it was a paper that had caused a very different feeling in me at first, from that which it would leave permanently. I said this with so much simplicity, the mystification had been so complete, that he laughed till tears came in his eyes. The letter was from him ; the pupil had a mind to jest with his master, and try his powers at his expense. I carefully preserve this letter ; the gaiety, the style, and the whole circumstance, render it more valuable to me than any diploma the Emperor could have put into my hands when he was in power.' —

' Public opinion had given to Napoleon, at the time of his elevation, the reputation of a man of a harsh disposition and void of sensibility ; yet it is certain that no sovereign ever acted more from the impulse of genuine feelings than he did ; but from a peculiar



culiar turn of mind, he concealed all emotions of the heart with as much care as others take to display them.

‘ He had adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers killed at Austerlitz, and with him such an act would not have been one of mere form; he would have provided for them all.

‘ I heard the following anecdote from a young man who has related it to me since my return to Europe, with tears of gratitude in his eyes: he had been fortunate enough when yet very young to attract the Emperor’s notice by some signal proof of his devotedness; Napoleon asked him what profession he would wish to embrace; and without waiting for his answer, pointed out one himself: the young man observed that his father’s fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it; “ what has that to do with it,” replied the Emperor hastily; “ am *I* not also your father?” Those persons who have known Napoleon in his private life, who have lived near his person, can quote a thousand traits of the same kind.’

Having once spoken with severity to a member of the Institute relative to his share in some of their proceedings, that individual, who was ‘ a man of honor and delicate feelings,’ felt the reprimand so keenly, that on the next day he obtained an audience in order to tender his resignation of the situation which he held in the Imperial household. On being admitted, Napoleon immediately said to him,

‘ “ My dear Sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday; you felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so; but it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person; if it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance; think no more about it.” And he spoke of something else.

‘ Thus would the Emperor often censure whole bodies in the person of one single individual; and in order to strike with greater awe, he did it in a most solemn and imposing manner. But the anger which he sometimes shewed in public, and of which so much has been said, was only feigned, and put on for the moment. The Emperor affirmed, that by such means he had often deterred many from the commission of a fault, and spared himself the necessity of punishing.

‘ One day, at one of his grand audiences, he attacked a Colonel with the utmost vehemence, and quite in a tone of anger, upon some slight disorders of which his regiment had been guilty towards the inhabitants of the countries they had passed through, in returning to France. During the reprimand, the Colonel, thinking the punishment out of all proportion to the fault of which he was accused, repeatedly endeavoured to excuse himself; but the Emperor, without interrupting his speech, said to him in an under tone, “ Very well, but hold your tongue; I believe you; but say nothing:” and when he afterwards saw him in private, he

said

said to him, "When I thus addressed you, I was chastising, in your person, certain Generals whom I saw near you, and who, had I spoken to them direct, would have been found deserving of the lowest degradation, and perhaps of something worse."

He would sometimes amuse himself with a *jeu de mot*, or with a pretty turn of expression:

'The subsistence and consumption of oxen constitute a great portion of the public interest in St. Helena. A single beast cannot be killed without the previous order of the governor, and it was stated by one of our people, that the owner of one of the houses or huts of the island, speaking to him on the subject, said, "It is reported, that you complain up yonder, and consider yourselves unhappy; (he spoke of Longwood;) but we are at a loss to make it out; for it is said that you have beef every day, while we cannot get it but three or four times a year, and even then we pay for it at the rate of fifteen or twenty pence a pound." The Emperor, who laughed heartily at the story, observed, "You ought to have assured him, that it cost us several crowns." Crowns in English, and in several languages of the Continent, means also a piece of money.

'I observed latterly, that this was the only pun I had till then heard from the Emperor's mouth, but the person to whom I made the remark, said he had heard of his having made a similar one, and on the same subject in the Isle of Elba. A mason employed in some buildings, which were to be constructed by the Emperor's order, had fallen and hurt himself; the Emperor wishing to encourage him, assured him, that it would be of no consequence. "I have had," said he, "a much worse fall than yours; but look at me, I am on my legs, and in good health." —

'One day at dinner, while describing one of his engagements in Egypt, he named numerically the eight or ten demi-brigades which had been engaged. On hearing this, Madame Bertrand could not refrain from asking how, after so long a lapse of time, he could possibly recollect all these numbers. "Madam, this is a lover's recollection of his former mistresses," was Napoleon's reply.'

With regard to women, Napoleon was far from ungallant or indifferent. He spoke on various occasions of his two wives with tenderness and respect, yet with unreserved discrimination of the various points in their characters. During a moonlight walk in the garden, says the author,

'The Emperor told me that he had in the course of his life been much attached to two women of very different characters. The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature: and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit.

'The first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or to make her feel the least inconvenience.

She

She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allure-ment imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husbands. But it must already have been guessed who they are; and those who have ever seen them will not fail to recognize the two Empresses.

'The Emperor declared that he had uniformly experienced from both the greatest equality of temper and most implicit obedience.\*'

Count C. informs us, also, (Part I. p. 330.) that he related to Napoleon some prevalent stories about the latter's intrigues, while at 'the summit of his power;' adding that the scandalous chronicle alleged that 'the King of Rome' had two elder brothers; one, said he, 'the offspring of a fair foreigner, whom you loved in a distant country; the other, the fruit of a connection nearer at hand, in the bosom of your capital. The Emperor laughed much at the extent of my information, as he termed it;' and a note adds, 'It is said that a codicil in the Emperor's will, which, however, must remain a secret, completely confirms these conjectures.' A story also is related (Part IV. p. 297.) by Napoleon himself concerning a handsome young Irish girl, who seems to have been purposely thrown in his way, with political views, and with whom he was much smitten: but, having discovered the *trap*, he avoided the bait.

It does not appear that any sordid love of money, or personal desire for splendid possessions, was mixed with the ambition which "fired the mind" of Bonaparte; and the author asserts for him the utmost purity in this respect.

\* No man in the world ever had more wealth at his disposal, and appropriated less to himself. — Napoleon, according to his own account, possessed as much as four hundred millions of specie in the cellars of the Tuileries. His extraordinary domain amounted to more than seven hundred millions. He has said that he distributed upwards of five hundred millions in endowments to the army. And, what is very extraordinary, he who circulated such heaps of wealth, never possessed any private property of his own! He had collected in the Museum treasures which it was impos-

\* 'The first' is Josephine.'

sible to estimate, and yet he never had a picture or a curiosity of his own.

‘ On his return from Italy, and on the eve of his departure for Egypt, he became possessed of Malmaison, and there he deposited nearly all his property. He purchased it in the name of his wife, who was older than himself, and consequently, in case of his surviving her, he must have forfeited all claim to it. The fact is, as he himself has said, that he never had a taste nor a desire for riches.—

‘ “ Every one (he observed) has his relative ideas. I have a taste for founding, and not for possessing. My riches consisted in glory and celebrity: the Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than private domains could have been. I purchased diamonds for the crown, I repaired and adorned the Imperial palaces; and I was often surprised to find that the expenses lavished by Josephine on her green-houses and her gallery were a real injury to my *Jardin des Plantes* and my *Musée de Paris*.” ’—

‘ He added that when he ascended the throne he found not a vestige of royal property. At his abdication he left to the crown five millions in plate, and between forty and fifty millions in furniture, which was all his own property, purchased out of his civil list.’

On the subject of suicide, we have formerly stated the Ex-Emperor's occasional declarations of his opinion. They occur again in these volumes, and with some inconsistency. While on board the *Bellerophon* off Plymouth, after having learnt his destination to St. Helena, he said to Count Las Cases, “ My friend, I have sometimes an idea of quitting you, and this would not be very difficult; it is only necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped.—All will be over, and you can then tranquilly re-join your families. This is the more easy, since my internal principles do not oppose any bar to it:—I am one of those who conceive that the pains of the other world were only imagined as a counterpoise to those inadequate allurements which are offered to us there. God can never have willed such a contradiction to his infinite goodness, especially for an act of this kind; and what is it after all, but wishing to return to him a little sooner?” The Count having ‘ remonstrated warmly against such notions,’ he yielded, and concluded by observing, “ After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies: this is my grand doctrine: let mine also be accomplished.” At St. Helena he returned to his gloomy views; remarking, after having been indisposed, ‘ that if, in imitation of the antients, he should ever feel inclined to escape from the disgusts and vexations of life, his moral opinions were not of a nature to prevent him.’ On the other hand, again, when heavily complaining to Sir Hudson Lowe of his treatment,



ment, he declared; "I will not die by my own hands: that would be an act of cowardice. To overcome misfortune is a proof of a noble and courageous mind! We mortals are bound to fulfil our destinies." — He seems rather to have wavered on this point, when naturally depressed by his overwhelming reverse of fortune; and at least religious feeling does not appear to have been the counter-balance to despair.

To his sentiments on this latter subject, — the important point of religious conviction, — we shall now direct our attention; and we find them at once exhibited in detail in Part IV. p. 129.:

' In the evening, after dinner, the conversation turned upon religion. The Emperor dwelt on the subject at length. The following is a faithful summary of his arguments: I give it as being quite characteristic upon a point, which has probably often excited the curiosity of many.

' The Emperor, after having spoken for some time with warmth and animation, said, "Every thing proclaims the existence of a God, *that* cannot be questioned; but all our religions are evidently the work of men. Why are there so many? — Why has ours not always existed? — Why does it consider itself exclusively the right one? — What becomes in that case of all the virtuous men who have gone before us? — Why do these religions revile, oppose, exterminate one another? — Why has this been the case ever and every where? — Because men are ever men; because priests have ever and every where introduced fraud and falsehood. However, as soon as I had power I immediately re-established religion. I made it the ground-work and foundation upon which I built. I considered it as the support of sound principles and good morality, both in doctrine and in practice. Besides, such is the restlessness of man, that his mind requires *that something* undefined and marvellous which religion offers; and it is better for him to find it there than to seek it of Cagliostro, of Mademoiselle Lenormand, or of the other soothsayers and impostors." Somebody having ventured to say to him, that he might possibly in the end become devout, the Emperor answered with an air of conviction, that he feared not, and that it was with regret he said it; for it was no doubt a great source of consolation; but that his incredulity did not proceed from perverseness or from licentiousness of mind, but from the strength of his reason. "Yet," added he, "no man can answer for what will happen, particularly in his last moments. At present I certainly believe that I shall die without a confessor; and yet there is such a one (pointing to one of us) who will perhaps receive my confession. I am assuredly very far from being an atheist, but I cannot believe all that I am taught in spite of my reason, without being false and a hypocrite. When I became Emperor, and particularly after my marriage with Maria Louisa, every effort was made to induce me to go with great pomp according to the custom of the kings of France, to take the sacra-



ment at the church of *Notre Dame*; but this I positively refused to do: I did not believe in the act sufficiently to derive any benefit from it, and yet I believed too much in it to expose myself to commit a profanation." On this occasion a certain person was alluded to, who had boasted, as it were, that he had never taken the sacrament. "That is very wrong," said the Emperor; "either he has not fulfilled the intention of his education, or his education had not been completed." Then, resuming the subject, he said, "To explain where I come from, what I am, and whither I go, is above my comprehension; and yet all that is. I am like the watch that exists, without possessing the consciousness of existence. However, the sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered as a gift of Heaven: what a resource would it not be for us here to possess it? What influence could men and events exercise over me, if, bearing my misfortunes as if inflicted by God, I expected to be compensated by him with happiness hereafter! What rewards have I not a right to expect, *who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous as mine has been, without committing a single crime*, and yet how many might I not have been guilty of? I can appear before the tribunal of God, I can await his judgment without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder, and poisonings, with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives have resembled mine. I have wished only for the glory, the power, the greatness of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my moments, were directed to the attainment of that object. These cannot be crimes; to me they appeared acts of virtue! What then would be my happiness, if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence!"

After a pause, he resumed. "How is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and witness the acts of iniquity of the greatest number of those whose business it is to preach to us? I am surrounded by priests, who repeat incessantly, that their reign is not of this world, and yet they lay hands upon every thing that they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion from heaven, and he thinks only of this world. What did the present Chief Pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good, and a holy man, not offer to be allowed to return to Rome? The surrender of the government of the church, of the institution of bishops, was not too high a price for him to give, to become once more a secular prince. Even now, he is the friend of all the Protestants, who grant him every thing, because they do not fear him. He is only the enemy of Catholic Austria, because her territory surrounds his own, &c.

"Nevertheless," he observed again, "it cannot be doubted, that as Emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was favourable to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favoured equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had been under the influence of one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions, under the  
control

controul of a confessor, who would have governed me by the dread of hell? What power cannot a wicked man, the most stupid of mankind, thus exercise over those by whom whole nations are governed? Is it not the scene-shifter at the opera, who from behind the scenes moves Hercules at his will? Who can doubt that the last years of Lewis XIV. would have been very different, had he been directed by another confessor? I was so deeply impressed with the truth of these opinions, that I promised to do all in my power to bring up my son in the same religious persuasion which I myself entertain," &c.

'The Emperor ended the conversation, by desiring my son to bring him the New Testament; and taking it from the beginning, he read as far as the conclusion of the speech of Jesus on the mountain. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration, at the purity, the sublimity, the beauty of the morality it contained; and we all experienced the same feeling.'

We have not room to comment on this passage as it deserves, and must leave it with the good sense and right feeling of our readers: only remarking that the sad deficiencies which it betrays were probably, as he said of somebody else, the result of imperfect education.

Thus far we have confined ourselves to the personal character of the extraordinary individual here commemorated, and it is time for us to suspend our attention to him and to his *fidus Achates*: but we propose to resume it in another Number, when a multitude of political and historical communications will call for our notice.

[*To be continued.*]

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR MARCH, 1823.

### P O E T R Y.

Art. 12. *Shamrock Leaves, or the Wicklow Excursion; with Notes, &c.* 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed. Longman and Co. 1823.

In another page (331.) we shall have to recommend Mr. Wright's *prose* but not *prosing* *Guide to Wicklow*, and here we have a *poetical* but not *fabulous* companion to it, which alike deserves commendation in its way. The editor states that these versified letters and the journey itself are all matters of fact, the names of the parties only being concealed: (but even some of them remain very discernible;) and he speaks with apprehensive modesty of the opinion that may be formed of their poetic character. With little exception, however, the letters, which are principally in the *Bath-Guide* style, have all the merit that belongs to this form and object of composition; being sprightly, expressive, generally flowing, and often amusing by odd combinations.

The first three letters are from the pen of a young lady of the party, (to whom we think we should like to *whisper* our opinion of her,) and are addressed to her married sister at a distance. We shall borrow the description of the Meeting of the Waters in the Vale of Ovoca, which the fair poetess typifies into a *love-union*:

‘ The clouds now dispersed, and the monarch of day  
Clad the hills and the valleys in beamy array;  
And we roll’d but a few paces further along,  
Ere we enter’d the valley so famous in song.  
“ Sweet vale of Ovoca!” our tongues were repeating,  
While our eyes from the bridge saw the two rivers meeting.  
After carelessly flirting by hill, copse, and dingle,  
*Avonbeg, Avonmore* here harmoniously mingle.  
Dear Mary, this meeting and wedding of waters  
Is just like the marriage of sons and of daughters.  
From Infancy’s fountains they variously flow;  
Down the mountains of Innocence variously go;  
With flowers or with weeds, whether fair or uncouth,  
Contented they sport through the regions of Youth;  
In Maturity’s valley they joyously meet,  
And mingle in murmurs enchantingly sweet;  
Then tenderly glide in communion serene,  
For a while, but a while, till Mischance intervene;  
Till their freedom by Whim’s sudden windings is curb’d,  
Or their peace is by Temper’s obstructions disturb’d;  
Till they flutter their course in the current of Fashion,  
Or frantically whirl in the eddies of Passion:  
O’er the rocks of Misfortune now chafing they go,  
Now creep through the flat dreary channel of Woe.  
Thus softly they mingle; thus tenderly glide;  
Are check’d, and are ruffled, fret, foam, and subside;  
Steal through Age’s dull marsh with scarce visible motion,  
And so they go down to Futurity’s ocean.’

A *breakfast-misfortune* is thus humorously described:

‘ My dear, I resume my agreeable numbers,  
Our feats to relate after Friday night’s slumbers.  
By seven next morning at breakfast we met;  
Mister H \* pe, like a sloth, was the last of the set:  
But when he arrived, not contented with tea,  
He order’d that coffee paraded should be.  
So coffee was brought; now in England, you know,  
They make coffee of beans, and it is but so-so:  
But we Irish in general make it with pease,  
So it must be superior by many degrees.  
Well, the coffee was brought as it came from the mill,  
To display Mister H \* pe’s and Miss Harriet’s skill:  
For Harriet *would* show a new way of preparing it,  
And H \* pe in his gallantry would have a share in it.  
They crush’d a raw egg, shell and all, in a bowl,  
Then threw in the coffee and mingled the whole.

To

To add mustard they meant, but the Major cried, "Halt!  
 Or I'll season it further with pepper and salt."  
 But when this fine paste had been thoroughly boil'd,  
 Our dragoon, Mister Netterville, thought it was spoil'd;  
 And so, just to try if 't would lucidly pass,  
 He must needs pour it out in a vessel of *glass*:  
 Away went the glass into fifty-five pieces!  
 Away went the coffee all o'er our pelisses!  
 Away Mister H \* pe jump'd, to save his white clothes!  
 Away leap'd the ladies like startled young does!  
 And Harriet (my dear, is n't this an unlucky page?)  
 With a jerk sympathetic threw down the tea-equipage.

A gentleman of the party takes up the song, in letter iv. in a different measure; and other poems are added, far from deficient in feeling and vivacity. The notes are useful illustrations.

Avondale, the seat of Sir John Parnell, is glowingly delineated in the letters, and among the notes are inserted some verses on it which have too much merit to be passed unnoticed.

' The following poem is extracted from a work of rare occurrence, entitled, "Woodcuts and Verses," of which but a small number of copies has been printed at a private press.

' AVONDALE.

' *Addressed to a young Friend, an Admirer of an Italian Lady.*

' Boy! would'st thou have thy suit prevail?

Go lead thy heart's enchantress o'er  
 The woody steeps of Avondale,  
 That guard the stream of Avonmore.  
 Howe'er her partial mind pourtray  
 The graces of her bard's Vacluse,  
 She'll there as charmed haunts survey  
 As ever sooth'd the Tuscan Muse.

' For there from every zephyr's wing  
 A fairy spirit gently calls,  
 And there the waters wildly sing,  
 And there a mimic Sorga falls.  
 Though Arklow's woodlands proudly sweep,  
 And Aghrim boasts its golden ore;  
 Though wild is Cronroe's rocky steep,  
 And wilder yet is lone Glenmore;

' Though Vartrey lightly bounding goes,  
 As coy yet playful childhood strays;  
 Though sweet Ovoca sweeter flows  
 Since "young Catullus" sung its praise;  
 Let lovers roam o'er hill and vale,  
 Yet never shall their eyes explore  
 A fairer glen than Avondale,  
 A lovelier stream than Avonmore.

‘ Then warmly while thy lips repeat  
 The liquid verse she loves so well,  
 Be sure her heart will kindly beat,  
 Be sure her breast will softly swell.  
 Dull must the lover be to fail,  
 Or else a frozen nymph implore,  
 Among the groves of Avondale,  
 Beside the stream of Avonmore.’

This is altogether a very amusing and pleasing little publication.

#### M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

**Art. 13.** *A Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the Names of Persons.* By John Henry Brady. 12mo. pp. 56. Longman and Co. 1822.

This is a light and amusing dissertation on a popular topic; scarcely worth printing separately perhaps, but well adapted to enliven the pages of a periodical publication. It is drawn up with affected formality: a preface of nine pages being succeeded by six distinct sections on the Origin and Use of Names; on the Names of the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans; on the Derivation of English Surnames; on Names in common use, inconsistent with the Characters which they designate; on Names from the several Parts of the Body; and on the absurd Appropriation of many Christian Names. At the close of the volume, we learn that Mr. Brady is son of the author, now no more, who translated from the Spanish the life of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, and composed the *Clavis Calendaria*.

The oldest and most natural names seem to be those that are derived from complexion or stature; as Brown, White, Long, Short, Fairhead, Golightly, Heavisides, and others. Many are taken from trades and employments; as Walker, Smith, Wright, Taylor, Cook, Gardiner. Others are patronymics; as Richardson, Robertson, Robinson, Johnson, Harrison, Thomson, Wilson, Macdonald, Fitzroy, Omeara. A fourth class come from the place of birth; as Garrick, Wilton, Bolingbroke, Eaton, Leeds, Teasdale, Thorpe, East, West, North, South. A fifth class are names of offices or dignities; as King, Lord, Noble, Knight, Steward, Clark, Major; — and a sixth class are names of animals, vegetables, or utensils: as Swan, Crow, Dove, Herring, Bacon, Bullock, Ash, Beech, Rose, Bloom, Patten, Buckle, Scales, Hall, Chambers, and Kitchen.

The author thinks that surnames were introduced into England by the Normans, and are posterior to armorial bearings; as also to Christian names. Yet some form of personal appellation must have preceded even the introduction of Christianity; though such names were probably not hereditary. — Mr. B. appears surprised to find so many colors as White, Green, Yellow, and not one Red: but probably this name has been expanded into Reid and Read.

The following humorous page is characteristic of Mr. B.'s manner:  
 ‘ We have a Mr. Light, whose weight is only one stone less than that of the memorable Lambert; a Miss Ewe, who is the tenderest and most innocent lamb in the universe: a Mr. Plot, who never



thought in his life ; and a Madame L'Estrange, who is the commonest woman upon town ; one of the fairest ladies in the world is Mrs. Blackmore ; and one of the fattest men Mr. Lean. Mr. Wiseman is, without exception, the greatest fool in the neighbourhood in which he resides ; and Price is notoriously the name of a man of no price or value whatever.

' This populous city has been known to afford a very honest parson Hell, and Mr. Death a very ingenious apothecary ; and the polite world cannot have so soon forgotten Mr. Manly, who knotted all the fringes of his own ruffles, and of his aunt's petticoats. Laws is perhaps almost the only man in the world who does not know that there are any laws in it. We never yet knew a Mr. Short who was much under six feet in height ; and the friends of the two families swear that Mr. Goodchild broke the hearts of his father and mother, and drove another of his nearest relations to distraction, by his wicked and undutiful behaviour ; while Mr. Thoroughgood turned out a complete rogue and vagabond at 15 years of age, and was transported at the expence of the government at five-and-twenty. Mr. Gotobed is never so happy as when he can sit up all night smoking and drinking. Mr. Hogg is so particularly cleanly and neat in his person as to be the admiration of all his acquaintance. Mr. Armstrong has scarcely physical power in either of his arms to dance his own baby for five minutes ; and Mr. Playfair is a notorious sharper.

' It is with sincere regret that we feel obliged to add to this list, that we know a Dean who is a common prostitute, a Bishop who is little better than a knight of the post, and an Abbot that loves blasphemy even better than venison. Mrs. Small is reported to be the lustiest woman in the three kingdoms. The only Mr. Halfpenny the world is at present acquainted with, is not worth a farthing. Many years have not elapsed since Horace drew beer at an ale-house in Wapping, and Homer was particularly famous for curing sore legs. Mrs. Fury is, perhaps, the quietest woman in Europe ; Mrs. Prate, as is well known, has been always deaf and dumb ; Mr. Nightingale has a worse voice than a raven ; Mr. Lightfoot has lost one of his legs, and got the gout in the other ; and poor Mrs. Ogle was born blind.'

The work concludes with some observations on the importance of avoiding incongruous names, which deserve the perusal of godfathers and godmothers.

**Art. 14.** *An Excursion to Brighton*, with an Account of the Royal Pavilion : a Visit to Tunbridge Wells ; and a Trip to Southend. With an Alphabetical List of all the Watering Places in the Kingdom. By John Evans, LL.D. 12mo. 6s. Boards. Sherwood and Co.

With great propriety, Dr. Evans uses the common term *Excursion* in the title-page of his book, for he is most truly *excursive* in his journal. We have often heard of some talkative characters, who are *reminded* by every thing that they say of something else which they immediately proceed to say ; and in like manner Dr. E. talks not only of the place which is his *primary* object and *ulti-*

*mate destination*, but of every place which leads to it, or is in its neighbourhood, and of every person or event of any note that was or is in any manner connected with it, in times past or present. — In this way we are often told “what oft was told before,” and even well known writers both in verse and prose are occasionally laid under contribution to fill a page or two. Nevertheless, we must add that sometimes the Doctor brings forwards anecdotes that are less common; and that on all occasions he not only writes pleasantly and with good humour, but every where expresses good sentiments and feelings, — public and private, civil and religious, moral and loyal. His *loyalty*, indeed, which has often been manifested, is very conspicuous in his Brighton memoranda and remarks. Altogether, therefore, his *Rambling Annotations* may both amuse and instruct.

Those who have visited the *quondam* Brighthelmstone, now corrupted to Brighton, in former days and also within a short period, are aware of the very great alterations that have taken place in its buildings and population; and both seem still to be proceeding with a rapidity that defies the anticipation of a *maximum* for either. Dr. Evans states its population in 1811 to have been 12,012, and in 1831 to have augmented to 24,429, or rather more than double; and the houses in the former case 2458, and in the latter 4659. Even since the Doctor's visit, the additions of building, commenced and proposed, we understand to be prodigious. — Is it not possible, and even probable, that these undertakings may (without a pun) be *carried too far*?

Tunbridge Wells is a much *quieter subject*, being but little under the influence of recent alteration and extension; nor can South End greatly exceed it in such a boast, though, like Brighton, it has risen from the condition of a mere fishing village to its present state as a *watering place*. Dr. E. seems to have been rather misinformed, however, when he was told that ‘*thirty years ago* it had not more than a dozen cottages and one public house:’ for we can testify that at very nearly that period (in 1795) it possessed its present terrace, hotel, &c., though but recently built.

Art. 15. *Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, in Miniature*, improved and enlarged by Geo. Fulton, Author of a Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. To which are subjoined Vocabularies of Classical and Scriptural Proper Names; a concise Account of the Heathen Deities; a Collection of Quotations and Phrases, from the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Languages; a Chronological Table of remarkable Events; and a List of Men of Genius and Learning. Second Edition. 12mo. 3s. bound. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittakers, &c. London. 1822.

We have heard of Homer's Iliad in a nutshell, and here we actually have Johnson's Dictionary in our waistcoat-pocket: — two bulky folios reduced to a neat little duodecimo, at the low price of 3s.! We need not say that the power of condensation must here have been vigorously exercised: but how much of the essence has evaporated in the operation, it is impossible for us to ascertain. Nothing but frequent consultation of the present pigmy work, and

comparison of it with the giant himself, can settle this question. Mr. Fulton, however, speaks very positively of his dwarf's merits, and of the labor and care which he has bestowed on the undertaking. — Johnson's *examples* of the use of words are of course wholly suppressed.

The Scottish national difficulty of comprehending the difference between *shall*, the future of necessity, and *will*, the future of volition, having occurred to us on this occasion, we looked for those words in Mr. Fulton's epitome: but his "*brevis esse laboro*" has forced him to cut very unsatisfactorily short the definition of *shall* by Johnson, and he has omitted any mention of the future of the verb *to will*. He has also called *shall* an *auxiliary* verb, as it certainly is, but Johnson more properly states it to be a *defective* verb, having no tenses but *shall* and *should*.

On the nice point of *accentuation*, Mr. Fulton also professes to have taken great pains; and the rule which he has laid down in his preface is very good. In most instances which we have examined, it appears also to be fairly applied: but we should apprehend that occasionally a northern peculiarity of pronunciation must have been communicated to words. Two examples occur to us in the words *Charles*, and *scarlet*; where, according to English usage, and to Mr. F.'s rule, the accent should be placed after the *r*, but we find it after the *a*, more *Scotico*.

The *adjuncts* to the Dictionary, mentioned in the title-page, are useful additions; and the whole forms a convenient and well printed manual for those who can be, or must be, satisfied with *penn'orths* instead of *poundsworths*. It would scarcely be fair, we apprehend, to apply in this case the severe and perhaps unjust sarcasm of Johnson himself respecting the state of learning in Scotland; where, he said, "every man had a mouthful, and no man a bellyful."

**Art. 16.** *A Guide to the Lakes of Killarney.* Illustrated by Engravings after the Designs of George Petrie, Esq. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M. 12mo. pp. 96. 6s. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1822.

Of Mr. Wright's *Guide to Dublin* we made "honorable mention" in our Number for July last, and we are glad to find so competent a *Cicerone* extending his services in conducting us to others of the interesting and important portions of our sister-island. Of the beautiful Lakes of Killarney, scarcely any person has not heard, though very many in this our part of the British empire may, like us, have not been so fortunate as to visit them. To those who are in this predicament, Mr. W. may say, in presenting his little volume, "*Indocti discant;*" and to those who *have* been thus gratified, he may add, "*et ament meminisse BEATI.*"

In the preface, Mr. W. observes that many descriptions of the sublime scenery of Lough Lein have appeared, but not a single *Guide* or *Directory* for visitors; and that he offers himself precisely in this latter capacity, to indicate 'what measures the tourist is to adopt, the moment he arrives at the inn in Killarney, and at each subsequent

subsequent period of his stay.' His work therefore 'professes to afford every necessary direction: it points out the time required, the modes of conveyance, the inns on the road, and the probable expence: it treats of the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical history, of the various productions of nature and remains of art; and concludes with such directions as will enable the expert tourist to dispose of his time so judiciously, that the scenery and phænomena of Killarney may be perfectly viewed and admired in a tour of either three days or two days, or even of one. In the concluding pages will be found a list of all the islands, to which names have been appropriated, and the heights of the surrounding mountains.' — Five neatly engraved views, and a map of the Lake, elucidate the verbal descriptions.

We are sorry to record the statement of a regular imposition on the tourist, which Mr. W. justly terms disgraceful. To visit the Lakes, a boat properly equipped is of course necessary: 'the hire of this boat is a very extravagant sum in the first instance, but this the cockswain, or boatmen, cannot interfere with, the boats being the property of Lord Kenmare, from one of whose stewards they are procured; but, in addition, the boatmen and cockswain (five persons at least) are to be paid two shillings each for their labor, *a bottle of whiskey a man*, with dinner for the entire party, including a bugleman and fisherman. How different from the modest charges of Derwent or Windermere!' — We trust that a public notice of this impropriety will lead to the correction of it.

The fine echoes which occur amid these beautiful regions are in course duly noted, but none of them are stated to have the property alleged to belong to the *Irish echo* which returned an answer to the question put to it. Lord Bacon, however, is quoted to introduce a curious remark, and to shew that *French echoes* may be *oddly construed*. He 'mentions, Cent. iii. 249., an instance of sixteen repetitions of the voice in the ruined church of Pont Charonton, on the Seine, near Paris; and here that intelligent scholar discovered the inability of an echo to return the letter S, for having pronounced the word *Satan*, the echo replied *Va t'en*, which signifies, "Go away!" From this extraordinary coincidence, the Parisians concluded that some guardian spirit prevented the walls of the sacred edifice from pronouncing the name *Satan*.'

Speaking of the bay of Glenà, Mr. Wright states that it has an excellent fishery of salmon, trout, and perch, but no pike; and he adds: 'Here the salmon, taken alive from the lake, are dressed' (not *while alive*, we hope,) 'in a most extraordinary mode, which, though not prepossessing in appearance, will be found much so in reality. The salmon is split from head to tail, and cut into junks; these are pierced with skewers, *made of arbutus wood*, stuck perpendicularly into a sod, and it is thus roasted at a turf-fire: the arbutus is supposed to impart a very peculiar flavor to the salmon, and the tourist should not condemn it without trial.'

The description of Mucrass Abbey, which is a favorite burying-place, induces the author to enlarge for a short time on the origin of the Irish cry, or *howl*, which is customary among this people at  
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the funeral of their friends and relatives. Mr. W. thinks that, though the practice is now perhaps peculiar to Ireland, it is of very antient date, and may be traced with tolerable certainty to a heathenish origin.

‘ As far as the analogy of languages will prove, there is very singular testimony to this point. The Hebrew is *Huluul*; the Greek, *Hololuzo*; the Latin, *Ululo*; and the Irish *Hulluloo*. If it be, then, of heathenish origin, it may be supposed to arise from despair, but if otherwise, from hope. That it is not a fortuitous coincidence of terms, but also a similarity of customs, to which these mixed modes are applicable, may easily be proved. We find in the Scriptures many passages proving the existence of this practice among those who used the Hebrew tongue: “Call for the mourners,” &c.; “Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,” &c. Its existence among persons speaking the Greek tongue is proved from the last book of Homer, where females are introduced, mourning over Hector’s dead body:

“ Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
The obedient tears, melodious in their woe.”

‘ It is not alleged that the Greeks introduced the name, or the custom; but that the Greeks were in Ireland might perhaps be proved from the Greek church at TRIM, in the county of Meath; and also from the life of St. Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, where mention is made of Bishop Dobda, a Grecian, who followed St. Virgilius out of Ireland. Among the Romans there were women called *Præficæ*, who uttered the *Conclamatio*; and Virgil, speaking of Dido’s funeral, says, “*Fæmineo ululatu tecta fremunt.*”

‘ The analogy between the Roman and Irish funeral-ceremony, before the government of the Decemviri, was amazingly striking. The Keenaghers, or Keeners, (for so the *Præficæ mulieres* are called by the Irish,) are in the habit of beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and wringing their hands. Now we find the following law relative to Roman funerals among those of the twelve tables: “*Mulier ne faciem carpito.*” — “*Mulieres ne genas ne radunto.*” The antiquity of this custom is thus established beyond doubt, and secures for the Irish peasantry the sanction of ages for a practice which a stranger might otherwise contemplate with horror.’

The height of the most elevated of the mountains in the vicinity of Lough Lein is 3410 feet.

Art. 17. • *A Guide to the County of Wicklow.* Illustrated by Engravings, after the Designs of George Petrie, Esq. and a large Map of the County, from an original Survey. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A. M. 12mo. pp. 160. Baldwin and Co. 1822.

Again we join Mr. Wright, and with pleasure resume our great-chair wanderings over the “Emerald Isle.” Wicklow is a portion of it that is remarkable for the very mountainous aspect which nature has assigned to it, and unfortunately for scenes of tumult and bloodshed which unholy man has acted in it, though partly on pretended



pretended holy accounts. Mr. W. here manifests to us that it is also worthy of attention for other natural beauties and curiosities, besides its towering heights; and we hope that peaceful days await it, to compensate for its past distractions.

The ludicrous descriptions of Irish post-chaises, horses, &c. given by Miss Edgeworth and others, must be familiar to our readers; and they should therefore now be informed of Mr. Wright's counter-statement, as far as Wicklow is concerned: for he assures us that at Quin's hotel, in Bray, chaises (and also barouches) 'superior in decoration and style of equipment to any thing in England' are kept for the accommodation of persons visiting any part of Wicklow; and that the said spirited Mr. Quin has introduced into Ireland an elegant and improved style of posting, which he has carried 'to such a degree of perfection that he is never likely to be rivalled.'

It appears that the author is one of the believers in 'the greatness, the antiquity, and learning of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland;' and he considers the history and ruins of Glendalough, (*i. e.* the Valley of the two Lakes,) or the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow, as 'bearing ample and satisfactory testimony' to the truth of that hypothesis. 'This valley (22 miles from Dublin and 11 from Wicklow) is a stupendous excavation, between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent; having lofty and precipitous mountains hanging over upon every side except one. The eastern extremity of the vale is an extensive mead, watered by a deep and clear rivulet, fed by the lakes in the valley, and abounding in excellent trout. — In picturesque grandeur, in sublimity of outline, no scene in Wicklow can for an instant be put in competition.' — Having described the mountains surrounding it, and the lakes and rivers which adorn it, he observes: 'Beyond the reach of satisfactory authority, Glendalough appears to have been the seat of learning, of religion, or rather of superstition, for, in the transition from Pagan to Christian worship, it could not be expected that all the idolatrous practices would be instantaneously abandoned.' He then gives an account of the founder of the abbey and churches, St. Coemgen, or Kevin, who was born in the year 498, and died at the advanced age of 120; as also of the ruins of the city, the cathedral, the churches, &c., and many legends relating to this renowned saint; concluding by informing us that 'there is one legend more which has supplied materials to many a ballad-writer for a display of fancy, that is, the tale of Cathleen and Kevin.'

'The fair Cathleen was descended of an illustrious race, and endowed with rich domains: having heard of the fame of St. Kevin, at that time a youth, she went to listen to his religious admonitions; but unholy thoughts crept in amidst the telling of her beads, for she became enamoured of the youthful saint. Tradition says, it was the intention of the saint to have built his abbey in the valley of Luggelaw, on the margin of Lough Tay; but that the repeated visits of Cathleen, while he sojourned there, induced him to remove to where he might be freed from her interruptions, and he ultimately decided upon Glendalough.'

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‘ After establishing his religious seminaries, and supposing himself at rest for the remainder of his mortal career, the beauteous but unhappy Cathleen renewed her visits. Determined to avoid the temptations of so much innocence and fidelity in one so fair, and to spare her feelings, the saint withdrew to his stony couch in the inaccessible front of Lugduff. Day after day Cathleen visited the wonted haunts of her beloved Kevin, but he was no where to be found. One morning as the disconsolate fair was slowly moving along the church-yard path, the favourite dog of St. Kevin met and fawned upon her, and turning swiftly, led the way to his master’s sequestered home. Here then follows the most uncharitable part of the saint’s conduct, for, awaking and perceiving a female leaning over him, “ although there was Heaven in her eye,” he hurled her from the beetling rock. The next morning, says one traditionary historian, the unfortunate Cathleen, whose unceasing affection seems to have merited a better fate, was seen, for a moment, on the margin of the lake, wringing her flowing locks, but never was heard of more; while the poetic imagination of another concludes the legend with the following passage, the saint being supposed to have repented after Cathleen had fallen into the lake :

‘ Fervent he prayed that Heaven would save  
The maid from an untimely grave ;  
His prayer half granted, like the mist of morn,  
Her floating form, along the surface borne,  
Shone bright, then faded in the dawning ray,  
To light converted from his gaze away.

‘ This tale is the subject of Moore’s melody, beginning “ By that Lake whose gloomy shore ;” but the poet forgot to tell what became of Cathleen, for it never could be supposed she had been drowned by the saint.’

Wicklow is one of the smallest counties in Ireland, and is divided into baronies and half-baronies, one of which is called *Shillelagh* ; and from this district, we suppose, the formidable cudgel habitually wielded by the Irish derives that name by which it is so well known. The elevation of the highest mountain is 3070 feet.

One of the five plates represents Kilruddery House, a noble Gothic edifice now completing for the Earl of Meath. The beautiful mansion of Lord Powerscourt is also in this county ; and the magnificent seats of the Earls of Wicklow, Miltown, &c.— We have spoken of a *poetical* Guide to this county, in p. 323.

‘ A Guide to the Giants’ Causeway’ is advertized as in the press.

**Art. 18.** *An Account of the last Illness, Decease, and Post-mortem Appearances, of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By Archibald Annot, M. D. Surgeon 20th Regiment. 8vo. pp. 39. 2s. 6d. Murray. 1822.

This “ shilling pamphlet,” sold at the price of half-a-crown, is a satisfactory document respecting the last illness and decease of the late “ Captive of St. Helena ;” — that remarkable proof of the

the fickleness of Fortune, and, on the score of constitutional health, of the niggardliness of Nature in a most important point towards one whom she had so eminently favored in others.

Dr. Arnott's statement is merely the transcript of his plain daily notes, taken during the progress of the case; followed by the Report on Dissection, a few professional remarks, and an official letter to the Governor. We copy the Report as a permanent document.

‘ Longwood, St. Helena, May 6. 1821. ’

‘ On a superficial view, the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch thick over the sternum, and one inch and a half over the abdomen.

‘ On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura to the pleura costalis was found; about three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right.

‘ The lungs were quite sound.

‘ The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

‘ The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat; the auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

‘ Upon opening the abdomen, the omentum was found remarkably fat; and on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extreme disease; strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity, to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease, or schirrous portions advancing to cancer; this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee-grounds.

‘ The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm; but, with the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

‘ The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

‘ A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed) ‘ THOMAS SHORTT, Physician and P. M. O.

‘ ARCH. ARNOTT, M. D. Surg. 20th Reg.

‘ CHARLES MITCHELL, M. D. Surg. H. M. S. Vigo.

‘ FRANCIS BURTON, M. D. Surg. 66th Reg.

‘ MATTHEW LIVINGSTONE, Surg. H. C. Service.’

It is observable that this report has not the signature of Professor Antomarchi, the Italian and confidential physician of the patient.

In the 'Remarks,' Dr. A. observes on the very rare occurrence of *schirrus* in the stomach and pylorus, in the case of any but decided dram-drinkers, while the peculiarly abstemious life of Bonaparte is well known. We have met with an instance of this disease, in a military officer, who probably had lived freely, as men of that profession usually do, but who certainly was not a *hard drinker*, nor a *dram-drinker*. He died much emaciated, from inability to take *any sustenance* for some time previous to his decease; whereas it is remarked that Napoleon's frame was very little extenuated.

In the letter to Sir H. Lowe, the writer adds a 'remark which does not appear in the Dissection-Report, that the strong adhesions of the morbid parts of the stomach to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver perhaps prolonged the patient's life; being over the ulcer, they consequently prevented the escape of the contents of the stomach into the cavity of the abdomen.'

Art. 19. *Life in Paris*; comprising the Rambles, Sprees, and Amours, of Dick Wildfire, of Corinthian Celebrity, and his Bang-up Companions Squire Jenkins and Captain O'Shuffleton; with the whimsical Adventures of the Halibut Family; including Sketches of a Variety of other excentric Characters in the French Metropolis. By David Carey. Embellished with Twenty-one coloured Plates, representing Scenes from real Life, designed and engraved by Mr. George Cruikshank. Enriched also with Twenty-two Engravings on Wood, drawn by the same Artist, and executed by Mr. White. 8vo. 17. 1s. Boards. Fairburn. 1822.

Mr. Egan's *Life in London*, of which we spoke in our Number for April last, has evidently given birth to this counter-part bantling; and all the observations which we made on his production will apply to the present, including the plates, which have great merit in expression and effect. The allegorical frontispiece, in particular, is a happy effort of Mr. Cruikshank's fancy in delineation, and equally well conveyed to the eye by his *burin*. We must repeat our remark, however, and perhaps give additional strength to it, that the delicate and fastidious reader will do well to leave this work un-opened; for its scenes are often by no means pure, and its humour is both broad and too much tinged with *slang*: i. e. the language of St. Giles's transferred to the boxing-ring, the bagnio, and the bear-baiting.

Still, we do not mean to deny that much insight into the manners of the French capital may be gained from this volume, the author being, as he asserts, personally well acquainted with that great metropolis: but then, besides that we are kept too much in English association, and of the kind intimated, we are in like manner nearly confined with regard to Parisian company to the *gens de feu* and the *filles de joie*, and have no intercourse with high and respectable or learned and instructive society. Occasionally,  
how-

however, as the English party visits the different institutions and sights of Paris, some acceptable particulars respecting those objects are interwoven with the prevailing detail of nonsense and profligacy. Among others, the account of the French drama and dramatic representations deserves notice, and the description of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, or Hospital for wounded Soldiers. A variety of poetical effusions are also interspersed, some of them translated from the French, and several of them displaying no mean proficiency in versifying. — Altogether, we should imagine that Mr. Carey has talents that might appear to advantage in a less equivocal shape than they assume in this volume.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Senex* is requested to accept our cordial acknowledgements. The approbation of the wise, and the good, and the *experienced*, is ever grateful to those who have deserved it: especially in days in which the frivolity, self-conceit, and presumption of the *inexperienced* are but too little inclined to profit by the opinions, or the warnings, of those who have paid dear for their superior knowledge. — We shall attend to the contents of our correspondent's letter.

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*R. S. A.* is informed that "The Etonian" was amply reviewed in our last Number. We are glad to see a third edition of that promising work advertized.

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How can 'a *Constant Reader*' merit that title, when he asks why we do not give an account of Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, and that fine poem was fully examined in our Review for January last?

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*A. B. C. D.*'s suggestion is liable to many difficulties and objections, which we cannot state here: though we should at all times be glad to accommodate our readers, whether learned or unlearned.

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\* \* We again recommend to the notice of our readers the lately published GENERAL INDEX to the whole of the *New Series* of the Monthly Review, in two large vols. 8vo.; as not only a most convenient but a necessary guide to that (now) extensive portion of our work, and to the *History of Literature* for the period which it includes.





THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1823.

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ART. I. *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land*; by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa. 4to. pp. 700. With Plates and Maps. 2l. 8s. Boards. Murray. 1823.

WE have turned over the pages of the posthumous volume bequeathed to us by this amiable and lamented traveller, with a satisfaction alloyed by melancholy. Such feelings of regret are by no means confined to our bosoms: for, as few men, while living, obtained a more general and undivided suffrage than John Lewis Burckhardt, few have diffused more genuine and unaffected sorrow among their survivors. Ardent and undismayed in enterprize, and inspired with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, he seems to have considered his vast attainments merely as means adapted to an important end: he therefore placed no value on them but as they conduced to the great object of alleviating the condition of mankind; — as they held out any, even the faintest hopes of enlightening the ignorance and mitigating the sufferings of those unhappy tribes, whose lot was cast in the cheerless regions which were the scenes of his researches. “*Extinctus, amabitur!*”

That a volume of travels in *Asia*, however, has been published by a Society whose exclusive object is the promotion of discoveries in *Africa*, may appear somewhat remarkable: but the circumstance is explained by Mr. Martin Leake, acting Secretary of the Association, in a preface overflowing with geographical erudition, and equally distinguished for its good sense and liberality. The Association, it seems, having had the good fortune to obtain the valuable services of Mr. Burckhardt, resolved to spare neither time nor expence in enabling him to acquire the language and manners of an Arabian Mussulman, in such a degree of perfection that he might be enabled to pass without detection through the interior of Africa. Aleppo, therefore, was chosen as his place of residence; in order that, by an intercourse with the natives, and occasional tours into Syria, he might become, as it were, thoroughly disciplined.

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ciplined in Arabian life and manners, through all their shades and varieties, from the Bedouin-camp to the populous city. During these preparations, he frequently travelled through the most unfrequented parts of Syria; and, in the course of his expeditions, he was enabled to make the most important additions to a branch of geography highly interesting from its connection with antient history, and at the same time very imperfect from the impediments opposed by modern barbarism to its progress. Having consumed three years in Syria, he proceeded to Egypt: but, finding that the usual commercial intercourse with the African interior was suspended, he was compelled for the five succeeding years to devote his researches to Egypt and the adjacent districts. At length, the long expected opportunity of prosecuting the great objects of his mission arrived, and he commenced his preparations for an immediate departure to Fezzan. — Death, however, intercepted the project; and that unexpected event left the Association in possession of a large collection of MSS. concerning the countries which he had visited in his preparatory journeys. Those which related to Nubia, and the regions adjacent to the Astaboras, have been already published; and the present volume contains his observations in Syria and Arabia Petræa, with his expedition to Mount Sinai and his journey through the Holy Land. MSS. sufficient for two volumes more still remain; of which, one is to consist of his Travels in Arabia; and the fourth, of copious remarks on the Desert, and particularly the Wahabees.

It would not be easy to estimate the amount of Mr. Burckhardt's geographical discoveries, without referring to some of the less successful researches of other travellers. For instance, in 1805 and 1806, M. Seetzen had traversed a part of the Haouran to Mezareib and Draa, proceeded through Rabbath Moab to Kerek, and thence passed round the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to Jerusalem. Of these expeditions, slight and imperfect accounts only have reached the public. M. Seetzen was unsuccessful in his inquiries for Petra; and, having taken his route towards Mount Sinai from Hebron, he did not so much as suspect the existence of the valley known by the names of El Gher and El Araba, — a prolongation of the valley of Jordan, completing a longitudinal separation of Syria, and extending for three hundred miles from the sources of that river to the eastern branch of the Red Sea. This is a most important feature in the geography of the Holy Land; indicating that the Jordan once discharged itself into the Red Sea, and confirming the truth of the great volcanic convulsion (Gen. xix.) which interrupted the course of the river,  
and

and converted into a lake the plain occupied by Adma, Zebon, Sodom, and Gomorra, while it changed the valley to the southward of that district into a sandy desert. For the elucidation of this heretofore obscure point of scriptural geography, we are indebted to the labors of Burckhardt; and, in addition, the volume before us communicates for the first time the extent, conformation, and detailed topography of the Haouran; — the site of Assameia on the Orontes, one of the most important cities of Syria under the Macedonian Greeks; — the site of Petra, which, under the Romans, gave the name of Arabia Petraea to the surrounding district; — and the general structure of the peninsula of Mount Sinai, with many new facts in its geography, among which the form of the Ælanitic gulf, hitherto omitted in the maps, or erroneously marked with a bifurcation at the extremity, is not the least important. The valley of the Orontes also below Hamah, once occupied by Larissa and Assameia, has now for the first time been examined by a scientific traveller; and the lake, and its modern name Famia, to which a place in the maps of Syria has been so long assigned, may henceforth be erased.

This is not all. Petra, the chief town of the Nabatæi, is laid down by Burckhardt in latitude  $30^{\circ} 20'$ ; a position which accurately agrees with Ptolemy, Eratosthenes, Strabo, and Pliny. Near to this city, from the concurring testimonies of all persons acquainted with these countries, was the sepulchre of Aaron in Mount Hor; and it is now evident that the present object of Mussulman devotion — the tomb of Haroun — occupies the very spot which has always been regarded as the burying-place of Aaron: consequently, that the mountain west of Petra is the Mount Hor of the Scriptures, Mousa being probably an Arabic corruption of Mosera, where Aaron is said to have died. — The new information, moreover, obtained by Mr. Burckhardt concerning Mount Sinai and the deserts lying between that peninsula and Judæa, has brought to light several interesting facts relative to their geography and natural history, which strongly elucidate the progress of the Israelites from Egypt into Syria.

Such are the valuable accessions bequeathed by this indefatigable traveller to that obscure but highly useful branch of literature, which is so essentially requisite to history, and without which the study of the antient writers would be full of dark and perplexing mazes. We are much pleased also with the editorship of this valuable work. If a foreign idiom has been occasionally corrected, Mr. Leake has religiously abstained from injuring the originality of the composition,

stamped as it is with the characteristic simplicity, good sense, and candor of its author.

The first of Mr. Burckhardt's tours contained in this volume extended from Damascus to the countries of the Libanus and Anti-Libanus in 1810. On the 28th of August, he set out for Baalbec with a native of that place from Zahle, on the river Berdoun, and arrived there in about seven hours. The territory of Baalbec extends down to the Bekaa; comprizing on the east the Anti-Libanus to its summit, and the Libanus on the west. It is a district abundantly watered by springs descending into the valley, and the soil is fertile: but the oppressions of the governors have entirely destroyed the vineyards which flourished there about twelve years ago, and the inhabitants now import their grapes from Fursul and Zahle. The government, after having been long the subject of sanguinary contentions, is now in the hands of the Harfush, the head family of the Metaweli of Syria. — The first object which strikes a traveller arriving from the Bekaa is a temple in the plain not far from the town, called Kubbet Duris, not described by Volney. It is of an octagon form, supported by eight beautiful granite columns of the Doric order.

The accounts of Wood, who accompanied Dawkins to Baalbec in 1751, and the subsequent descriptions of Volney, who visited it in 1784, seemed to our modest and ingenious traveller to supersede the necessity of his entering into the same subject: but he remarks that Volney is incorrect in describing the material of the buildings as a granite, it being rock of the primitive calcareous kind, harder than the stone of Tedmor. The interior view of the Temple of Baalbec Mr. Burckhardt considers to be much grander than that of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, although the latter is on a more magnificent scale. The walls of the antient city may be still traced in a circuit of three or four miles. The ruined town contains about seventy Metaweli families, with twenty-five of Catholic Christians: two handsome mosques, and a fine bath, are among its remains. The inhabitants fabricate white cotton, and their property consists of cows, goats, and sheep. The breed of Baalbec mules is highly esteemed, some of them being worth 30*l.* or 35*l.* sterling.

Returning to Zahle, the author visited the temple called Heusn Nieha, at half an hour's distance from Fursul.

These remains stand in a Wady, surrounded by barren rocks, having a spring near them to the eastward. The temple faced the west. A grand flight of steps, twelve paces broad, with a column three feet and a half in diameter at each end of the lower step,



step, formed the approach to a spacious pronaos, in which are remains of columns: here a door six paces in width opens into the cella, the fallen roof of which now covers the floor, and the side walls to half their original height only remain. This chamber is thirty-five paces in length by fifteen in breadth. On each of the side walls stood six pilasters of a bad Ionic order. At the extremity of the chamber are steps leading to a platform, where the statue of the deity may, perhaps, have stood: the whole space is here filled up with fragments of columns and walls. The square stones used in the construction of the walls are in general about four or five cubic feet each, but I saw some twelve feet long, four feet high, and four feet in breadth. On the right side of the entrance-door is a staircase in the wall, leading to the top of the building, and much resembling in its mode of construction the staircase in the principal temple of Baalbec. The remains of the capitals of columns betray a very corrupt taste, being badly sculptured, and without any elegance either in design or execution; and the temple seems to have been built in the latest times of paganism, and was perhaps subsequently repaired, and converted into a church. The stone with which it has been built is more decayed than that in the ruins at Baalbec, being here more exposed to the inclemency of the weather. No inscriptions were any where visible. Around the temple are some ruins of ancient and others of more modern habitations.'

The district of Banias is classic ground, being the antient *Cæsarea Philippi*. Mr. Leake's note, illustrative of its name and position, we take the liberty of inserting in this place.

'Baniás, Παναίάς, or *Cæsareia Philippi*, was the Dan of the Jews. The name Paneas was derived from the worship of Pan. The niche in the cavern probably contained a statue of Pan, and the other niches similar dedications to the same or other deities. The cavern and Παναίον, or sanctuary of Pan, are described by Josephus, from whom it appears also that the fountain was considered the source of the Jordan, and at the same time the outlet of a small lake called Phiala, which was situated 120 stades from *Cæsareia* towards Trachonitis, or the north-east. The whole mountain had the name of Paneium. The hewn stones round the spring may have belonged, perhaps, to the temple of Augustus, built here by Herod. Joseph. de Bel. Jud. l. i. c. 16. Antiq. Jud. l. iii. c. 10., l. xv. c. 10. Euseb. Hist. Eccl. l. xii. c. 17. The inscription appears to have been annexed to a dedication by a priest of Pan, who had prefixed the usual *pro salute* for the reigning emperors.'

Mr. Burckhardt says that the town contains about one hundred and fifty houses, chiefly inhabited by Turks. On the N. E., the source of the river of Banias empties itself into the Jordan: — over the source is a perpendicular rock, in which



are several niches for statues; and on the rock is a mosque dedicated to Nebi Khouder.

Bostra, whose ruins Mr. B. took this opportunity of visiting, must not be confounded with Boszra in the Haouran. The way to the ruins lies over a steep mountain to the right, on the top of which is the city, divided apparently into two parts; traces being still visible of a paved way, which connected them. The ruins contain little that is worthy of notice, except a few fragments of columns about a foot in diameter.

On returning from this tour, the traveller was detained at Damascus for a fortnight by indisposition: but, as soon as he recovered, he began his preparations for his long meditated journey into the plains of the Haouran. Furnished with a *bouyourdi*, or general passport, from the Pasha, and with the still more useful recommendation of a letter from the Greek patriarch to his flock in the Haouran, he assumed the dress of the people of that district, with a keffie and a large sheep-skin over his shoulders; and with a spare shirt in his saddle-bag, a pound of coffee-beans, some tobacco, and a day's provender for his horse, he joined a few Felahs of Ezra, from one of whom he hired an ass: knowing this, he says, 'to be the best method of recommending myself to the protection of my fellow-travellers, as the owner of the ass necessarily becomes the companion and protector of him who hires it.' They left Damascus three hours before sunset, taking the road by which the Hadj (Mussulman pilgrimage) commences its laborious journey.

Ezra, one of the chief villages of the Haouran, containing about one hundred and fifty Turkish and Druse families, and about fifty Greeks, was once a flourishing city, its ruins being about three or four miles in circumference.

The present inhabitants continue to live in the ancient buildings, which, in consequence of the strength and solidity of their walls, are for the greater part in complete preservation. They are built of stone, as are all the houses of the villages in the Haouran and Djebel Haouran from Ghabarib to Boszra, as well as of those in the desert beyond the latter. In general, each dwelling has a small entrance leading into a court-yard, round which are the apartments; of these the doors are usually very low. The interior of the rooms is constructed of large square stones; across the centre is a single arch, generally between two and three feet in breadth, which supports the roof; this arch springs from very low pilasters on each side of the room, and in some instances rises immediately from the floor: upon the arch is laid the roof, consisting of stone slabs one foot broad, two inches thick, and about half the length of the room, one end resting upon short projecting stones

stones in the walls, and the other upon the top of the arch. The slabs are in general laid close to each other; but in some houses I observed that the roof was formed of two layers, the one next the arch having small intervals between each slab, and a second layer of similar dimensions was laid close together at right angles with the first. The rooms are seldom higher than nine or ten feet, and have no other opening than a low door, with sometimes a small window over it. In many places I saw two or three of these arched chambers one above the other, forming so many stories. This substantial mode of building prevails also in most of the ancient public edifices remaining in the Haouran, except that in the latter the arch, instead of springing from the walls or floor, rests upon two short columns. During the whole of my tour, I saw but one or two arches whose curve was lofty; the generality of them, including those in the public buildings, are oppressively low. To complete the durability of these structures, most of the doors were anciently of stone, and of these many are still remaining; sometimes they are of one piece and sometimes they are folding doors; they turn upon hinges worked out of the stone, and are about four inches thick, and seldom higher than about four feet, though I met with some upwards of nine feet in height.

We regret that we cannot follow the traveller in his expedition to the antient towns whose ruins are scattered over this unfrequented district; Sedjen, Medjel, Kafer el Loehha, Doubba, Shohba, &c. &c. &c. The last-mentioned place (شحيه), the seat of the principal Druse Sheikhs, and containing some Turkish and Christian families, lies near the foot of the hill Tel Shohba. That it was once the principal city of the district is attested by the loftiness of its public edifices and the extent of its walls. Mr. Burckhardt copied several Greek inscriptions from the ruins: but the principal ruin is a theatre, in good preservation.

‘It is built on a sloping site, and the semicircle is enclosed by a wall nearly ten feet in thickness, in which are nine vaulted entrances into the interior. Between the wall and the seats runs a double row of vaulted chambers one over the other. Of these the upper chambers are boxes, opening towards the seats, and communicating behind with a passage which separates them from the outer wall. The lower chambers open into each other, those at the extremities of the semi-circle excepted, which have openings towards the area of the theatre. The entrance into the area is by three gates, one larger, with a smaller on either side; on each side of the two latter are niches for statues. The diameter of the area, near the entrance, is thirty paces; the circle round the upper row of seats is sixty-four paces; there are ten rows of seats. Outside the principal entrance is a wall, running parallel with it, close to which are several small apartments.’

The Ledja, which is two or three day's journey in length by one in breadth, is inhabited by several tribes of Arabs, who breed goats and sheep, and sow wheat and barley in the fertile spots. The traveller and his party found their way with difficulty out of the labyrinth of rocks of which the inner Ledja consists, and of which, it is said, the Arabs only have the clue.

Some of the rocks are twenty feet high, and the country is full of hills and Wadys. In the outer Ledja trees are less frequent than here, where they grow in great numbers among the rocks; the most common are oak, the Malloula, and the Bouttan; the latter is the bitter almond, from the fruit of which an oil is extracted, used by the people of the country to anoint their temples and forehead as a cure for colds; its branches are in great demand for pipe tubes. There are no springs in any part of this stony district, but water collects, in winter time, in great quantities in the wadys, and in the cisterns and birkets which are every where met with; in some of these it is kept the whole summer; when they are dried up the Arabs approach the borders of the Ledja called the Loehf, to water their cattle at the springs in that district. The camel is met with throughout the Ledja, and walks with a firm step over the rocky surface. In summer he feeds on the flowers or dry grass of the pasturing places. In the interior parts of the Ledja the rocks are in many places cleft asunder, so that the whole hill appears shivered and in the act of falling down: the layers are generally horizontal, from six to eight feet, or more, in thickness, sometimes covering the hills, and inclining to their curve, as appears from the fissures, which often traverse the rock from top to bottom. In many places are ruined walls; from whence it may be conjectured that a stratum of soil of sufficient depth for cultivation had in ancient times covered the rock.

We had lost our road, when we met with a travelling encampment of Medledj, who guided us into a more open place, where their companions were pitching their tents. We breakfasted with them, and I was present during an interesting conversation between one of my Druse companions and an Arab. The wife of the latter, it appeared, had been carried off by another Arab, who, fearing the vengeance of the injured husband, had gone to the Druse Sheikh of Khabeb, and having secured his Dakhil (دخل), or protection, returned to the woman in the Ledja. The Sheikh sent word to the husband, cautioning him against taking any violent measures against his enemy. The husband, whom we here met with, wished to persuade the Druses that the Dakhil of the Sheikh was unjust, and that the adulterer ought to be left to his punishment. The Druse not agreeing with him, he swore that nothing should prevent him from shedding the blood of the man who had bereft him of his own blood; but I was persuaded that he would not venture to carry his threat into effect; for should he kill his enemy, the Druses would not fail to be revenged upon the *slayer or his family*.

The author's third tour was from Aleppo to Damascus, through the valley of the Orontes and Mount Libanus, in February and March, 1812. On the 16th of the former month his party arrived at Edlip; the approach to which is very picturesque. It contains one thousand houses, inhabited chiefly by Turks: but there are about eighty Greek families, who have a church, and three priests, subject to the immediate jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch at Damascus. — Kefr Lata is built on the mountain of Rieha on the south side of a narrow valley, and includes about forty houses; presenting remains which are deserving of notice on account of the vast quantity of stone coffins and sepulchres. On the west side of the village, Mr. B. reckoned sixteen coffins and seven caves: the former being cut out of the rock, nine feet long, three broad, and about five deep. He saw only two or three of the stone lids which covered them, and in these a sculptured frieze or cornice extended along the whole length.

‘ The sepulchral caves vary in their sizes and construction; the entrance is generally through a low door, sometimes ornamented by short pilasters, into a vaulted room cut in the rock, the size of which varies from six to fifteen feet in length, and from four to ten feet in breadth; the height of the vault is about six feet; but sometimes the cave terminates in a flat roof. They all contain coffins, or receptacles for the dead; in the smaller chambers there is a coffin in each of the three sides: the larger contain four or six coffins, two opposite the entrance, and one on each side, or two on each of the three sides: the coffins in general are very rudely formed. Some of the natural caverns contain also artificial receptacles for the dead, similar to those already described; I have seen many of these caverns in different parts of Syria. The south side of the village being less rocky, there are neither caves nor coffins on that side. On the east side I counted twenty-one coffins, and five sepulchral caves; of the former, fourteen are within a very small space; the greater part of them are single, but in some places they have been formed in pairs, upon the same level, and almost touching each other.

‘ Crossing to the north side of the valley of Kefr Lata, I met with a long wall built with large blocks of stone; to the north of it is an oblong square, thirty-seven paces in length, and twenty-seven in breadth, cut out of the rock; in its walls are several niches. In the middle of it is a large coffin, with the remains of a wall which had enclosed it. To the east of this is a similar square, but of smaller dimensions. I counted in this neighbourhood twenty coffins and four sepulchral caves, besides several open niches, very neatly wrought in the side of the mountain, containing recesses for the dead.’

Mr. Burckhardt conjectures that Kalaat el Medyk, or the castle of Medyk, occupies the site of Apamea; and that  
travellers



travellers have been wrong in placing that city at Hamah, the antient Epiphania. Hamah is situated on both sides of the Orontes, and is an extensive town, containing at least thirty thousand inhabitants, with about thirteen mosques. Its trade is carried on with the Arabs, who buy there tent-furniture and clothes; and it forms a part of the province of Damascus. Few rich merchants live in the town, but many opulent Turks make it their residence; and Nazzyf Pasha, who has an annual income of 8000*l.* sterling, has built a handsome house there. He is known by his travels in Europe and Barbary, and his brave defence of Cairo, after the defeat of the Grand Vizier by General Kleber near Heliopolis.

‘ Maszyad is remarkable from being the chief seat of the religious sect called Ismayly (إسماعيلي). Enquiries have often been made concerning the religious doctrines of this sect, as well as those of the Anzeyrys and Druses. Not only European travellers, and Europeans resident in Syria, but many natives of influence, have endeavoured to penetrate the mysteries of these idolaters, without success, and several causes combine to make it probable, that their doctrines will long remain unknown. The principal reason is, that few individuals among them become acquainted with the most important and secret tenets of their faith; the generality contenting themselves with the observance of some exterior practices, while the arcana are possessed by the select few. It will be asked, perhaps, whether their religious books would not unveil the mystery? It is true that all the different sects possess books, which they regard as sacred, but they are intelligible only to the initiated. A sacred book of the Anzeyrys fell into the hands of a chief of the army of Youssef Pasha, which plundered the castles of that sect in 1808; it came afterwards into the possession of my friend Selym of Hamah, who had destined it as a present to me; but he was prevailed upon to part with it to a travelling physician, and the book is now in the possession of M. Rousseau, the French consul at Aleppo, who has had it translated into French, and means to publish it; but it will probably throw little light upon the question. Another difficulty arises from the extreme caution of the Ismaylys upon this subject; whenever they are obliged to visit any part of the country under the Turkish government, they assume the character of Mussulmans; being well aware that if they should be detected in the practice of any rite contrary to the Turkish religion, their hypocrisy, in affecting to follow the latter, would no longer be tolerated; and their being once clearly known to be pagans, which they are only suspected to be at present, would expose them to the heaviest exactions, and might even be followed by their total expulsion or extirpation. Christians and Jews are tolerated because Mohammed and his immediate successors granted them protection, and because the Turks acknowledge Christ and the prophets;



prophets; but there is no instance whatever of pagans being tolerated.

The Ismaylys are generally reported to adore the *puḍendum muliebre*, and to mix on certain days of the year in promiscuous debauchery. When they go to Hamah they pray in the mosque, which they never do at Kalaat Maszyad. This castle has been from ancient times their chief seat. One of them asserted that his religion descended from Ismayl, the son of Abraham, and that the Ismaylys had been possessed of the castle since the time of El Melek el Dhaher, as acknowledged by the firmahns of the Porte. A few years since they were driven out of it by the Anzeyrys, in consequence of a most daring act of treachery. The Anzeyrys and Ismaylys have always been at enmity, the consequence, perhaps, of some religious differences. In 1807, a tribe of the former having quarrelled with their chief, quitted their abode in their mountains, and applied to the Emir of Maszyad for an asylum. The latter, glad of an opportunity to divide the strength of his enemies, readily granted the request, and about three hundred, with their Sheikh Mahmoud, settled at Maszyad, the Emir carrying his hospitality so far as to order several families to quit the place, for the purpose of affording room for the new settlers. For several months all was tranquil, till one day, when the greater part of the people were at work in the fields, the Anzeyrys, at a given signal, killed the Emir and his son in the castle, and then fell upon the Ismaylys who had remained in their houses, sparing no one they could find, and plundering at the same time the whole town. On the following day the Anzeyrys were joined by great numbers of their countrymen, which proved that their pretended emigration had been a deep-laid plot; and the circumstance of its being kept secret for three months by so great a number of them serves to shew the character of the people. About three hundred Ismaylys perished on this occasion; the families who had escaped in the sack of the town fled to Hamah, Homs, and Tripoli, and their treacherous enemies successfully attacked three other Ismayly castles in the mountain. The Ismaylys then implored the protection of Youssef Pasha, at that time governor of Damascus, who marched with four or five thousand men against the Anzeyrys, retook the castles which had belonged to the Ismaylys, but kept the whole of the plunder of the Anzeyrys to himself. This castle of Maszyad, with a garrison of forty men, resisted his whole army for three months.

In 1810, after Youssef Pasha had been exiled by the Porte, the Ismaylys who had fled to Hamah, Homs, and Tripoli returned, and Maszyad is now inhabited by about two hundred and fifty Ismayly families, and by thirty of Christians. The chief, who resides in the castle, is styled Emir: his name is Zogheby (زغبي), of the family of Soleiman; he informed me that his family had been possessors of the emirship from remote times, and that they are recognised as such by express firmahns from the Porte; Zogheby is a nephew of Mustafa, the Emir who was slain by the Anzeyrys.

zeyrys. Some of his relations command in the Ismayly castles of El Kadmous, El Kohf, El Aleyka, and El Merkab, in the mountains towards Ladakie. After what has lately taken place, it may be presumed that the hatred between the two nations is extreme: they are, apparently, at peace, but many secret murders are committed. "Do you suppose," said a handsome young man to me, while his eyes flashed with anger, "that these whiskers shall turn gray before I shall have taken my revenge for a slaughtered wife and two infant children?" But the Ismaylys are weak; I do not think that they can muster eight hundred firelocks, while the Anzeyrys are triple that number.

The principal produce of the neighbourhood of Maszyad is silk. They have large plantations of mulberry-trees, which are watered by numerous rivulets descending on all sides from the mountain into the valley; and as few of them dry up in summer, this must be a delightful residence during the hot season. There are three or four Ismayly villages in the neighbourhood of Maszyad.'

Tripoli, called Tarábalos by the Arabs, and Tripoli by the Greeks and Italians, is built on the fall of the lowest hills of the Libanus, and is divided by the Nahr Kadisha into two parts, of which the southern is the most considerable. It bears marks of the crusades, having several arcades of Gothic architecture. The town stands in the most favoured spot of Syria; the maritime plain and the contiguity of the mountains placing every variety of climate within the reach of the inhabitants. According to Mr. Burckhardt's estimate, it contains fifteen thousand inhabitants, of whom a third are Greek Christians, with a Greek bishop presiding over them. Its commerce has lately decreased, so that it has now no Frank establishments, and the few Franks who still remain are in the greatest misery. The chief commerce of Tripoli is in silk, produced on the mountain, of which it exports annually eight hundred quintals, or cwt., at 80*l.* sterling per quintal. The next article of exportation is sponges, procured on the sea-shore, of which the price is from twenty-five to forty piastres per 1000. Soap is exported to Tarsous, for Anatolia and the Greek islands; as well as alkali for its manufacture, which is procured in the eastern desert: but it is a curious fact that soap is also imported into Tripoli from Candia; the reason is, that the Cretan soap contains little or no alkali, which is added to it at Tripoli, and it is then sold to advantage.

At twenty minutes' distance from the convent of St. Demetrius, or Deir Demitry, are the remains of an antient town.

These ruins are called by the people of the country Naous or Namous, which name is supposed to be derived from the word نابوس, *i. e.* a burying-place; but I think it is a derivation from the Greek

*Greek Naos*; more probable. On the south side stand the ruins of two temples, which are worth the traveller's attention. The smaller one is very much like the temple of Hossan el Forsul, near Zable, which I had seen on my way to Baalbec; it is an oblong building of about the same size; and is built with large square stones. The entrance is to the east. The door remains, together with the southern wall and a part of the northern. The west wall and the roof are fallen. In the south wall are two niches. Before the entrance was a portico of four columns, with a flight of steps leading up to it. The bases of the columns and fragments of the shafts, which are three feet in diameter, still remain. At about forty paces from the temple is a gate, corresponding to the door of the temple; a broad staircase leads up from it to the temple. The two door-posts of this outer gate are still standing, each formed of a single stone about thirteen feet high, rudely adorned with sculpture. At about one hundred and fifty yards from this building is the other, of much larger dimensions; it stands in an area of fifty paces in breadth, and sixty in length, surrounded by a wall, of which the foundation and some other parts still remain. The entrance to this area is through a beautiful gate, still entire; it is fourteen feet high and ten feet wide; the two posts and the soffit are each formed of a single stone; the posts are elegantly sculptured. At the west end of this area, and elevated four or five feet above its level, stood the temple, opposite to the great gate; it presents nothing now but a heap of ruins, among which it is impossible to trace the original distribution of the building. The ground is covered with columns, capitals, and friezes; I saw a fragment of a column, consisting of one piece of stone nine feet in length, and three feet and a half in diameter. The columns are Corinthian, but not of the best workmanship. Near the S. W. angle of the temple are the foundations of a small insulated building.

'In order to level the surface of the area, and to support the northern wall, a terrace was anciently raised, which is ten feet high in the north-west corner. The wall of the area is built with large blocks of well cut stone, some of which are upwards of twelve feet in length. It appears however to have undergone repairs, as several parts of the wall are evidently of modern construction; it has perhaps been used as a strong-hold by the Arabs. The stone of the building is calcareous, but not so hard as the rock of Baalbec. I saw no kind of inscriptions. The Naous commands a most beautiful view over the Koura and the sea. Tripoli bears north.'

The district of Kesrouan is exclusively inhabited by Christians, and its sole produce is silk, which amounts annually to three hundred and thirty English quintals: but the excessive extortions of the government have obliged the peasants not only to sell their furniture for payment of the taxes, but to eat only the very worst bread, and oil or soup extracted from the wild herbs. Thus plundered, they have still some-

thing

‘ A father cannot entirely disinherit his son, in that case his will would be set aside ; but he may leave him a single mulberry-tree for his portion. There is a Druse Kadhi at Deir el Kammar, who judges according to the Turkish laws, and the customs of the Druses ; his office is hereditary in a Druse family ; but he is held in little repute, as all causes of importance are carried before the Emir or the Sheikh Beshir.

‘ The Druses do not circumcise their children ; circumcision is practised only in the mountain by those members of the Shehab family who continue to be Mohammedans.

‘ The best feature in the Druse character is that peculiar law of hospitality, which forbids them ever to betray a guest. I made particular enquiries on this subject, and I am satisfied that no consideration of interest or dread of power will induce a Druse to give up a person who has once placed himself under his protection. Persons from all parts of Syria are in the constant practice of taking refuge in the mountain, where they are in perfect security from the moment they enter upon the Emir's territory ; should the prince ever be tempted by large offers to consent to give up a refugee, the whole country would rise, to prevent such a stain upon their national reputation. The mighty Djezzar, who had invested his own creatures with the government of the mountain, never could force them to give up a single individual of all those who fled thither from his tyranny. Whenever he became very urgent in his demands, the Emir informed the fugitive of his danger, and advised him to conceal himself for a time in some more distant part of his territory ; an answer was then returned to Djezzar that the object of his resentment had fled. The asylum which is thus afforded by the mountain is one of the greatest advantages that the inhabitants of Syria enjoy over those in the other parts of the Turkish dominions.

‘ The Druses are extremely fond of raw meat ; whenever a sheep is killed, the raw liver, heart, &c. are considered dainties ; the Christians follow their example, but with the addition of a glass of brandy with every slice of meat. In many parts of Syria I have seen the common people eat raw meat in their favourite dish the Kobbes ; the women, especially, indulge in this luxury.

‘ Mr. Barker told me that during his two years' residence at Harissa and in the mountain, he never heard any kind of music. The Christians are too devout to occupy themselves with such worldly pleasures, and the Druses have no sort of musical instruments.

‘ The Druses have a few historical books which mention their nation ; Ibn Shebat, for instance, as I was told, gives in his history of the Califes that of the Druses also, and of the family of Shehab. Emir Haidar, a relation of the Emir Beshir, has lately begun to compile a history of the Shehabs, which already forms a thick quarto volume.

‘ I believe that the greatest amount of the military forces of the Druses is between ten and fifteen thousand firelocks ; the Christians

tians of the mountain may, perhaps, be double that number; but I conceive that the most potent pasha or emir would never be able to collect more than twenty thousand men from the mountain.

[*To be continued.*]

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ART. II. *The First Canto of Ricciardetto*: translated from the Italian of Forteguerra: with an Introduction, concerning the principal Romantic, Burlesque, and Mock-Heroic Poets; and Notes, Critical and Philological. By Sylvester (Douglas) Lord Glenbervie. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1822.

A STRONGER relish for the *humors* of the Italian Burlesque Poetry has certainly been manifested among our English readers in late years, than ever appeared to exist before; and the popularity of "Beppo," of "Whistlecraft," and of some other facetious specimens of this foreign *style*, whether closely imitative or more original, is sufficient to justify this observation. We call the *style* foreign, because, although *humor* of every kind has long been naturalized in England, yet the admiration and exercise of this Mock-Heroic Versification, which is the child of Italian Genius, were confined to a very few readers and writers, comparatively, until the appearance of the lively trifles above mentioned. We had, indeed, a quality and a character closely approaching to it in most of the "Broad Grins" of George Colman the Younger; and, if some deficiency in that sort of high-toned urbanity, which pervades the Italian humorists and their followers in England, was observable in the happy *jeux d'esprit* just mentioned, they supplied more than enough to counterbalance this loss in the great gain of original wit;—unrivalled, as we think, in this careless manner of writing by any contemporary rhymester:—the *immediate* predecessors, at least, of the younger Colman were greatly excelled by him. At the head of a different species of the same genus, and of a much higher species than any hitherto quoted, stands the inimitable author of *Hudibras*; to follow whose steps successfully would reflect as much credit on any rival as a wit, a scholar, and a poet, as it would intitle him to the more important thanks of his countrymen for laughing religious enthusiasm out of countenance, and for branding irreligious hypocrisy with the indelible stamp of contempt.

"*Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,*"

yet in a path peculiarly his own, comes Anstey; an author hitherto only *approached*, but never *overtaken*, by his most meritorious votaries; even Tom Brown the Younger among the rest.



It is obvious to every person who is acquainted with the subject, or who has dipped even superficially into this reservoir of British humor, filled as it is from so many various and brilliant streams, that we have intended nothing but the most brief allusion to the principal writers of each class ; merely by way of vindicating our native wit from the *necessity* of borrowing as largely from the comic stores of Italy, as our great authors, at the revival of letters in other countries and the first birth of them in our own, were disposed to borrow from the higher efforts of genius in the same favored land. We mean to shew, in a word, that, although Milton drew much of his inspiration from the climate and influence of Italian poetry ; — and although Shakspeare (which is more to the purpose) was so largely indebted for plot, circumstance, and character, to the same prolific source ; — we yet have a long series of versatile, playful, and laughter-loving minstrels of our own, who, from Geoffrey Chaucer down to George Colman, amply maintain our independence and freedom from any foreign aid whatever.

In the list of the imitators, or rather translators, of the Italian mock-heroic poets, we are disposed to assign to Lord Glenbervie a very distinguished station. Not so wantonly comic, perhaps, as a preceding imitator of the *Ricciardetto* \*, or so much in the habit of “ shaking a laugh out of his hearers,” Lord Glenbervie is truer to his original in every sense of poetic truth ; and, consequently, he is far better calculated to give the English reader a just idea of the merits and of the peculiar manner of Forteguerri.

\* Niccolò Forteguerri, otherwise Fortiguerra, was born in the year 1674, of respectable parents at Pistoia, in Tuscany, and after the example of one, or perhaps more, of the same family in that city, he often assumed, both in his Latin and Italian compositions, the name of Carteromachus, or Carteromaco, according to the pedantic custom of adopting the Greek translation of modern names, which was so prevalent with the learned at the revival of letters, and for many years afterwards. Scipio Carteromachus, a Pistoian, and no doubt of our author's family, a learned man who lived during the reign, and some time in the service, of Leo the Tenth, seems to have been known by no other name, either by his contemporary Erasmus, who had been familiarly acquainted with him while in Italy, or by Bayle. The former gives to *this* Forteguerri an encomium for recondite and finished erudition, joined to the most complete absence of all display, so happily expressed, that Bayle exclaims, after citing it, “ *que c'est un bel éloge ! et*

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\* See our notice of that amusing imitation in the M. R. vol. xcii. N. S. p. 324.

*qu'il y a peu de savans qui le meritent !*" The words of Erasmus are, "*Bononicæ primum videre contigit Scipionem Carteromachum, reconditæ et absolutæ eruditionis hominem, sed usque adeo alienum ab ostentatione, ut, ni provocasses, jurasses esse literarum ignarum.*"

Our Forteguerri also frequently followed another more modern, but not less affected mode among Italian authors, of assuming in their title-pages their academic appellation, as *Shepherds of Arcadia*; his name, by his diploma from that academy, being *Nidalmo Tiseo*. He was by his parents designed for the profession of the law, but like many other poets of renown, both among us and in France and Italy, he soon abandoned that severe study for the more seductive cultivation of the muses. Desertions to the bar have been much less common, and when they have happened, there have been still fewer that could have justified an exclamation similar to the elegant flattery by Pope of the future Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the early part of that great lawyer's professional life,

“How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!”

Forteguerri's legal studies, however, were probably of service to him when, in his youth, after going through the ordinary course of education at the University of Pisa, he established himself at Rome, under the patronage of his mother's near relation, Carlo Augustino Fabroni, afterwards Cardinal Fabroni.

In that town, which its present inhabitants still love to hear called the Head of the World, and the Eternal City, he passed the greater part of his days, under successive pontiffs, experiencing various vicissitudes of fortune. After the death of his relation, Cardinal Fabroni, in whose authoritative dignity, — says the writer of his life, Monsignor Fabroni, a relation of both, — he had long reposed all his hopes of advancement, he appears to have lived for a considerable time in a state of neglect, if not disgrace; but on the succession of Clement XII. to the throne of St. Peter, that venerable head of the Catholic church appointed him secretary to the congregation of cardinals called Della Propaganda, and with well founded prospects, which however were never realized, of being soon after raised to a situation of higher dignity. Clement is said to have taken great delight in our author's company, finding relief from the cares and fatigues of his various weighty and laborious occupations in the cheerful playfulness of his conversation, and particularly to have been much amused by his recitals of the entertaining adventures of Ricciardetto. These we may suppose he delivered with peculiar grace, as we are told he had a very happy facility in repeating poetry, with a most uncommon suavity of voice and gesture; being also of a tall and dignified presence, with limbs finely proportioned, a manly freshness of complexion, and a most engaging and exhilarating expression of countenance. He died at Rome in the possession of his office of secretary to the Propaganda on the 17th of February, 1735, in the 61st year of his age.

We have deemed it right to furnish our readers with this considerable extract from the 'Introduction' to the present work, because that introduction, and the ample notes subjoined to the volume, form one of the most pleasant *octogenarian's* common-place books which we ever had the good fortune to encounter. We wish to draw the attention of our readers to a store of sound sense, and well-informed criticism, exercised on topics of taste and literature agreeably interesting to every classical and cultivated mind: free from party bias, which is too visible even among our learned men, and in the very penetralia of Minerva; free from the shadow of ill-humor of any description; and displaying, at the venerable age to which we have alluded, all the courtesy of the nobleman, all the variety and judgment of the scholar, and all the good feeling and light-heartedness of the social and moral being. It is with entire satisfaction that we offer this tribute of respect to an author to whom we have not the honor of being personally known, or whom we should have disdained to mention in so liberal a strain of praise.

Σπεύδωμες· ὄχλος πολὺς ἄμμιν ἐπιρρεῖ.

Such, alas! we are obliged to make our constant exclamation; — and, while the press continues to out-run all those who *patrole* it, such it must for ever be.

We hasten, then, into the heart of 'Ricciardetto;' and, — opening at that happy page in which the author's ingenious friend and relation, of pictorial humor, betrays himself as much by his style as by his well-known colophon, — and in which we literally see the living Rinaldo by the side of his buxom hostess, — we thus proceed with a story which tells itself too plainly to need either preface or analysis.

- ' Thence he pursued his journey, till the night  
Surprised him near a castle on the road,  
And in a neighbouring house a cheerful light  
He saw, and singing heard, and laughter broad,  
An inn he deem'd it, and conjectured right,  
And straight he chose it for his night's abode;  
For in the gate-way, blithe and full of life,  
Stood, greeting him, the landlord's buxom wife.
- ' He asks to eat; but near the hostess lags;  
And even would lend a hand to turn the roast;  
In kitchen phrase of scullion frolicks brags.  
The landlord doubts that this is all a boast;  
For, though like saucy clown his tongue he wags,  
Mine host observes his love of butter'd toast,  
And other dainties by the great approved;  
And how genteel he look'd, and handsome moved.

' Resolved

- Resolved to try him, to the Knight he turns  
And says, "If at your heart that bravery dwell,  
Which in such breasts as yours so often burns,  
Your valour may despatch a monster fell,  
Through whom a brace of piteous lovers mourns,  
And of our dolorous district merit well;  
For that dire monster, cruel, fierce and horrible,  
Doth keep us all in terrors most deplorable."
- The Knight replies, "If you've nought else to do,  
And to delight my listening ears incline,  
Tell me the story of those lovers true  
Whom this detested monster maketh pine,  
From the beginning, all in order due;  
Right well thou knowest, most courteous landlord mine,  
How much a tale told o'er a mantling cup  
Amuses, when we dine, or when we sup."
- Quoth then the host, "The castle near at hand,  
Whose name is Baccola, did once belong  
To a most worthy baron of the land,  
Healthful and beautiful, like you, and strong,  
Whom, well-a-day! amidst a youthful band,  
Once in our market-place, where strangers throng,  
The fairy Nera seeing, love insane  
Took forcible possession of her brain.
- "But he had made a present of his heart  
To Miss Brunette, who dwelt in village near,  
And neither gifts nor treats on Nera's part,  
Could win the favour of that worthy peer:  
So the enchantress, by her hellish art,  
Devised the hideous plot you soon shall hear;  
But waited till their wedding-day approach'd,  
And then her strange unheard-of mischief broach'd.
- "See, where Brunetta comes in vestments white!  
Roses and lilies crown her nut-brown hair:  
We all were met rejoicing in the sight:  
And the vile witch disguised was also there,  
Midst the bride's maidens for the wedding dight;  
Who bids them wait a moment where they were,  
Under the shade of a tall cypress tree,  
From whence the bridegroom's coming they might see.
- "Behold him now advance, with joyous pace,  
Singing aloud, when lo! an imp of hell  
A flask of water from that damned place  
Gives to the fay, who straight, by witchcraft's spell,  
Squirts me that water in each lover's face.  
Now hear, with horror hear, what then befel;  
We saw them strangely changed — O fatal luck!  
The bride was grown a doe, her spouse a buck!

- ‘ “ The buck eftsoons sets off, and bounds away,  
 The doe pursues him — Now 'tis past two years  
 Since, so bewitch'd, those woful lovers stray.  
 Whoso shall them relieve, and quell our fears,  
 Must scale a mountain which few dare essay,  
 So steep to heaven its horrid front it rears;  
 There, on its summit, in a lofty tower,  
 Nera, the wicked witch, hath built her bower.
- ‘ “ Besides, she's guarded there by giants two,  
 One call'd Traggéa, t'other Master Stritch:  
 Frightful to saints above, and fiends below;  
 Both clothed in skin of snake, more rough than rich,  
 More fit for stirrup straps, than glove of beau:  
 And in his fist each giant holds a switch,  
 So strong, that, if comparisons we draw,  
 A drayman's whip becomes a wisp of straw.
- ‘ “ If you those scaly wretches could subdue,  
 And their infernal mistress captive make,  
 What blessings to us all would then ensue!  
 The enamour'd pair of torment leave would take,  
 Restored to pristine form and rosy hue,  
 And mirth no more this happy nook forsake.” —  
 — Rinaldo cries, “ Fine Paladin of France  
 Am I, on such adventure to advance!
- ‘ “ Oh! what a theme for mockery and mirth!  
 At a mere lifeless shadow apt to tremble —  
 No meaner low-born peasant treads the earth.  
 My father Ludwig, whom I much resemble,  
 At Pisa got me — Lucia gave me birth,  
 Scared by a ghost — the truth I'll not dissemble,  
 And at a time when 'twas their daily habit  
 To feed on nought but water-gruel and rabbit.
- ‘ “ Those giants, ugly, powerful, fierce, and hideous,  
 Have put me into such a strange quandary!  
 I see them; — Oh! they'll make the night so tedious!  
 I ne'er can sleep alone! — See! — Blessed Mary!  
 Lord! how they stare! and then that witch insidious!  
 — Sir, with your wife all night I fain would tarry.”  
 Mine host, grown jealous, makes him this reply —  
 “ We see your drift, Sir Knave, with half an eye.”
- ‘ With this, he catches up a *piece of a stick*,  
 And says, “ Your folly shall have this reward;”  
 Then brandishes the same with air gymnastic.  
 Rinaldo on his knees solicits hard  
 For pardon, in a whining strain bombastic.  
 Mine host does this as cowardice regard,  
 And hits him on the nob: the knight grows furious,  
 And takes him by both legs, in mode most curious,



‘ And round the chamber makes the lubbard swing ;  
 As long ago old Jessé's son was seen  
 Whirling the fatal stone in leathern sling,  
 Which laid Goliath sprawling on the green.  
 But soon the wife, with tears and blubbering,  
 Hath quell'd our gallant hero's wrathful spleen ;  
 And, for her sake, he lays her husband down  
 Quite stunn'd, as one asleep, or in a swoon.’

Our readers have now before them a fair opportunity of judging both of the prose and the verse of this translation from the Italian. Those who think that the cares of life are wisely sweetened by a smile, as we confess ourselves to be of opinion, will not refuse that brief and pleasing testimony of approbation to the foregoing scene ; while, if they wish still farther to forget the “ *curas hominum, et quantum est in rebus inane,*” they may adopt that best of all receipts for sorrow, quiet meditation on matters of little moment ; and innocently employ their minds in the elegant, although sometimes the fine-spun, lucubrations of the present author. If the notes *should* put them asleep with their *versi tronchi* and *versi sdruccioli*, let them return to the text, when they awake ; and, whether it be Rinaldo and the Landlady, or Astolpho and his Looking-glass, with the copy of Sir Geoffry Hudson from Vandyke, or Ferrau and Rinaldo, (whence, as we have before observed, the author of *Ivanhoe*, in the scene of King Richard and Friar Tuck, has so largely borrowed,) we feel convinced that the spirits which they gained during their slumbers will be well employed on the varied and vigorous fancies of the anglicized Carteromaco.

A most copious and convenient index is subjoined to this volume ; which really contains enough to set up a *small-talker*, or a *weekly* critic, for the next summer-season.

We would not, however, by any means be understood to characterize the merits of any portion of the work by these its probable results. On the contrary, we think that the profoundest scholar, whether in antient or in modern literature, may here be most usefully reminded of much former knowlege, and led into many new trains of thought. It would be easy to indulge a frivolous and ill-natured sneer, at the fullness into which some topics of no very extensive interest are treated : but those who read to be instructed in matters of taste, or to be entertained for a passing hour of relief from the toils and anxieties of life, will have reason (we repeat) to record with thankfulness and honor the merits of the writer who, in free and flowing English, has naturalized the last and perhaps not the least of this witty school of Italian poetry.

ART. III. *The Transactions of the Linnéan Society of London.*  
Vol. XIII.

[Article concluded from page 233.]

ALTHOUGH the continuation or secondary division of this volume is less diversified and entertaining than the first, it will not be found destitute of allurements to the zoological student.

*Second Part of the Descriptive Catalogue of a Zoological Collection made in the Island of Sumatra and its Vicinity.* By Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, Knt. — 'This list of birds is far from inconsiderable, and includes various new genera and species: but their manners and habits are less readily ascertained than those of quadrupeds; and of some of them we are presented only with the names. *Falco caligatus*, possibly a new species, is above two feet in length, and more than three feet across the wings. The three species of owls in the collection differ from any with which we are acquainted, though nearly related to some of them in general appearance. Thus, *Strix Sumatrana*, which is the largest of them, resembles the *Nyctea* in color, but is horned, and in its characters is more approximated to *Bubo*; the *Lempiji* has a general resemblance to *Scops*, and is nearly of the same dimensions, but varies in its markings; while *Scutulata* is hornless, 'about ten inches in length, brown above, lighter and variegated with white below; the tail with black bands; legs feathered to the toes; yellow irids; and wings shorter than the tail.'

The *Psittaci* are stated to be much less numerous in Sumatra than in the more easterly islands, particularly the Moluccas; and only five species are noticed as belonging to the collection, the last of which, the *Sumatranus*, (or Kéké,) is from twelve to fourteen inches in length, entirely green, and furnished with a moderately long and even tail.

'Besides these, there are numerous species met with in captivity, which have been brought from the more eastern islands, such as the *Psittacus Gigas*, *cristatus*, *sulphureus*, *Dominicella*, &c., which it is unnecessary to particularize, as they are for the most part well known. One of the most beautiful of these is the *P. cyanogoster*: an individual of this species has long been a familiar inmate of my house, and is remarkable for its extreme degree of familiarity and domestication. It is always left at perfect liberty, and associates freely with all the other animals in the house. It attends regularly at table, courts the caresses of all, and shows an extraordinary degree of jealousy if the slightest attentions are paid to any other favorite.'

*Trogon Kasumba* is minutely described, and appears to be a beautiful species: but nothing is said of its economy; and the

the specimens are with difficulty preserved, from the circumstance of the feathers being slightly implanted in a thin skin. *Bucco versicolor* is a large species, dark-green above, and lighter beneath, with the crown of the head red, and the throat blue: but only males have yet been found, and scarcely any two of them are perfectly alike in coloring. — Several new cuckoos are enumerated; and among them *Cuculus melanognathus*, or *Phœnicophæus melanognathus* of Horsfield, which is about seventeen inches long, with the back and wings of a glossy bluish-green. It lives on insects, — not, as we have been hitherto told, on fruits; and it perches on the summits of the loftiest trees. *Picus Tiga* is a very singular three-toed species, as remarkable for wanting the thumb-toe as the *Tridactylus* is for the want of the outer one. *Calypomena viridis* is thus described:

‘ This very singular and beautiful bird is about six inches and a half in length. Its color is a brilliant green, like that of the parrots. The head is rather large, and its feathers are directed forwards from each side in such a manner as nearly to conceal the bill, giving the face a very peculiar appearance. A little above and before the eyes the feathers are of a deep velvet-black at their base, and only tipped with green; and there is a similar spot of black immediately over the ears. The wings are scarcely longer than the body, green, but crossed on the coverts by three velvet-black bands; the primary feathers, as well as the whole under-side of the wings, are dusky approaching to black, with the exception of the outer margins of some, which are edged with green. The tail is short, rounded, composed of ten feathers, which are green above, and bluish-black below. The whole of the under parts are green. This colour is lightest on the sides of the neck and round the eyes. The bill is short, wide, much depressed at the base, deeply cleft, and hooked at the point. Nostrils oval at the base of the bill, and concealed by the filiform feathers that project over them. The eyes are rather large; the irids bluish. Legs bluish black. A few feathers come down over the upper part of the tarsi. Feet gressorial; outer toe not much shorter than the middle one, with which it is united as far as the last joint.

‘ The stomach of this bird contained nothing but vegetable substances, chiefly wild grains. It is found in the retired parts of the forests of Singapore and of the interior of Sumatra; and being of the colour of the leaves, and perching on the higher branches of the trees, it is not easily procurable. The female does not differ in appearance from the male.’

*Eurylaimus lemniscatus*, and *E. ochromalus*, also rank among the *raræ Aves*. All the species of *Paradisea* are represented as natives of the Papuan archipelago. Individuals of the *apoda*, or common species, lived with Sir Thomas Raffles

for seven months, and were fed on grasshoppers. It is affirmed that the smallest quantity of salt occasions the sudden death of *Gracula religiosa*; and the natives assert that the mere sight of blood is equally fatal to that bird.

‘ The Argus Pheasant, or *Kuaow*, the pride of the Malayan forests, in elegance of form and richness of attire is perhaps unequalled in the feathered race. They are found in the deep forests of Sumatra, generally in pairs: they are said by the natives to make a *galangan*, *i. e.* to dance and strut about each other in the manner of the peacocks. The plumage is too well known to require description. Their total length is frequently five feet, and the two middle tail-feathers exceed three. In a Malay poem, descriptive of the birds of Sumatra, the Argus Pheasant is thus shortly but aptly characterised: “ In the superb and many-coloured *Kuaow*, it is impossible to discover a single fault save one, the difficulty of pronouncing its name.” ’

The remaining classes of animals are dismissed in a few pages, with the apology that ‘ the largest proportion of the subjects are forwarded for examination and description in Europe, it being impossible to enter into minutiae in this country, without occasioning delay and detriment to other more pressing avocations. Drawings of the most remarkable have been made, and the specimens, for the most part preserved in spirits, and accompanied by a catalogue, will afford every facility for detailed examination at a distance.’ A short appendix comprizes descriptions of *Lemur Tacsier*, *Buceros comatus*, and a species of *Strix*, which were made known to the author after he had finished his analytical labors.

*A Monograph of the Genus Saxifraga.* By Mr. David Don. — It appears that Mr. Don’s pretensions to exhibit a distinct extrication of this complicated but interesting family of plants are grounded on his application to the subject during seven years, and the opportunities which he has enjoyed for cultivating many of the species, observing most of those that are indigenous to this island in their native abodes, and consulting the rich and extensive herbaria of the late Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Lambert, the latter including that of Pallas. Mr. Don’s descriptive catalogue is accordingly more comprehensive and accurate than those even of Haworth or Sternberg, amounting to 108 species; of which the characters and principal synonyms are diligently registered, and occasionally accompanied by critical remarks. In consequence of a patient and laborious revision of the tribe, he has been induced to discard the subdivisions of certain botanists, who have distributed it into several genera on grounds which will not stand the test of rigid examination: but he has had recourse

course to sections and subordinate groupes, the characters of the former being derived from the parts of fructification, and those of the latter from the leaves and differences in habit. His detailed descriptions of species are preceded by synoptical views of the genus, sections, and subdivisions.

*S. cordifolia* is recorded as a distinct species, and not as a garden or hybrid variety of *crassifolia*; both because its characters, when the plant is raised from seed, are constant, and because it has been found native in Siberia. *Ligulata* has been discovered in the mountains of Nepal, and in the eastern parts of Bengal. *Spicata* appears to be very distinct from *geum*, with which Pursh had confounded it. The specimens preserved in the Banksian herbarium, 'were collected in Sledge island, on the north-west coast of America, by Mr. David Nelson, a very indefatigable botanist, who accompanied the celebrated Captain Cook in his third voyage, and who has made many interesting discoveries in those regions.' For some other rare species we are indebted to the same source. As a sample of the author's discriminating talents, we subjoin his remarks on *S. sedioides*.

'The present species is readily distinguished by its slender habit and numerous ascending leafy stems, of a beautiful green, which are furnished with a few thin and scattered, short, glandular hairs; by its long, slender, capillary peduncles; and, lastly, by its small, linear, pointed petals, scarcely exceeding the length of the calyx. I regret having been obliged to differ so widely in opinion from the Count de Sternberg, who certainly has not studied the present species with due care, as is evident from his description and figures, both of which are miserably defective in point of botanical accuracy. The following species, *S. tenera*, is distinguished from this, to which it is nearly related, by its much more tufted habit; by its obtuse leaves, which, together with the stems, are thickly clothed with glandular hairs; by the oblong laciniae of its calyx; and in having the flowers double the size, with obovate, retuse petals, nearly twice the length of the calyx. In the figures of *S. sedioides*, given by Sternberg, the petals are erroneously exhibited as obovate; and were it not for the habit, which is clearly that of *S. sedioides*, I should certainly have been inclined to refer them to the following species. The figure given by him under the name of *S. Hohenwartii*, shews the flowers much more correctly. The variety  $\beta$  I have not seen: it therefore rests wholly on the authority of Sternberg, who states the petals and anthers to be of a purplish colour. The varieties I have marked agree with *S. sedioides* in every essential point; but how far they are to be regarded as permanent varieties I have not had opportunities of determining.'

Most of the species noticed towards the conclusion of this article are rare; and several of them have been lately detected



that the male Godwit does not change the color of its plumage in the spring by shooting its feathers, but by the feathers themselves becoming grey. — Mr. William Ross discovered *Cyclamen Europæum* in flower, and growing abundantly, in a wood on Alderdon farm in the parish of Sandhurst, in Kent, on a poor yellow sandy loam. — Mr. Youell states that a fine specimen of *Ardea comata* of Pallas was taken, on the 20th of July, in a fisherman's net, exposed to dry, at Ormsby, in Norfolk.

‘ Dr. Leach communicated an extract of a letter, addressed to him by Robert Scarth, Esq., containing some observations on the œconomy of the *Procellaria pelagica*, or Stormy Petrel. Mr. Scarth states, that in passing over a tract of peat-moss, near the shore, in a small uninhabited island in Orkney, one evening in the month of August last, he was surprized to hear a low purring noise, somewhat resembling the sound of a spinning-wheel in motion; and on inquiry, he was informed by one of the boatmen who accompanied him, that it was the noise commonly emitted by the *Alimonty*, (the Orkney name for the Stormy Petrel,) that frequented the island when hatching.

‘ On examining a small hole in the ground, he found the bird and its nest, which was very simple, being little more than a few fragments of shells laid on the bare turf. It contained two round pure-white eggs, which were very large in comparison with the size of the bird. When he seized the bird, she squirted out of her mouth an oily substance of a very rancid smell. He took her home, and having put her into a cage, he offered her various kinds of worms to eat: but, as far as he could observe, she ate nothing till after the expiration of four days, when he observed that she occasionally drew the feathers of her breast singly across, or rather through her bill, and appeared to suck an oily substance from them. This induced him to smear her breast with common train-oil; and observing that she greedily sucked the feathers, he repeated the smearing two or three times in each day for about a week. He then placed a saucer containing oil in the cage, and he observed that she regularly extracted the oil by dipping her breast in the vessel, and then sucked the feathers as before. In this way he kept her for three months. After feeding she sat quietly at the bottom of the cage, sometimes making the same purring noise which first attracted his notice, and sometimes whistling very shrilly.’

William Fothergill, Esq. communicates some notices of the economy of the common Toad. The favourite food of this reptile consists of bees and wasps: but it will also devour minnows, and occasionally even the young of its own species. Though capable of supporting protracted abstinence, it is not soon satiated with food when the latter is within reach: but it rejects dead insects, however recent. ‘ For several years, a  
Toad

Toad took up its abode during the summer-season under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This Toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it, from strangers; as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. These creatures usually go into their retreats about the time when the swallows disappear; and they excavate the soil by the alternate motion of their hind legs.

‘ To this communication Dr. Sims adds, that a tame Kite, which he kept for some time, though Frogs were its favorite food, would never eat a Toad: but whilst killing it, which he would always do when presented to him, showed signs of the greatest horror, screaming aloud at every peck he gave it, and retreating a little way, as if afraid of receiving some injury from it, but returning again to the attack till he had deprived it of life. Dr. Sims also states, that upon passing a shock from a small electrical battery through a Toad, the surface of its back was immediately covered with small drops of a substance as white as milk, which seemed to ooze from every pore.’

*Linnaea borealis* has been discovered by Miss Emma Trevelyan in a plantation of Scotch fir, at Catcherside, in the parish of Hartburn, Northumberland. — W. R. Whatton, Esq. acquaints the Society that the crew of a Hull whaler captured a female *Monodon monoceros*, with a perfect tooth in the upper jaw, analogous to that of the male, but not so large. — James Clealand, Esq. near Bagnor, in the county of Down, announces a new species of *Patella*, discovered in that neighbourhood, which Mr. Sowerby has denominated *P. Clealandi*. — Dr. Maton presented a panicle of *Holcus sorghum*, raised in the garden of the Bishop of Durham, from seeds collected on the Himalaa mountains.

A letter from Mr. Patrick Hill, S.R.N. dated Sydney, Jan. 3. 1821, confirms Sir John Jamieson's account of the spurs of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* being furnished with a slit and poison-bag; also the oviparous production of that singular animal. The natives assert that a wound from the spur is attended with swelling and pain, but that it never proves mortal. According to the same testimony, the female lays two eggs, about the size of those of the domestic fowl. On opening the abdomen, Mr. Hill was much gratified to find in the left ovarium a round yellow *ovum*, about the size of a small pea; as also two of smaller size, and an immense number of minute vesicles, hardly perceptible to the eye, but distinctly visible under the microscope. ‘ There was no uterus,

nor any viscus similar to it, but only a tube leading up from the cloaca, which divided into two ducts leading to the ovaries, similar in situation to the Fallopian tubes of viviparous animals, but much larger and wider.'

On closing the present volume, we have to remark that it abounds more in matters connected with arrangement and nomenclature than in inviting notices of the physiology and habits of organized beings: yet, from the summary indication of its contents which we have had it in our power to exhibit, it will be manifest that not a few of the communications are intitled to the best thanks and attention of the naturalist.

ART. IV. *A Narrative of the Expedition to Dongola and Sennaar*, under the Command of His Excellency Ismael Pasha, undertaken by Order of His Highness Mehemmed Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt. By an American in the Service of the Viceroy. 8vo. pp. 232. 9s. 6d. Boards. Murray. 1822.

IT is a matter of some regret that Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, whose tour into Ethiopia was lately under our consideration, (Number for October, 1822,) were obliged by a series of inauspicious circumstances to terminate their expedition prematurely at Wady Halfa, instead of accompanying the Turkish army beyond the second cataract. From those highly-gifted travellers, a journal respecting so unfrequented a track would not in all probability have proved quite so barren of fact, and of observation, as that of the American author before us: but now, we fear, we must wait for the communications of M. Calliaud and M. Frediani, who were permitted to accompany the Turkish forces under Ismael Pasha, in order to obtain a more interesting as well as accurate account of Meroe, Sennaar, and the almost unknown districts of Berber and Shendi. In the interval, we must receive even the present mite of information concerning those remote countries with thankfulness; although it is presented to us in no very inviting shape, being written in language which often can be called English only by courtesy, and put into the form of a journal of which the dates are kept by the Arabic calendar.

Who this American officer is, we have no other clue to discover than the circumstance of his having been patronized by Mr. Salt, the British Consul-General in Egypt, and by him recommended to the care and protection of Mr. Banks. He turns out also to be one of the two Americans whom Mr. Waddington met at the island of Gartooni, and of whom

that gentleman does not speak in very high terms of eulogium. It seems that he had assumed the name and title of Mohammed Effendi, and, according to that traveller's sketch of his character, "was one of those liberal souls who think all religions alike. He first changed from a Protestant to a Jew; from a Jew, he became a Mohammedan; and if he survives the expedition, he will no doubt turn Wahabee."—This author, however, on whom the imputation of being an American renegado did not sit so lightly as the Mohammedan character which he had found it convenient to assume, addressed, on his arrival in London, a written remonstrance to Mr. Waddington on the erroneous conception which he had formed of his character; and we are happy to add that the latter gentleman, with laudable candor and ingenuousness, retracted the insinuation in the following honorable and manly terms: "I feel the most sincere and profound sorrow for the unintentional injustice into which I have been betrayed by too hasty a belief of false information. For I am as anxious to make you reparation as I am incapable of doing any person a wilful injury. I will, therefore, cause the note in question to be erased in the following editions of my book; and in the remaining copies of the present, I will instantly insert a new page or sheet, if necessary; or, should that be impossible, I will immediately destroy the whole impression."

Nevertheless, though the writer may be acquitted on the score of personal character, he must excuse us for dealing rather harshly with him on account of his literary delinquencies. Among other indications that he does not belong to the most elevated class of mankind, in judgment, disposition, or attainments, we remark his propensity to make dull and obscene jokes; in proof of which we may refer to the disgusting and silly note at page 120. The work indeed, throughout, contains neither scientific investigation nor any other useful comment: yet still it is not wholly uninteresting, for it is a journey into those countries of the Upper Nile that have been untrodden by European travellers; and if such a narrative have only the merit of being a faithful transcript of that which the most ordinary observer could not fail to see as he went along, it cannot be said to have been written altogether in vain.

The author is a great admirer of the Viceroy, and of his son Ismael Pasha, the commander of the expedition, and says a great many fine things about the humanity and good faith of the latter. It is lamentable to observe the prostitution of these words to a wretch, who ordered two of the chiefs of the country which his troops had subdued to be impaled alive in



the market-place of Sennaar. However the motives of this expedition may be disguised by the apologists for Mohammed Ali, it was insatiable avarice, mingled with the lust of dominion, that let loose the Turkish army on a people who had never even heard of the Viceroy of Egypt; who had given him no offence but that of defending their homes; and who are described (p. 177.) ‘as very harmless, and exceedingly anxious to know what had brought us (Ismael Pasha’s troops) to trouble them.’ Where is the heart and what must be the moral taste of a writer, who can laud this Viceroy of Egypt as a ‘victorious pacificator’, and extol the counsels which sent forth the blood-hounds of a Turkish army to destroy the last remnant of the brave but unfortunate Mamelouks? Well may the Pasha of Egypt despise the Christian character, and justly applicable is the dishonorable appellation of “necessary dogs” by which he is in the habit of designating the Franks in general, if he be furnished with no better specimen of them than the low-minded sycophants who are rendered equally contemptible by intrigues and quarrels among themselves, and by their base and mean servility towards the Turks.

We are told that the writer followed the expedition as Topgi Bashi, *i. e.* a chief of artillery; and accordingly he arrived at the Turkish camp near the second cataract on the 16th of the moon Zilhadjé, in the year of the Hegira 1235\*, for he seems either to have never learned or to have quite forgotten the Christian computation. Having, however, been attacked by ophthalmia, he was prevented from attending Ismael Pasha to Dongola, but proceeded by the Nile through Succoot; passed the rapids above the second cataract, the navigation of which he describes as extremely difficult and perilous; and on the 9th of Rebi arrived within the proximity of the camp. Here we shall extract a passage from the journal, which will at once furnish a sample of the author’s mode of writing and of thinking, and convey a faint idea of some of the minor evils of a Turkish expedition:

‘We proceeded slowly by the cordel, the river obstinate in maintaining the same untoward direction, and the wind consequently adverse. The country we saw to-day, like that we have passed for the last two days, gave us continual occasion of surprise. It was better cultivated than any part of the countries south of Egypt that we had seen. It was crowded with villages and covered with grain, deserted by its proprietors. In the afternoon, however, the disagreeable impression produced by seeing so fine a country without inhabitants was almost obliterated by the

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\* 28th of September, 1820.



pleasure I felt on being informed that a large number of its cultivators, with their wives and children, were on their return to their fields and houses, provided with an escort from the camp, and a firman from the Pasha Ismael, securing them from outrage, and assuring them of protection. I am sorry to be obliged to say, that the inhabitants of this unfortunate district had great occasion for this protection. The soldiers in the boats were disposed to take liberties with the inhabitants, on the plea of their being the allies of the brigands. This morning, two men belonging to a village in this neighbourhood, were severely beaten, and their wives or sisters violated by some soldiers belonging to the boats. This afternoon, a soldier belonging to our boat, accompanied by one of the Greeks already mentioned, and the Frank cook of the Proto Medico went to the same village, without my knowledge, to participate in this licentious amusement. They were somewhat surprized and terribly frightened on their arrival at this village, on finding themselves suddenly surrounded by about two hundred peasants armed with clubs, who fiercely demanded what they wanted, asking them if they had come, as others had before them to-day, to cudgel the men and violate the women, and ordered them to be off immediately to the boats. The luckless fornicators, confounded by this unexpected reception, were heartily glad to be allowed to sneak back to the boat in confusion and terror. On their arrival, and this affair becoming known to me, I abused them with all the eloquence I could muster, first, for their villainy, and then for their cowardice, as they were well armed, and had fled before *the face of cudgels*. When we stopped at night, we were told that we were about three hours' distance from the camp.

Of the author's talent for antiquarian research, an idea may be formed from the passage which follows:

‘ Not far from the camp of the Hasnardar, some ruins and several small pyramids attracted my attention. As I could not go to the Pasha before to-morrow, I determined to employ the remainder of the day in a visit to these antiquities, which lay near a large high and isolated rock, about a mile distant from the river. I found before this rock the ruins of a very large temple, which covered a great space of ground. Some columns, almost consumed by time, were standing nearly buried in the rubbish. The bases of others were visible, which, from their position, evidently once supported an avenue of pillars leading to an excavation in the great rock aforementioned, against and joining on to the side of which, that fronted towards the river, this temple appeared to have been constructed. Among the ruins (I) saw two large lions of red granite, one broken, and the other little injured, and a small headless statue, about two feet high, in a sitting posture. On approaching the front of the rock, (I) found it excavated into a small temple, whose interior was sculptured with the usual figures and symbols seen in the temples of ancient Egypt. Its roof, and that of the porch before it, exhibited several traces of the azure with

which it had been painted. The porch before this excavation was supported by Cariatid figures, representing huge lions standing nearly erect upon their hinder legs. The ruins before the rock seemed to me to have originally composed a large temple, of which this excavation was the inner sanctuary. The pyramids were close by these ruins. I counted seventeen, some of them in ruins, and others perfect. Those which were uninjured were small, of a height greater than the breadth of the base, which was generally about twenty feet square; the sides resembled steep stairs. They were however compactly and very handsomely constructed of hewn stones, similar to the rock before mentioned, and probably taken from it. Before some of these pyramids, and attached to one of their sides, we found low buildings, resembling small temples, and, judging from the interior of one we found open, intended as such, as the inside of this one was covered with the usual hieroglyphics and figures. It would be a work of little difficulty to open the pyramid to which was attached the little temple I entered, as the figure of a door of stone in the pyramid is to be seen, when inside of the temple, attached to its side. In view from this place, many other pyramids were in view higher up the river, on the opposite bank, one of them large. The people of the country called the place I visited "Meroé," as likewise the whole territory where these ruins are found. The ruins I have mentioned do not appear ever to have been disturbed. I doubt not that several remains worth research lie concealed under the rubbish, which here covers a great space of ground. No other remains of antiquity are visible in this place besides those I have mentioned. The immediate spot where they stand, and its vicinity backward from the river, is covered by the sand of the Desert, underneath which probably many more lie concealed.'

We doubt the fact of the place being called by the natives 'Meroé.' In all probability, it was Merawé, or *Place of Stones*; no uncommon appellation in the vicinity of the Nile, and the very same word which gives name to a town near the Djebel el Berkal. There is no pretence for its being the antient Meroe, the island which was once so celebrated for its wine; (Lucan, l. x. v. 160.) and the chief town of which was doubtless discovered by Bruce.\*

We pass over the sentimental flourish and the bad English of the declamation about the Nile. On arriving at the camp, the author learnt 'the progress of the victorious son of the distinguished Mehemmed Ali from Wady Halfa to Meroé. All attempts to arrest his progress had proved as unavailing as the obstacles opposed by the savage rocks of the

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\* On the eastern side of the Nile, and in the territory of what is now called Shendi. Rev.

cataracts of the Nile to the powerful course of that beneficent and fertilizing river.' (P. 80.) We know from better authority the nature of this triumphant march: it was performed among an unresisting people, and through an undefended territory: but, whenever they did resist, the Pasha's army invariably drew back.

The country on the rapids of the third cataract is barren, and composed chiefly of black granite and sand: but the larger boats were obliged to abandon the attempt to pass the rapids of this cataract, the narrowness of the streights rendering the current so violent during the rise of the river, as to be wholly impassable for vessels drawing more than three feet of water. The author was therefore obliged to cross the Desert, in order to join the Pasha's army on its expedition into the Berber country. Their road, for one or two days, was by the edge of the Desert, 'just where it touches the cultivable soil deposited by the Nile;' and at length they arrived at the Pasha's camp, which was on the west side of the Nile, as it runs from north to south. Here is a singular bend of the river; for, on ascending the stream from Dongola, it runs in a north-easterly direction; and this winding, 'which was never known to the civilized world before the expedition of Ismael Pasha, may be about 250 miles long, the greater part being rocks and rapids.' The natives had never seen a sailing boat before the arrival of the Pasha's canja, which they called 'a water-mare.'

'I passed over in the canja of the Pasha, to the east side of the river, to visit the capital of Berber, which is nearly opposite to our camp. On reaching the bank, it is a walk of half an hour through immense fields of durra, to come to the road that leads to the residence of the chief. After quitting the plantations, I came to a collection of villages, extending about three miles down the river. Among these villages is one called "Goos," which is marked in the maps as the capital of Berber; but the residence of the Malek, or chief of the eastern shore, is not at Goos, but at another of the collection, much larger, called Nousreddin, as I was informed, after the name of the present Malek, who resides there. The houses of these villages, like the rest in the country of Berber, are built of clay, and roofed with unhewn timber, covered with trusses of straw; that of the Malek is like those of his people, only larger. The western shore is governed by another Malek, whose village lies higher up the river than the emplacement of our camp. The population of Nousreddin, and the villages adjoining, is considerable. The country is fertile and well cultivated, and abounds in durra, cotton, barley, fine horses, camels, dromedaries, kine, sheep, goats and fowls, as does all the country of Berber. I found in these villages some caravan merchants, who at present had nothing to

sell but coarse cotton cloths. These cotton cloths form the only clothing of the inhabitants; both men and women wear them, wrapped round their middle, with one end thrown over the shoulder or head. The Berber, though resembling the fellah of Upper Egypt in complexion, is generally not so well formed in figure and feature. Many of them have defective teeth, probably occasioned by the habit of chewing bad tobacco, (of which they have plenty,) which is common here.

The greater part of their household and field work is done by slaves they purchase from the caravans, coming either from Abyssinia or Darfour. Some of the owners of female slaves would, for a dollar, without scruple, permit the soldiers of our camp to sleep with them. The women of Berber, contrary to the custom in Egypt, go with the face unveiled, without embarrassment. Both men and women never consider themselves in full dress, unless the hair of the head has been combed sleek, then braided and platted together, and afterwards plentifully anointed with butter. They never cut the hair, I believe; it consequently forms an immense bunch behind the head, similar to that observable in some of the ancient statues of Egypt. \* The barbarous practice of excision is universally performed upon all their females, whether free or slaves; as is the case also among all the tribes inhabiting the banks of the Nile above Assuan.

The people of Berber are, in their exterior deportment, mild and polite. Every man we meet uniformly gives us the greeting of peace, "Salaam aleikoum," and uniformly shows a disposition to accommodate us in every thing reasonable. This is probably owing to their being, in a very considerable degree, a commercial people; Berber being every year visited and traversed by numerous caravans from Abyssinia, Sennaar, Darfour, and Kordofan.

It seems that the Maleks or chiefs of Shendi were inclined to submission, but the Pasha made the surrender of their arms and horses the *sine qua non* of peace. As the country of the Berbers, we believe, has been visited only by one European traveller, and as we have no information concerning it on which we can rely, we cite the following meagre account of it from the present author:

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\* The same circumstance of dress is common also among the peasants of both sexes of Dongola, Shageia, and along the third cataract, with this addition, that they not only anoint the head, but also the whole body with butter; they say it protects them from the heat; that employed by the personages of consideration is perfumed. Every Malek has a servant charged with the particular care of a box of this ointment. On our march to Sennaar, whither we were accompanied by the Malek of Shendi, I could wind this servant of his a mile off.



‘ The country of the Berbers, after the best information I have been able to obtain, is small, not extending, from the upper end of the third cataract, more than eight days’ march in length on both sides of the Nile. The Bahar el Uswood, or Black river, bounds it (*i. e.* on the eastern bank) on the south, and separates it from the territory of Shendi. The cultivable land reaches generally to the distance of one or two miles from the river. It is overflowed generally at the inundation, and its produce is very abundant, consisting in durra, wheat, barley, beans, cotton, a small grain called “*duchan*,” tobacco, and some garden vegetables similar to those of Egypt. Berber also raises great numbers of horned cattle, sheep, goats, camels, asses, and very fine horses. It is very populous, the succession of villages being almost continued along the road on both sides of the river. The houses are built of clay, covered with a flat roof of beams overlaid generally with straw; but the houses of the Maleks have generally terraced roofs of beaten clay. This manner of building is sufficient in a country where no great quantity of rain falls throughout the year. Some of the houses of the peasants are formed of trusses of corn-stalks, and placed side by side in a perpendicular position, and lashed together, with roofs of the same materials. All the people sleep upon bedsteads, as they do also in Dongola and Shageia: these bedsteads are composed of an oblong frame of wood, standing on four short legs, the sides of the frame supporting a close net-work of leathern thongs, on which the person sleeps; it is elastic and comfortable.

‘ Berber contains plenty of salt, which the natives find in some calcareous mountains between the Desert and the fertile land. In its natural state, it is found mingled with a brown earth, with which the stone of those mountains is intermixed. This earth the natives dilute with water, which absorbs the salt and leaves the earth at the bottom; they then pour off the water into another vessel, and, by exposing it to the sun or fire, the water is evaporated and the salt remains.

‘ The assemblage of villages which compose the capital of Noursreddin contains houses enough for a population of five or six thousand souls, but I do not believe that the actual population of those villages is so great.

‘ The language is Arabic, perfectly intelligible to the natives of Egypt, but containing some ancient words at present disused on the lower Nile; for instance, the Berber calls a sheep “*Ke-besh*.” \*

‘ As to the climate, the difference between the heat at two hours after noon in the month of the vernal equinox, and at an hour before sunrise, has been as great as ten degrees of the thermometer of Reaumur, as I have been informed by one of the medical staff attached to the army, who was in possession of that instrument. It is at present the commencement of spring, and the heat at two hours after mid-day, at least to the sense, is as

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\* This word is Hebrew, and signifies “a lamb.”



great as in the month of the summer solstice, in Cairo. I have seen no ferocious animals, either in Berber or the country below, and believe that they are rare.'

Shendi, the capital of the country called by that name, is distant half a mile from the easterly side of the river, and derives its importance from the caravans of Sennaar and other places, which stop there on their route to Mecca or Egypt. The horses are beautiful, and the Malek can bring 80,000 into the field.

The Bahar el Abiud, (the Nile of Bruce,) into which the Nile falls, is broader than that river: but by what process of reasoning the present author conjectures it to be a branch of the Niger, we are at a loss to determine. — Over this river the Pasha transported his army, in order to march into the territory of Sennaar, which they reached in thirteen days.

'The country we traversed is that part of the kingdom of Sennaar which lies between the Nile and the Bahar el Abiud. It is an immense and fertile plain, occupied by numerous villages, some of them very large; that of "Wahat Medinet," for instance, containing, probably, four or five thousand inhabitants. What country we saw was, at this season, perfectly naked of grass, consisting generally of immense fields which, in the season past, had been planted with durra. Acacia trees, and bushes in the country far back from the river, (which is sandy,) were abundant, but no herbage was visible; I did not see throughout our route a single water-wheel\*; and I believe that the country is only cultivated when the inundation has retired.

'The houses of the villages are built in the following manner. A circle of stakes is planted in the ground, a conical frame of poles attached to these stakes below, and meeting and fastened at the top of the cone, forms the roof. This roof, and the sides of the house, are then covered with thatched straw, which suffices to exclude the rains.

'Some of the houses, however, belonging to the chiefs, are of a stronger fabric, being composed of thick walls made of bricks dried in the sun, and having terraced roofs. In the thatched cottages I have mentioned, the air and light come in by the doorway and four small holes pierced in the walls of the house. This scanty ventilation renders these cottages very hot and close; the difference between the temperature of an inhabited house and that of the air outside being, in my judgment, almost as great as that of the undressing room of a bath at Cairo, and that of the passage just outside of the bath itself. This circumstance alone is almost sufficient to account for the great mortality in Sennaar,

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\* On my return from Sennaar, I descended by the river as far as Berber. On the way I did see some few water-wheels, which, however, were employed merely to water the patches of ground devoted to raising vegetables.'

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during the rainy season, when whole families are shut up in these close cottages; and every one who goes abroad must necessarily go with his pores in a condition expressly adapted to make him catch a cold or a fever.'

The Sultaun of Sennaar demanded peace, and the Turkish army entered his capital in order of battle, the prospect of a rich plunder promising a recompense for their toils: but, on a nearer approach, they found this once powerful city to be a heap of ruins, with several hundreds of uninhabited houses; it having, says the author in his peculiar style of eloquence, 'been for eighteen years the lacerated prey of war and confusion.'

We have now extracted from this narrative nearly all the little information which it comprizes: but we should not have devoted so large a space to such a production, if the novelty of the subject did not in some degree compensate for the faults of its execution. With regard, however, to geographical science, the book is perfectly useless: not a bearing is marked, not a distance defined, not an astronomical observation made; and the author has the rare merit of having traversed distant and unknown countries, without having contributed a single remark or adduced a single fact that can tend towards the elucidation of them.

ART. V. *The Universe*; a Poem. By the Rev. C. R. Maturin. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Colburn. 1821.

WE have too long neglected 'The Universe.' A part of such a subject might have been excusably postponed: but that the *whole* should be laid on the shelf, for so many months, must reflect some discredit on our powers of attention. — We crave pardon of 'The Universe,' and of Mr. Maturin.

From a poem like this, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," it is very difficult to select passages that shall be at once popular, and such as will convey a just idea of the merits of the entire work. Yet the attainment of *this combined object* should be the earnest and diligent endeavor of all critics, of poetic or prosaic employment; as their *double duty*, to their author and to the public, can by no other means be satisfactorily discharged. Impressed with this feeling, how shall we conduct our review of 'The Universe?' We are most seriously anxious to do justice to the poet; who, as we have honestly observed in a former article, seems to us to have had hard measure dealt out to him in the most important matters.

matters which can belong to man : — but our paramount duty still operates, and for ever must operate on us. We shall escape from the dilemma by our old but candid resource, of throwing ourselves and the author on the united mercy and justice of our readers. We shall let Mr. Maturin speak for himself; and if there be any thing in the poem which can recommend him to the public, we shall be more than usually happy to have contributed to so desirable a result.

*The beginning, the middle, and the end*, shall be our fair and orthodox clues to the merits of the work.

‘ Nature — ethereal essence, fire divine,  
 Pure origin of all that earth has fair,  
 Or ocean, wonderful, — or sky, sublime!  
 Thou — when the Eternal Spirit o’er the abyss  
 Of ancient waters, moving, through the void  
 Spoke, and the light began ! — thou also wast —  
 And when the first born break of glorious day  
 Rejoic’d upon the youthful mountains, — thou  
 Cam’st from it’s God, the world’s attempering soul !  
 From thee, the universal womb conceived  
 It’s embryo forms, and teeming arrayed  
 All earth with loveliness and life — the things  
 That draw the vital air or brightly glow —  
 The animate, or silent beautiful, —  
 High spreading glories of the wilderness,  
 That lift their blossomy boughs in summer air,  
 From Araby to Ind ; flinging sweet dew  
 Upon their fugitive twilight : — or the trees,  
 And flow’rets of the vernal tempered zone,  
 Brief pensioners of Spring, that deck earth’s wilds  
 Bestrew’d with all diversities of light, —  
 Seen in the rainbow when it’s coloured arch  
 Hangs glitt’ring on the humid air, and drives  
 The congregated vapours. — So array’d  
 In manifold radiance, earth’s primeval spring  
 Walk’d on the bright’ning orb, lit by the hours  
 And young exulting elements, undefil’d, —  
 And circling, free from tempest, round her calm  
 Perennial brow, — the dewy zephyrs, then,  
 From flower-zon’d mountains, wav’d their odorous wings  
 Over the young sweet vallies, whispering joy —  
 Then goodliest beam’d the unpolluted — bright —  
 Divine similitude of thoughtful man,  
 Serene above all creatures — breathing soul —  
 Fairest where all was fair, — pure sanctuary  
 Of those sweet thoughts, that with life’s earliest breath,  
 Up through the temperate air of Eden rose  
 To Heav’n’s gate, thrilling love ! — Then, Nature, — then,  
 Thy Maker looked upon his work and smiled —  
 Seeing that it was good.’

ART. VI. *Catiline: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. With other Poems.*  
By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. 8vo. 8s. 6d. Boards.  
Hurst and Co. 1822.

THERE is a species of noisy subaltern genius, which in a regiment may raise a storm in such a slop-basin as the Isle of Man\*; or in the *corps dramatique* may excite for a moment, certainly not for a season, the admiration of a few ill-judging acquaintances. Of such a character, according to our judgment, the work before us decidedly appears. Whether Catiline was a well-chosen subject by any of those ancient bards, foreign or domestic, who have adopted it, we shall not at present inquire: but it is clear that in the present day the Roman conspirator must have many charms for the poetical reader. He was daring, profligate, and mysterious, — a violent hater of all that was good and great around him, — and the acknowledged head of a band of accomplished banditti. Women, no doubt, loved him, with the usual degree and firmness of affection that are likely to be bestowed on such a personage. He was a patrician, and a gambler; — a sensualist, and a brave soldier. What else can be required, but pallor of countenance and curliness of hair, (both of which qualities this abandoned Roman no doubt most eminently possessed,) to complete a modern hero?

Mr. Croly, therefore, has judiciously chosen his subject; and he labors hard in his preface to invalidate the testimony of Sallust, and to represent his hero as a much injured man, as far as that historian is concerned. He seems to view the whole event nearly in the same light in which Napoleon Bonaparte considered it; as a faction of the nobles, damned to perpetual infamy because unsuccessful; *i. e.*

“*Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.*”

We have not leisure, nor space, to enter into the argument: — but we may be allowed to observe that an author of the year 1822 should have strong proofs to adduce in justification of that presumption, (we can call it nothing else,) which leads him to speak of Sallust's account of the personal appearance of Catiline, of the celebrated “*citus modò, modò tardus incessus*,” &c., in terms like the following: “The *pantomime* is coarse and improbable”!! (Preface, p. x. note.) — We are sorry to be compelled to add, that such a designation seems to us not unhappily to characterize the *tragedy* before us. Of this fact, however, we shall amply enable our readers

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\* An expression of the great Lord Thurlow. How opposite is this idea to numerous effusions of the day!



to judge ; and we beg it to be understood that we are conscious of some want of that enthusiastic energy of disposition which, we conclude, is the source of the peculiar favor now bestowed on *every* Bombastes Furioso among us. — “ *Quousque tandem, Catilina, abuteris patientiâ nostrâ ?* ” So we really find ourselves compelled to address Mr. Croly's Catiline : for, on trying with the most sincere intentions to find any thing, beyond a few occasional lines, that is suited to our own taste, we cannot succeed, and therefore we must leave this most energetic author to appeal to his own audience.

Aurelia, describing to Catiline the triumph of her father Marius, thus endeavors to rouse her husband to rival horrors. Is it possible to sympathize with *this* ? \*

‘ *Aurelia*. We swept thro’ Italy, a flood of fire,  
A living lava, rolling straight on Rome.  
For days, before we reach’d it, the whole road  
Was throng’d with suppliants — tribunes, consulars ;  
The mightiest names o’ the state. Could gold have bribed,  
We might have pitch’d our tents, and slept on gold.  
But we had work to do : — our swords were thirsty.  
We enter’d Rome, as conquerors, in arms ;  
I by my father’s side, cuirass’d and helm’d,  
Bellona beside Mars.

‘ *Catiline* (with coldness). The world was yours !

‘ *Aurelia*. Rome was all eyes ; the ancient totter’d forth ;  
The cripple propp’d his limbs beside the wall ;  
The dying left his bed to look — and die.  
The way before us was a sea of heads ;  
The way behind a torrent of brown spears :  
So on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,  
Thro’ the long, living streets, that sank in gloom,  
As we, like Pluto and Proserpina,  
Enthroned, rode on — like twofold destiny !

‘ *Catiline* (sternly — interrupting her). Those triumphs are but  
                    gewgaws. All the earth,  
What is it ? Dust and smoke. I’ve done with life !

‘ *Aurelia* (coming closer, and looking steadily upon him).  
Before that eve — one hundred senators —  
And fifteen hundred knights, had paid — in blood,  
The price of taunts and treachery, and rebellion !  
Were my tongue thunder — I would cry, Revenge !

‘ *Catiline* (in sudden wildness). No more of this ! In to your  
                    chamber, wife !

There is a whirling lightness in my brain,  
That will not now bear questioning. — Away !

[ *As Aurelia moves slowly towards the door.*

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\* We are far from wishing to bind the poet in *too close* bonds ; and the present dramatist apologizes for his violations of history in his preface.



Where are our veterans now? Look on these walls;  
I cannot turn their tissues into life.

Where are our revenues — our chosen friends?

Are we not beggars? Where have beggars friends?

I see no swords and bucklers on these floors!

I shake the state! I — What have I on earth

But these two hands? Must I not dig or starve? —

Come back! I had forgot. My memory dies,

I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night?

Let all be of the rarest, — spare no cost. —

If 'tis our last; — it may be — let us sink

In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us, wife!

Our funeral pile shall send up amber smokes;

We'll burn in myrrh, or — blood!

[*She goes.*]

'The pantomime is coarse and improbable.'

We scarcely know where to select any passage of a milder  
cast, and therefore we must launch again into a sea of fire!

Hamilcar and Aspasia; — the Lybian, and his Grecian  
love.

'Aspasia.

*I have forgot of what I talk'd just now.*

'Hamilcar. Of Semele, fair Greek.

'Aspasia.

The tale is done.

She met a stately hunter on the hills, —

Loved him, and wedded him: and passion's flame,

That had bewitch'd her loneliness, now burn'd

Richer in Hymen's lamp. But, one night came,

And with it came no husband, — and she wept; —

Another, and she knelt to the cold moon,

Praying, in pain, the mother's deity,

That she might show him but his babe, and die.

The thunder peal'd at midnight, and he came —

And then she fell upon his neck, and kiss'd,

And ask'd him, why he left her desolate?

His brow grew cloudy, — but at last she wrung

The lofty secret —

'Hamilcar.

Women's ancient arts!

The tale sounds true.

'Aspasia.

Of his inconstancy?

'Hamilcar. No; of her sex's teasing. Girl, say on;  
Your voice has music in 't. She conquer'd him?

'Aspasia. He was a god; and to his throne in the stars  
He must at times ascend. She dared not doubt:

But love will have wild thoughts; and so, she pined,

And her rich cheek grew pale.

'Hamilcar.

With jealousy?

'Aspasia. To prove his truth, at length, she bade him come  
In his full glory.

'Hamilcar.

And the lover came?

' *Aspasia*. He long denied her, — offer'd her all wealth,  
Of mine or mountain, — kiss'd away her tears, —  
All to subdue her thought.

' *Hamilcar*. And all in vain !  
Was she not woman ?

' *Aspasia*. Pity her ! 'twas love  
That wrought this evil to his worshipper !  
The deadly oath was sworn. — Then nature shook,  
As in strange trouble, — solemn cries were heard,  
Echoing from hill to hill, — the forests bowed,  
Ruddy with lightnings, — in the height of heaven  
The moon grew sanguine, and the waning stars  
Fell loosely through the sky. Before her rose,  
On golden clouds, a throne ; and, at its foot,  
An eagle grasp'd the thunderbolt. The face  
Of the bright sitter on the throne was bent  
Over his sceptre, — but she knew her lord !  
And call'd upon him but to give *one* look,  
Before she perish'd in th' Olympian blaze.  
He raised his eye, — and in its flash — she died !

' *Hamilcar*. Those are old fables.'

They *are* indeed !

Our next extract we are resolved shall be more *moderate*, —  
shall partake more of the *medium genus dicendi*.

' ACT III. SCENE II. — The Senate-House.

' *The Temple of Jupiter Stator. The Senate, at night ; a Consul  
in the Chair ; Cicero on the Floor, concluding his Speech.*

' *Cicero*. Our long debate must close. Take one proof more  
Of this rebellion. — Lucius Catiline  
Has been commanded to attend the senate.  
He dares not come. I now demand your votes ; —  
Is he condemned to exile ?

[*Catiline comes in hastily, and flings himself on the  
bench ; all the senators go over to the other side.*

(*Cicero turns to Catiline.*) Here I repeat the charge, to gods and  
men,

Of treasons manifold ; — that, but this day,  
He has received despatches from the rebels —  
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul  
To seize the province ; nay, has levied troops,  
And raised his rebel standard ; — that, but now,  
A meeting of conspirators was held  
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,  
Pledged round the body of a murder'd slave.  
To these he has *no* answer.

' *Catiline (rising calmly)*. Conscript fathers !  
I do not rise to waste the night in words :  
Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not *my* trade ;  
But *here* I stand for right. Let him show *proofs*, —

For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand.  
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,  
Cling to your master ; judges, Romans, — *slaves!*  
His charge is false ; I dare him to his *proofs*,  
You have my answer now ! I must be gone.

‘ *Cicero.* Bring back the helmet of this Gaulish king.  
[ *The lictors return with the helmet and axe.*

These, as I told you, were this evening seized  
Within his house. You know them, Catiline ?

‘ *Catiline.* The axe and helmet of the Allobroges ! (*aside.*)  
Know them ! What crimination 's there ? What tongue  
Lives in that helm to charge me ? Cicero —  
Go search my house, you may find twenty such ;  
All fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings,  
When you and yours were plotting here in Rome.  
I say, go search my house. And is this all ?  
I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.  
Where have I levied troops — tamper'd with slaves —  
Bribed fool or villain, to embark his neck  
In this rebellion ? Let my actions speak.

‘ *Cicero (interrupting him).* Deeds shall convince you ! Has the  
traitor done ?

‘ *Catiline.* But this I will avow, that I have scorn'd,  
And still *do* scorn, to hide my sense of wrong :  
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,  
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,  
Can wrong me half so much as he who shuts  
The gates of honour on me, — turning out  
The Roman from his birthright ; and for what ? —

[ *Looking round him.*

To fling your offices to every slave ; —  
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb ;  
And having wound their loathsome track to the top  
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,  
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

‘ *Cicero.* This is his answer ! Must I bring more proofs ?  
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us  
But lives in peril of his midnight sword.  
Lists of proscription have been handed round,  
In which your general properties are made  
Your murderers' hire.

Bring in the prisoners.

[ *The lictors return with Cethegus, and others.*

‘ *Catiline (startled).* Cethegus ! (*aside.*)

‘ *Cicero.* Fathers ! those stains to their high name and blood  
Came to my house to murder me ; and came  
Suborn'd by him.

‘ *Catiline (scornfully).* Cethegus !  
Did you say this ?

‘ *Cethegus.* Not I. — I went to kill

A prating proud plebeian, whom those fools  
Palm'd on the consulship.

' *Cicero*. And sent by whom?

' *Cethegus*. By none. — By nothing but my zeal to purge  
The senate of yourself, most learned *Cicero*!

[*A cry is heard without: "More prisoners! The Allobroges!" An officer enters with letters for Cicero; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the senate. Catiline is strongly perturbed. The Allobroges come in, chained.*]

Delighted as we were with '*Cicero on the floor*,' we were forced to stop here; and, perhaps, our readers have had enough. If they have not, we beg to present them with one other speech, which is in the best because the most natural manner of the author.

' *Catiline* (*starting up, and still pointing to the ground*). Do you see nothing?

' *Cethegus*. Take him to the gate.

' *Catiline*. No grave? — no giant form, laid at its length?  
Look — look — it rises — *Marius in his mail*! —

[*As to a vision.*]

Thou mightiest and most awful summoner!  
Death's majesty, — life's terror, — that, hast come,  
Passing the gates that none can see and live!  
Is not thy visitation gracious? — Hark!  
He groans, — and, with a fearful heaviness,  
His eye is cast upon the earth: — but speak! —  
Great spectre, demi-god! — I know thou 'rt come  
To give our lingering swords the lightning's edge,  
And put a soul in our too nerveless flesh,  
Fit for Rome's final slaughter? — Answer me! —  
He will not speak! — Then, demon! by thy bed  
In burning hell, what wrath of fate is theirs,  
Who war against their country? — See! he frowns, —  
His eye grows meteor-like, — he rends his mail, —  
And, with his dagger, stabs his naked breast!

[*He falls into their arms.*]

' *Valerius*. Bear him away, — in mercy!

' *Catiline* (*bursting from them, as following the vision*). He rises,  
darkening all the air! — He's gone!

[*He falls, — the scene closes.*]

Our readers must perceive a most correct imitation of the bursts, starts, and bold gestures of our greatest living tragedian in much of the foregoing scene; and in the poetry, throughout, they must see the judicious manner in which the extravagance of some of our most popular dramatic compositions has been softened and subdued in this chaste specimen

specimen of modern genius. We confirm this opinion by a few words at the end of the play :

*Catiline* (wounded). To Rome ! — (His voice failing.) — To Rome !

Where is Aurelia ?

[*Aurelia and Cethegus support him.*

[*Falling.*

[*She bends over him.*

I must die. — Farewell ! —

[*He springs from the ground.*

Is there no faith in Heaven ? My hour shall come !

This brow shall wear the diadem, and this eye

Make monarchs stoop. My wrath shall have a voice

Strong as the thunder ; and my trumpet's breath

Shall root up thrones. Your husband shall be king ! —

Dictator ! — King of the world ! —

[*He falls suddenly, and dies.*

Who would expect, in the midst of such sublimity, (unless he recollected that extremes were apt to meet,) such lines as the following :

—— “ A dream ! no more.

An undigested grape will do as much.” (P. 147.)

Such is the opinion of Aurelia ; — and we recollect that Cicero, on another occasion, when he cried out “ *Edorni hanc crapulam, atque exhala,*” so far confirmed it as to intimate that much wine might produce some undigested folly ! — but that a single grape should have this effect is curious indeed. We must, however, now cease to wonder at the importance attached by the patriarch of the *Dandies*\* of our day to the fact that he “ once ate a pea !”

Again ;

“ You startle me — you have grown thin of late,”

and sundry other little playful or tender familiarities which harmonize wondrously ill with the gigantic or rather the *Jupiter-Tonans* style of the rest.

Mr. Croly is evidently a scholar, though a daring contemner of authorities, and a more than admissibly liberal improver of facts and characters. Here, however, his freedom ceases ; for, while he out-*Maturius* the great Irish dramatist himself in the licentiousness of frantic phraseology, he takes the tamest of the modern historians of the ages of classical liberty as the standard of his political opinions. For example ; (p. v. of his preface ;)

\* Lest the future learned reader should be at a loss for the meaning of this term, we beg to add that it answers to the *Bellus Homo* of the ancients.



‘ Military revolution may be sanguinary; but it is democratic revolution, with its boundless meannesses and perfidies, its sleepless suspicions, and its merciless scaffolds, that extinguishes a national mind.

‘ The phænomenon of the Augustan age, which rose from the bosom of those storms, like a green and lovely island from the ocean, could never have risen from the slough of the base and pestilent atrocities of popular supremacy. The multitude were but slightly affected by the wars of Marius, Sylla, and their successors. The partizans on both sides were visited with formidable inflictions, but the struggle was above the heads of the people. The great rivals fought like contending spirits in a higher region, and “tormented all the air,” while the nation lay below, expecting the victor. The waste of life was done, when the possession of supremacy was secure, and literature and the arts were preserved, as captives to do honour to the triumph, if not as illustrious friends to cheer the established throne. Cicero, who would have been slain by the mob of Clodius, flourished under Cæsar. Military domination may turn an empire into a camp; but democracy, with its low, personal malice, and searching, insatiable cupidity, and bloody fears, turns it into a dungeon and a grave.

‘ Yet the frequent transfers of power had darkened the heroic countenance of Roman ambition.

It is plain that, if the people have not the power of chusing their own government, and of freely electing those who are to make their laws, this ardent writer will be satisfied. The opposition of the friends of popular rights to the despotic measures of Charles the First must be more offensive to the judgment of such a reasoner, than the subsequent violence of the puritanic army; and we do firmly believe that there are many, even among us, who still reason thus! — May their numbers be few, and their strength insignificant, in a neighbouring kingdom!

Some of the minor poems in this volume have a degree of merit which we have felt it impossible to assign to the play. It is indeed likely that the same abrupt vehemence, and overloading of matter, (displayed, in one instance, in a catalogue of precious stones, worthy of a jeweller’s shop, see pages 82—84.) may have their effect in the species of Pindaric, nay even of lost dithyrambic ode, in which the author would seem to indulge, as far at least as wild expression extends. In a word,

“ *Professus grandia, TURGET;*”

and that sort of *tumour*, if it soon comes to a head, and bursts without pain to the patient, is obviously preferable to a prolix and callous swelling. Thus, for instance, in ‘the Death of Leonidas.’

- \* Up rose the glorious rank,  
To Greece one cup pour'd high, —  
Then, hand in hand they drank,  
“ To Immortality !”
- \* Fear on King Xerxes fell,  
When, like spirits from the tomb,  
With shout and trumpet-knell,  
He saw the warriors come.
- \* But down swept all his power,  
With chariot and with charge;  
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,  
Till sank the Dorian's targe.
- \* They gather'd round the tent,  
With all their strength unstrung;  
To Greece one look they sent,  
Then on high their torches flung.
- \* Their king sat on the throne,  
His captains by his side,  
While the flame rush'd roaring on,  
And their Pæan loud replied
- \* Thus fought the Greek of old !  
Thus will he fight again !  
Shall not the self-same mould  
Bring forth the self-same men ?”

“ *Felix faustumque sit !*” we most cordially echo : — but how is this reconcileable with the hate of the *Δημος* in the preface ?

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ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Life of the late Mrs. Catharine Cappe.*  
Written by Herself. 8vo. pp. 465. 12s. Boards. Longman and Co. 1822.

ON various occasions, our readers have shared with us in obtaining a knowledge of the attainments and excellences of the late Mrs. Cappe, as also of her husband, the Rev. Newcome Cappe, of York. Had this not been the case, when we opened the volume before us, we might naturally have expected to be a little wearied with its contents: for what, we might have said, can the memoirs of an amiable and pious woman, whose whole life was spent in the performance of the unobtrusive duties of her station, afford to excite our interest or gratify our curiosity? What incidents can an individual, who never stepped beyond the happy boundaries of domestic life, have to relate, which by their variety may engage or by their importance deserve our attention? In the eyes of her surviving relatives and friends, such details may indeed be valuable, but what claims can

they make on the regard of the public? Such would probably have been our speculations when these Memoirs came to our hands, had we previously heard nothing of the fair writer of them: but, even then, the perusal of a very few pages would have convinced us of our mistake. Indeed, as we read on, such candor and truth are manifested by the author, such purity and elevation of character, such strong good sense, and such animating and benevolent views of human nature, that the interest is not slight which is inspired by the narrative, aided as it also is by an attractive simplicity of style. So far from the detail being dull and tedious, it abounds with incidents and anecdotes which would furnish ample materials for volumes of fiction; and we feel actually surprized that the life of an unpretending, and comparatively obscure, individual should exhibit so many eventful "passages."

In truth, Mrs. Cappe was one of those characters who are the real ornaments of society, and on whom its happiness and respectability greatly depend. Without ambition to cheer her, without wealth to reward her, without praise and often without sympathy to support her, she unrepiningly performed her quiet but most arduous duties. The calls on her talents and exertions were unceasing, but she never neglected them; the trials to which her fortitude and resignation were exposed were most afflicting, but she did not sink beneath them; and in every situation of life she was supported by her unaffected piety. It is impossible that the faithful delineation of an example like this can be useless, and we shall endeavor to give such an account of the volume as may stimulate our readers to examine it for themselves. A very slight sketch of the author's history will be sufficient to explain our extracts.

Mrs. Cappe, who was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, a clergyman of the established church, was born at Long Preston, in Yorkshire, in the year 1744; and she has given the history of her childhood in so artless and engaging a manner as to excite our interest, notwithstanding the trivial nature of the details: which, however, contain many valuable hints to parents and instructors. The following anecdotes illustrate the childish character exceedingly well:

'As far back as I can recollect, there was in my natural disposition a great desire of being noticed, and an ardent love of praise; not unaccompanied, perhaps, by a considerable portion of ambition and pride. It may partly account for this, that I was held up at Long Preston and honourably distinguished there, by the wives and daughters of the *Statesmen*, as "Miss of the Vicarage;" which, together with what I continually heard of the splendour

dour of my mother's connexions, might, at the same time, generate very early the desire, and encourage the expectation of becoming hereafter a person of some consequence; and I can remember a number of little stratagems, when I was yet very young, which had for their object the ambition of being thus considered. Soon after we removed to Catterick, Sir Conyers D'Arcy, a very old man, the uncle of Lord Holderness, and a character at that time much esteemed in the neighbourhood, called upon my father, who happening to be from home, and my mother being confined to her room by indisposition, I was deputed to make her apology. Charmed with the commission, I recollect determining, as I went down stairs, that I would hold up my head, and behave so well, that he should say, he never saw so fine a little girl; and I believe the wish was accomplished, by what I afterwards heard accidentally that he had said to my father. — Another instance I shall mention of the same temperament, which led afterwards to considerable finesse, and which might have been extremely pernicious to the future character, if the propensity had not been checked by the immediate operation of other principles, more favourable to truth and virtue. Being taken to Harrogate when I was eight years old, by a neighbouring gentleman and lady, who had no family of their own, and with whom I was a great favourite, and having already observed the respect which is usually paid to station and power, the thought struck me one evening, as I was walking on the common with some strangers, in the absence of my friends, that I would give the company a high idea of my father's consequence, and I asked accordingly, if they knew such and such persons, who were my father's curates, mentioning first the gentleman who filled that office at Long Preston, and afterwards the two others, who were appointed under Catterick, to different chapels of ease. The reply was in the negative; but the remark upon it fully gratified my wishes. "Your papa surely must have great preferment!" Afterwards, however, when I reflected upon what I had done, I was extremely unhappy; I had purposely led the company to imagine that my father had four livings, whereas I knew that he had no other than Catterick and Long Preston, for he had resigned Skipton when he removed to Catterick; and I dreaded exceedingly, lest by some accident he should hear what I had said, and discover my disingenuousness.

At the age of ten, Miss Harrison was sent to school at York to learn the female accomplishments of that day, viz. dancing and ornamental needle-work. Here she was introduced to her maternal grandmother, 'a very stately old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, a complete aristocrate of the last century.' We mention her for the sake of the character which the author gives of her:

'This old lady had but two criterions for estimating character — rank, and beauty: she did not consider the daughter of a country clergyman as possessing the one, and the small-pox had deprived



deprived me of all pretensions to the other. She was herself a woman of rank; and her family had risen, from the circumstances of the times, into great consideration. Sir Patience Warde, her paternal uncle, was the intimate friend of the virtuous Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of the second Charles, and he had himself narrowly escaped the like fate. He was afterwards one of those who had the happiness of conducting King William to this kingdom; and my grandmother, then a girl, having money given her on that occasion, to throw among the populace in London, considered herself as entitled to be a partaker in her uncle's triumphs. With what majesty and importance, when I had afterwards obtained a small portion of favour, by listening to her stories, and flying to obey her commands, did she detail to me these histories! adding many an anecdote of the exemplary conduct of Queen Mary, of the fortitude of Lady Rachael Russel, of the disinterested patriotism of her virtuous Lord, and of the piety of Archbishop Tillotson, contrasting with these the infamous character of the licentious Charles, and his equally licentious and still more tyrannical and bigotted brother. She had the offer, she said, of being one of Queen Mary's maids of honour:—I durst not ask her why she refused, but I remember thinking that I would not have done so. She died the following year.'

The description of this lady's daughter is equally excellent:

'My aunt Catharine was at this time about seventy years of age. She was the eldest child of a numerous family; had certainly a very good natural understanding, an equal flow of cheerful spirits, and a remarkably amiable temper. My grandfather being a baronet's younger son, and happening to live within three miles of his affluent elder brother, it became a point of honour with my grandmother, in whom the pride of ancestry was the ruling passion, to appear on some sort of equality with the elder branch of the family; an ambition which she could not relinquish, even after she was left a widow, with a small jointure. My aunt, from her earliest infancy, was taught this lesson, and so completely did she imbibe its spirit, that as the object to be accomplished was not easy, and would be wholly unattainable without the strictest economy, she devoted to it the whole powers of her mind, and her success was proportioned to her extraordinary exertion. Their whole appearance and establishment was required to be not only decent but respectable; they were to be hospitable at all times, and on some occasions were to give a splendid entertainment. To accomplish the first, a considerable quantity of land was retained in their own hands, in order to supply the family with the various articles of housekeeping, the best of their kind, at the smallest expense. My aunt would rise with the lark, to see that her servants and labourers were each at their post; and she seldom would take the men and horses from their labour, to make a visit, unless when the weather had rendered it impossible to work out of doors. — To achieve the latter, the science of cookery



cooking was studied with the most unwearied assiduity ; neither was the art neglected of producing the best possible effect, by the skilful arrangement of the various dishes. Possessing all these excellences, how was it possible but that my aunt should become the supreme favourite of my grandmother ? who sounded forth her praise from morning until evening ; continually repeating, that she it was who had borne " the burthen and heat of the day," and who was entitled " to eat gold," if it could be obtained for her.

" My mother, on the contrary, who was seven years younger, was very little regarded ; not being the deputed mistress of the family, she had not its honours to support ; and whilst my aunt was " rising early and eating the bread of carefulness," devising every possible expedient to attain the very summit of economical excellence, her sister, rising equally early, would employ herself in making clothes for the poor people of the village, and in every little act of benevolence and charity that lay within her power. My aunt, however, did not abuse the absolute authority with which she was invested, by any unnecessary exercise of arbitrary sway ; but she was led unavoidably, by the exaggerated praises bestowed upon her, to appreciate very highly the qualifications which gave rise to them ; and hence it was, that to make a genteel appearance, upon a very small fortune, became in her estimation the very summit of human excellence. In consequence of this persuasion, a very curious process at length took place in her mind, which may serve to illustrate the theory of Dr. Hartley ; namely, that " there is a perpetual tendency in the human frame to transfer the regard due to any thing, first desire as the means of happiness, to the thing itself, as the end ; and hence the love of riches, of power, and personal beauty or accomplishments, desirable all of them within proper limits, and as means of usefulness, come in time, without continual attention and watchfulness, to be ardently desired and eagerly coveted for their own sakes alone." The miser, when he counts his guineas, never once adverts to any use he means to make of them, the delight with which they are regarded by him wholly proceeding from what may be denominated the disinterested love of money ; and thus it happened to my aunt, in respect to her passion for a good dinner, on an economical plan. She was no epicure, yet would she listen with as much pleasure to the particular recital of an entertainment so conducted, long after the time when it was incumbent upon her to give one, as if her own credit had still depended upon it : hence also it was, that she constantly contrived to inform her visitors, what she and her sister had had for dinner, and how it was cooked ; in order to give them a high idea of the comfort in which they lived, and of her own excellent management. I have often admired her address, in contriving to introduce this delightful subject, incidentally as it appeared, but which completely proved how deeply her mind was interested by it. My younger aunt did not feel the same self-complacency, in these recitals, yet she always repeated them after her sister, both that she might take  
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her share in the conversation, and also bear her testimony to the truth of the statement.'

On the death of her father, which happened when Miss Harrison was about twenty years old, she paid a visit to Nostel, the seat of Sir Rowland Winn, a cousin of her mother, who still maintained at his fine old mansion the antient style of English hospitality; and the description, which she gives of her venerable relative enjoying himself amid his friends and his tenants, could scarcely be equalled by the pen of Geoffrey Crayon. In 1765 she became acquainted with the late Rev. Mr. Lindsey, whose memoirs are already before the public, and continued in strict habits of friendship with him until his death. By his example, she was induced to secede from the church, and became a member of a congregation of Unitarian dissenters. About this period, also, she commenced those charitable exertions which she resigned only with her life, by the establishment of a Sunday-school at Bedale, where she resided; an attempt at that time both difficult and obnoxious.

We now arrive at one of the most singular parts of the narrative; an account of Miss Harrison's first attachment, a description of her early love, written by a woman who was fast approaching her eightieth year. Every body recollects the tender and beautiful manner in which Gibbon alludes to his youthful passion; yet even that account does not equal the perfect simplicity and delicacy of the narrative before us. The story is too long for us to extract; and, as it is melancholy, we more willingly forego it. There is something peculiarly affecting in the few words in which the writer mentions the departure of the person to whom she was attached, and who died a very short time afterward:—'he took leave with an expression of countenance which I cannot even now recollect, at the distance of half a century, without awakening very painful feelings.'

In 1782 Miss Harrison and her mother removed to York, where the former became acquainted with Mr. Cappe, a dissenting minister, to whom she was married in the year 1788, and many of whose works she has given to the public. A few years after their union, Mr. C. was attacked with paralysis, which ultimately proved fatal to him, but his sufferings were alleviated by the unremitting attentions of his excellent wife. Nothing can be finer than the description of her feelings towards her husband when he was sinking under this infliction:

'How merciful is that arrangement of a gracious Providence, which increases our tenderness in proportion to the feebleness of its  
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its object ! I loved and venerated my husband before he was paralytic ; he was my guide, my counsellor, and friend ; but after the second dreadful stroke, when he could no longer, or but very imperfectly, and at distant intervals, sustain these honoured characters ; when only the venerable ruin of his fine talents, great learning, and extensive knowledge remained, no language can adequately express how dear he was to my heart.'

In the summer of 1821, this amiable lady, who had survived the greater part of her oldest and most intimate friends, died at the age of seventy-seven, after an active life devoted to kindness and benevolence. We are not in general aware of the *quantum* of happiness which it is in the power of one individual to bestow : but these simple Memoirs shew how much may be achieved by patient industry, and an earnest desire to do good. They furnish the most valuable of all lessons, — the practical example of a well-spent life.

We have mentioned that many parts of the narrative are highly interesting ; such, for instance, are the account of the deserted young Irish women in chapter xxxiv., whose history is excellently told ; — ' the History of an admired Young Lady' in chapter viii. ; — the tale of the young West Indian girl (p. 236.) ; — and the account of Dr. Robert Cappe's illness and death, as also of the virtues and fidelity of his black servant. (c. xxxix. and xl.) Many anecdotes of distinguished characters are scattered through the volume ; from among which we extract the following relative to the celebrated Dr. William Hunter, (of London,) who had been called to attend Mrs. Winn, a relative of the author :

' Dr. Hunter had called in the Doctors Ford and Warren to a consultation, being unable to ascertain the cause of the seizure, whether it was simply paralytic, or connected with, or even occasioned by, a state of pregnancy ; and they all seemed to incline to the latter opinion. " If I had ever seen or read of such a case," said Dr. Hunter to me, with a degree of ingenuousness, which a practitioner less eminent would hardly have hazarded, " I should not now have been so totally at a loss." The result of their consultation was, that their patient should be bled, notwithstanding she had a second time undergone that operation, only two or three days before. " I believe, gentlemen," said Mrs. W., " you are mistaken in this opinion ; my own feelings and judgment are quite against your decision ; however, you should know better than I do, therefore I submit ;" and she immediately held out her arm, and was bled accordingly. Dr. Hunter afterwards told me, that he believed she was right, and that they had been mistaken ; adding, " I would give the world to save her ; we want such examples, among the higher ranks especially : pray send for me, if you perceive any alteration, or even if you find any difficulty in moving her, I will come at any hour, day or night ;" and he faithfully

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kept his word. So very painfully was his mind impressed by the whole scene, and especially by the distressing apprehension of her having been treated wrong, that a hand-organ under the window happening one day to play a very plaintive tone, he burst into tears, rung for his carriage, and suddenly left the room.

Mrs. Cappe published several valuable tracts on charitable institutions, — a History of the Life and Divine Mission of Christ, — and Memoirs of her Husband. She also edited many of Mr. Cappe's sermons, and the poems of Charlotte Richardson. Of these several tracts we have duly taken notice at the time of their appearance, and from them alone had we that knowledge of this admirable woman to which we have already alluded.

ART. VIII. *A Practical Essay on the Strength of Cast Iron.* Intended for the Assistance of Engineers, Iron Masters, Architects, Millwrights, &c. Containing Practical Rules, Tables, and Examples; new Experiments, and an extensive Table of the Properties of Materials; illustrated by Engravings. By Thomas Tredgold, Civil Engineer. 8vo. 12s. Boards. Taylor, Holborn. 1822.

THE very general introduction of iron into most of our great public constructions, such as churches, theatres, commercial storehouses, docks, bridges, &c., where timber was formerly employed, is perhaps one of the greatest and most important innovations of the nineteenth century. When we consider the limited nature of our forests, and the immense call for timber in our dock-yards during the late wars, it must be obvious that a proper substitute for it, which shall have a tendency to lessen the demand, is an object of great national importance, and deserving of particular attention. There can indeed be no doubt that, had we not obtained the substantial aid which we have derived from our iron mines, we must now have been almost entirely dependent on foreign countries for the supply of timber for all our great architectural and naval constructions. By means, however, of the general application of iron in these cases, we may husband our resources of timber; and we shall be able, in the course of a few years of peace, to allow our growing timber to increase in magnitude and improve in quality, while our new plantations are advancing towards maturity.

If, again, we look to the durability of iron in comparison with wood, and the resistance (if we may use the term) that it opposes to conflagration, we shall be qualified to appreciate still more accurately the value of the new practice to which we have



have alluded. Many buildings, which we could particularize, used for the reception of public stores and commercial imports, now have not a cubic foot of wood in them from the foundation to the roof; so that they are in fact fire-proof, and thus afford a security unattainable by any other means. In short, iron is of all materials that perhaps to which this country is now most indebted for her prosperity, convenience, and security: it is consequently one of her most important products; and one which, notwithstanding the great improvements that an increased demand has caused in its manufacture, is probably still susceptible of a greater approach to perfection.

In order, however, that we may derive from this material all the advantages which it is calculated to bestow, we should be able to estimate its power of resistance in all the variety of circumstances under which it is likely to be introduced; to the end that we may every where so proportion all the parts, that they may be fully equal to the resistance of the strain to which we intend to expose them, without loading our supports or the fundamental parts of our machines with an unnecessary weight of material. This is a consideration which never ought to be overlooked, even in the application of timber, but in the use of iron it is of still greater consequence from the increased specific gravity of that substance. Mere theory is not a sufficient guide in cases of this kind; and experiment, unassisted by theory, would perhaps be of still less use: — it is only by duly blending the one with the other, that we at length arrive at conclusions on which we may safely rely, and which we may advantageously introduce into practical constructions.

We called the attention of our readers to Mr. Tredgold's treatise "*On the Principles of Carpentry*" in the *Monthly Review*, vol. xcv. N. S. p. 383., where we spoke of the happy combination of theoretical and practical knowledge which the author appeared to us to possess; and the present work exhibits him in the same advantageous light. He has himself made numerous experiments, under every form that was likely to lead to practical results, and has also collected all those that have been made by others; thus forming such a mass of data as we should in vain seek in any other work: while at the same time he has founded on them a theory exceedingly simple in itself, and of the greatest utility to every one who is connected with architectural and mechanical constructions.

The volume is divided into seven sections; of which the first consists of *Introductory Remarks on the Use and Quality of Cast Iron*, with *Cautions to be observed in employing it*.

Here



Here are also given two extensive tables: the first exhibiting the depth of square cast iron beams, or bars of different lengths, proper to sustain different weights from one hundred weight to five hundred tons, the beams being supported at the ends and loaded in the middle. The dimensions are so proportioned that the beam shall in no case be deflected more than one-fortieth of an inch to each foot in length. The second table shews the great weight or pressure that can be sustained by beams of cast iron, one inch in breadth, and from one inch to fourteen in depth, to several lengths from one foot to thirty feet, the beam being supported at its two ends and loaded in the middle; as also the greatest deflection of the beam in each of those instances. The former table therefore exhibits the proper working dimensions, and the latter the breaking weights, for the several cases. The object of the author in giving these tables is to save the practical builder the trouble of computation, and to prevent those errors which might arise from faults in the calculation, or from a misconception of his rules. We have little doubt that the tables will be considered as a highly acceptable present by all practical builders; particularly with the aid afforded by the second section, which is illustrative of the use of the tables, and descriptive of the method of applying them to every possible case.

In the two preceding sections, the beams are supposed to be square, or of the paralleloepid form: but it is well known that a beam is not uniformly strained in every part, and therefore that it may be reduced in size towards those parts on which the strain is the least, without in any way injuring the strength of the fabric, while a great saving may thus be made. The proper forms and rules to be observed in this reduction constitute the subject of the third section. — The fourth contains a popular explanation of the strongest forms for the sections of beams, the construction of open beams, and the best form for shafts. The fifth is wholly devoted to experiments divided under the following heads, viz. On the Resistance to Flexure; Resistance to Tension; Resistance to Compression; Resistance to Twisting; and Resistance to Impulsion. We have here also, besides the author's own experiments, an account of all the most useful results that have been obtained by Reynolds, Banks, Rondelet, Barlow, Ebbels, and Rennie. — In the sixth section, Mr. Tredgold shews the method of applying the results obtained in the preceding section, in order to establish general rules and principles for cases in which experiments can be made only in the construction at large, resting the principles of his investigations on the following assumptions:

‘ The first is, That the strength of a bar or rod to resist a given strain, when drawn in the direction of its length, is directly proportional to the area of its cross section; while its elastic power remains perfect, and the direction of the force coincides with the axis.

‘ The second is, That the extension of a bar or rod, by a force acting in the direction of its length, is directly proportional to the straining force, when the area of the section is the same; while the strain does not exceed the elastic power.

‘ The third is, That while the force is within the elastic power of the material, bodies resist extension and compression with equal forces.

‘ It is farther supposed that every part of the same piece of the material is of the same quality, and that there are no defects in it. If there be any material defect in a piece of cast iron, it may often be discovered, either by inspection, or by the sound the piece emits when struck; except it be air-bubbles, which cannot be known by these means.

‘ The manner of examining the quality of a piece of cast iron has been given in the introduction; and such as will bear the test of hammering, with the same apparent degree of malleability, will be found sufficiently near of the same strength and extensibility for any practical deductions to be correct.

‘ The truth of these premises being admitted, every rule that is herein grounded on them may be considered as firmly established as the properties of geometrical figures.’

Mr. T. then proceeds to develope his theoretical views, in the course of which he displays the great advantage that a practical engineer may derive from a well grounded knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics. The leading analytical formulæ being established by the investigations above mentioned, they are next reduced to practical rules under several distinct heads; viz.

When beams are supported in the middle and strained at the ends, as in the beams of steam-engines.

Beams fixed at one end, as cantilivers, cranks, &c.

Beams supported at both ends, and loaded in different parts of their lengths.

Beams of pumping engines; cranks; wheels; resistance to tension; twisting, &c.; cast iron columns, pillars, or other supports, compressed or extended in the direction of their length; with various other practical applications and illustrations.

In the seventh and last section, the writer considers the effect of impulsive forces on cast iron, and its power of resistance; as for example, 1st, ‘ To determine the dimensions of a beam to resist the force of a body in motion; 2dly, To determine the dimensions of an uniform beam to resist a moving force;’

force; 3dly, To determine the area of the middle section of a parabolic beam to resist a moving force when the breadth is uniform,' &c. &c. This section is followed by an extensive table of the properties of materials, and other data, of frequent use in calculations connected with mechanical and architectural constructions, arranged alphabetically; by means of which the rules in the body of the work may be applied to various other kinds of materials. In this table, also, we have references to the several works from which the respective data have been obtained.

The volume is illustrated by four very neatly executed plates, each accompanied by a descriptive page, with reference to the articles which the respective figures are intended to explain.

Mr. T. thus concludes his preface:

'In general, it will be found that the examples are selected with a view to explain the practical application of the rules; and to make the reader aware of the limits and precautions to be attended to. In fact, the want of such information has often brought theory into discredit with some men, whereas the fault ought to have fallen on the person that misapplied it.

'I hope there will be few things of any importance found in this work, for which a sufficient reason is not given; sometimes I have been compelled to omit several steps in the investigations, in order to make it as little mathematical as possible; and such omissions the reader must excuse, till a larger share of mathematical learning becomes the common lot of every practical mechanic.

'The communication of any experiment, or observation, that is calculated to confirm or correct any thing I have done, I shall esteem a favor; for, should it meet with the encouragement I expect, it will soon be followed by a Second Part, on the Strength of Pipes, Mains, Tanks, Boilers, &c.; of Chains to resist Impulsion and Pressure; of Suspension Bridges; and of Framed Work.'

We hope and trust that the author will not be disappointed in his expectation, and that the present may soon be followed by the important work here proposed; which is much wanted, and cannot proceed from a better quarter.

**ART. IX.** *Sketch of a System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*; Part First, comprehending the Physiology of the Human Mind. By Thomas Brown, M.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. 8s. Boards. Longman and Co.

**ART. X.** *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By the late Thomas Brown, M.D., &c. 8vo. 4 Vols. 2l. 12s. 6d. Boards. Longman and Co.

**T**HE acuteness and analytic spirit of the late amiable Professor Brown were early in life made known to the world by his strictures on Darwin, and by his profound Essay on the

the Relation of Cause and Effect. The 'Sketch' now before us is a fragment printed by him when in a declining state of health, as a text-book for the students attending his class; and the 'Lectures' are a posthumous publication. All these productions exhibit the same characters of mind, viz. great freedom of inquiry, patience of research, and subtilty of investigation, joined to a humble consciousness of the limited sphere of the human faculties, and to a lively sense of the omnipresence of a superintending Providence. Considering how much the mind of man is liable to be warped by established predilections, and how much habits of controversy tend to impart tenacity to favorite opinions, it is in no slight degree creditable to Dr. Brown that he generally places the arguments of his opponents in the clearest point of view, and waives all minor and technical objections in order to meet the very thing signified.

The *Sketch* is imperfect even as it relates to the physiology of the human mind: but, as far as it goes, (and it comprehends only what Dr. Brown designates the external affections of the mind, and that branch of the internal affections which he terms intellectual states,) it is an excellent compendium. Indeed, to those who wish to see the author's doctrine in a compact and succinct form, it may be recommended for perusal in preference to the portion of the *Lectures* in which the same subjects are developed and discussed at large: for, in the *Lectures* themselves, the attention of a reader is often only distracted by episodes, and interludes of quotations from poets and from writers of humour; which, however, it may have been desirable or even necessary to introduce for the diversion of a youthful audience, and to attract any share of their regard to the intricate subjects discussed by the Professor. These quotations are also in general extremely apt, and illustrative of the subject treated: but the greater number of them are familiar to persons of any reading; and some would naturally recur to their recollection even without any reference being made to them.

In the early part of the *Lectures*, Dr. Brown explains the physiology of the human mind, and in the latter part proceeds to consider the duties of man as a moral being. — According to the Doctor's view, the object of *natural* philosophy is to ascertain the different successions of physical phænomena, while that of *moral* philosophy is to ascertain the different successions of the phænomena of mind. These latter he arranges in two classes; viz. first, its *external*, and secondly its *internal* affections. The *external* affections he subdivides according to the senses through the medium of which the sug-  
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gestion

gestion is made ; and the *internal* he separates into two orders, viz. the intellectual states of the mind, and emotions. In this arrangement we have at least much simplicity : but the classification of Reid falls in much better with popular phraseology, and is indeed in a great degree founded on popular opinion ; though many of those powers, which he considered as simple and original faculties, are doubtless derivative ; and many others, which he has distinguished and arranged separately, are but different expressions for the same states of the mind.

In considering the information which the mind receives from the senses, it has been usual for philosophers to commence with the sight ; the perceptions acquired by means of that organ being much superior to the rest in distinctness. Locke, indeed, and after him Berkley in his admirable *Analysis of Vision*, have shewn that many properties which we are in general supposed to see we do not in fact see, but learn by comparing the impressions of our sight with those that are communicated by our other senses. Though, however, the doctrine of vision cannot be completely understood without comprehending in some degree the information given by the other senses, yet the vivacity of the impressions of sight, its real eminence and superiority over the other senses, and the great illustration which the knowlege of it throws on all the rest, appear quite conclusive reasons for maintaining the precedence of this sense in any philosophical investigation. Dr. Brown, indeed, has followed a different plan, and has considered the senses in the order of the smell, the taste, the hearing, the touch, and, lastly, the sight : an arrangement which seems to have been suggested by no adequate reason. — It is true that he has attempted an analysis of several of the other senses, and particularly of touch, in some degree analogous to Berkley's *Analysis of Vision* ; and, these other senses being introduced first, a much greater air of novelty and originality is procured for these parts of Dr. Brown's speculations, than the reader perhaps would have imputed to them if they had followed in order, as they did in time, after Berkley's noble discoveries. A person, therefore, who is unacquainted with the history of the science, would be induced to give Professor Brown more honor than is due to him on this head, and to detract from the just claims of his predecessors. Whatever may have been the motive to the arrangement, such is the effect which it produces, and we cannot therefore refrain from objecting to it on every account. It is not suited to the natural order of investigation, nor to the actual course of discovery. — Some of the observations of Dr. Brown, however, on those sensations which we commonly attribute



attribute to touch, and on the origin of our notions respecting an external world, we shall extract as affording a very happy specimen of his subtle mode of investigation. As the subject is of considerable difficulty, and has perplexed profound writers on philosophy as much as those who have been merely accustomed to reflect on such points as matters of harmless curiosity, we need not apologize to our readers for quoting the passage at full length; since it would be difficult to express the argument in a shorter compass, and impossible to give it in other words so proper and characteristic as the reader will find the language of the Professor. It is a curious inquiry; and, though the observations with regard to the notion of length and duration seem to be perfectly just, yet to the farther conclusions drawn respecting the externality of objects from their resistance to compression, a Berkleyan might still object as assuming the very point in dispute when they assume the reality of the appearance. Dr. Brown's statement may be admitted as a true history of our notion of something apparently external: but an opponent to the actual existence of what is called *matter* might withhold his assent to any other inference, and might still insist that no actual *outness* was proved.

• ‘ When any very small body, such as the head of a pin, is gently pressed on the palm of the hand, while the eyes are closed, an affection of the tactual surface is of course produced, and a consequent sensation. This sensation is a sensation of touch, as much as any other sensation that is consequent on any other affection of any other part of the same organ: yet it certainly would be very difficult to discover in it any feeling of extension whatever, and I may say absolutely impossible to derive from it any distinct notion of figure. In the case of an impressing body so small, however, this may not appear so surprising as when a much larger surface is affected. Let the whole internal surface of the hand, then, be equally pressed on any uniform level surface, larger than itself, and of the same temperature, that the resulting sensation may be as little complex as possible. A feeling will arise which is of a peculiar kind, indeed, but scarcely, if at all, involving any measure of extension; or at least so little like the feeling of extension which might be expected to arise, if touch were the primary sense of figure, that, if the fingers be kept separate, no distinction of the open spaces will be perceived. So completely, indeed, is this the case, that, if the pressure be continued with perfect uniformity, without any peculiar contraction of the muscles of particular fingers, it will be absolutely impossible to discover by this operation of mere touch the number of the fingers that are extended over the surface compressed; which must have been instantly distinguishable, if the figure of the corresponding external surface, broken as it must then have been by

the intervals of the separated fingers, had been a primary and immediate object of the sense of touch.

‘ With these facts before us, it would seem to me very unworthy of sound philosophy, to continue still to maintain that touch is the immediate sense of the varieties of figure, as smell is the immediate sense of the varieties of fragrance : and the strength of the negative argument will continue the same, however inadequate any positive theory may be, that professes to account for the mode in which we obtain our primary knowledge of the external forms of things.

‘ The inquiry into the source of this primary knowledge, if we enter on it at all, we must expect to be a very subtle and difficult one ; since it involves the analysis of feelings which have been universally regarded as simple, and the elements of which must have been intimately combined, long before the period to which we are capable of looking back ; and, for the same reason, we must be aware that the results of an analysis, which traces to a principle that has never been suspected to have any influence in the production of them, some of the most familiar feelings of our life, are not very likely to be of a kind that will appear very obvious, as first stated.

‘ With these anticipations let us enter on the inquiry.

‘ 1. In every attempt to arrive at the first elements of our sensations, we must begin by considering the circumstances in which the infant exists on his entrance into life.

‘ He has a mind susceptible of various feelings, — of all those feelings, which are afterwards developed, either by the action of external things, or by the tendencies of the mind to exist successively, in certain states, as the consequence of certain other antecedent states.

‘ He exists in a corporeal world, that contains innumerable objects capable of acting on his senses, and he has an organic frame, which is capable of being the medium of such action ; but that organic frame is as little known to him as the system of external things, of which it may itself, indeed, with reference to the mind, be considered a part ; the hand being, in this sense, as much an external object as the mass which it attempts to grasp.

‘ It is necessary to have these circumstances clearly and constantly in view ; since we should otherwise be in perpetual danger of supposing that, because we, the observers, know that in touch an object of a certain form is pressing on an organ which is likewise of a certain form, the infant also must have this knowledge, and thus readily acquire the notions of extension which such knowledge of itself implies. If he were to know that he has a hand, or any other organ of certain dimensions, he would already have the knowledge of which we are seeking the origin.

‘ The infant does not know, then, that he has any organs, or that there is any other being than himself : but he is susceptible of many feelings, which may arise successively, and be remembered as past. He may look back on these feelings ; and he may have all the notions which such a retrospect of a series of feelings involves..

‘ 2. There

2. There is one notion, in particular, which, as often as a series of feelings is reviewed, necessarily accompanies every such retrospect. We cannot look back on the series without considering it as a certain length, greater or shorter, according to the number of the feelings remembered.

It is very falsely supposed that, when we speak of time as long or short, we use these words as metaphors only. They are used with a meaning as precise and real, as when we speak of the length or shortness of any line in geometry. In both they signify a greater or shorter number of portions of a series; and in both alike, therefore, there is a sort of progressive measurement; the portions of time, and the portions of space, which we call long or short, being always considered as a number of consecutive parts which we conceive to be lengthened, or shortened, by the addition, or subtraction, of points of space or moments of time. It is only length of time, indeed, which is truly progressive; for length of space is all existent at the same moment; but, in estimating the one, as in estimating the other, there is a constant feeling of transition from part to part, which gives to the continuous points of space, in our measurements, a consecutiveness, like that of the moments or proximate portions of the series of feelings, which constitute all that is known by us of time.

Length, then, whether of space or time, being the name only of a continued series, it is not wonderful, that, when both co-exist as objects of our thought, the two series should often be confounded by the mind; and that the internal measurement of each, therefore, should be affected, and often greatly modified, by the internal measurement of the other.

Accordingly we find that, in every measurement of space which is not regulated by a mechanical scale, the remembrance of the mental series of feelings enters largely as a constituent, or rather, I may say, in the greater number of such measurements, is itself the internal scale, according to which the estimate is made. The road along which we have been travelling slowly is, to our conception, far longer than the same extent of surface over which we have hurried rapidly: and, though we believe the reports of our mile-stones, because we take for granted that the spaces between them have been accurately measured, it is only by this faith in the mechanical measurement that we resist the impression of our own internal feelings, which would give us, in almost every case, a very different report.

The similarity of the notions of length or continued series of parts, in their different relations to space and time, appears very strongly from their tendency to flow into one another in such mixed internal measurements of distance. In the measurements of great spaces, however, it may be supposed that the circumstances are too complex to admit of nicety of analysis; and that we are not entitled, therefore, to extend from them to the simpler measurements of touch, what may be true indeed of greater measurements, but true in consequence of circumstances which we may not be capable of tracing.



‘ Let us take, then, a very simple case of measurement by touch; and let us trust to experience to decide how far, in the simplest case, the notion of tactual length is influenced by the accompanying notion of time or succession of feelings.

‘ Let any one, then, try the experiment with any surface that is familiar to him, — the desk, for example, at which he is in the habit of sitting, or the book which he may have been reading. If he shut his eyes, and move his finger from one end of the desk to the other, or from one end of the volume to the other, at first with moderate velocity, afterwards with great rapidity, and afterwards with extreme slowness, he will find, in spite of all his previous exact knowledge of the form which he presses, his notion of the length of the surface to vary exactly with the time. I may venture with perfect confidence to assert, that, when he moves his finger with great slowness, he will believe that he is on the point of touching the extremity of the surface before half the necessary motion have been performed. The previous knowledge will be as little capable of correcting the illusion, while the slow motion is continued, as the previous knowledge of the exact distance of any object in a familiar scene can prevent us from regarding the object as nearer, or farther, when we look alternately through the different ends of a telescope. The time, in short, or in other words the length or shortness of the succession of feelings, in moving along the same surface, is as truly an element of the tactual measurement in such a case, as the varying sensation that results from different distributions of the same quantity of light on the retina is an element or constituent of the visual measurement.

‘ Even at present, then, when our tactual knowledge of extension must, by long acquaintance with its varieties, and by the correcting influence of the other senses, as far as these can be of any aid, be far more accurate than in infancy, the length or shortness of the series of our feelings, when all sensations but those which are commonly ascribed to touch are excluded, is found to be the chief constituent of our tactual measurements; and it is surely not less likely to have influenced us, before experience could come in aid of our primary feelings, to correct their occasional irregularities and illusions.

‘ 3. Let us once more consider the circumstances in which the infant first exists, when he is the subject, indeed, of various feelings, but is ignorant of the existence of his own organic frame, and of every thing external. If we observe him as he lies on his little couch, there is nothing which strikes us more than his tendency to continual muscular motion, particularly of the parts which are afterwards his great organs of touch. There is scarcely a moment while he is awake, at which he is not opening or closing his little fingers, or moving his little arms in some direction. Now, though he does not know that he has a muscular frame, he is yet susceptible of all the feelings that attend muscular contraction in all its stages. From the moment at which his fingers begin to move towards the palm, to the moment at which they close on it, there is a regular series of feelings, which is renewed as unceasingly

ingly as the motion itself is renewed. The beginning of this series, as in every other regular sequence of events in after life, leads to the expectation of the parts which are to follow; and, like any other number of continuous parts, the whole series, whether merely remembered as past or anticipated as future, is felt as of a certain length. The notion of a certain regular and limited length is thus acquired, and very soon becomes habitual to the mind of the infant: — so habitual to it, that the first feeling which attends the beginning contraction of the fingers, suggests, of itself, a length that may be expected to follow.

‘ It must be remembered that it is the mere length of a sequence of feelings, attendant on muscular contraction, of which I speak, and not of any knowledge of muscular parts contracted. The infant does not know that he has fingers which move, even when, from an instinctive tendency, or other primary cause to which we are ignorant how to give a name, he sets them in motion; but, when they are thus in motion, and a consequent series of feelings, already familiar to him has commenced, he knows the regular series of feelings that are instantly to follow.

‘ In these circumstances, let us imagine some hard body to be placed on his little palm. The muscular contraction takes place, as before, to a certain extent, and with it a part of the accustomed series; but, from the resistance to the usual full contraction, there is a break in the anticipated series of feelings, the place of the remaining portion of which is supplied by a tactual feeling combined with a muscular feeling of another kind, — that feeling of resistance which has been already considered by us. As often as the same body is placed again in the hand, the same portion of the series of feelings is interrupted by the same new complex feeling. It is as little wonderful, therefore, that this new feeling should suggest or become representative of the particular length of which it supplies the place, as that the reciprocal suggestion of one object by another should be the result of any other association as uniform. A smaller body interrupts proportionally a smaller part of the accustomed series, — a larger body a larger portion: — and, while the notion of a certain length of sequence interrupted varies thus exactly with the dimensions of the external object felt, it is not very wonderful that the one should become the representative of the other; and that the particular muscular feeling of resistance, in combination with the tactual feeling, should be attended with notions of different lengths, exactly according to the differences of the length of which it uniformly supplies the place.

‘ The only objection which I can conceive to be made to this theory, — if the circumstances be accurately stated, and if the inadequacy of touch as itself the direct sense of figure, have been sufficiently shown, — is, that the length of a sequence of feelings is so completely distinct in character, as to be incapable of being blended with tactual notions of space. But this objection, as I flatter myself I have proved, arises from inattention, not to a few only, of the phenomena of tactual measurement, but to all the phenomena.



phenomena : for in the measurement even of the most familiar objects, as we have seen, a difference of the mere rapidity or slowness with which we pass our hand along its surface, and therefore of the mere length or shortness of the accompanying series of feelings, is sufficient to give in our estimate a corresponding difference of length or shortness to the surface which we touch. Length, indeed, considered abstractedly, whether it be of time or of space, is nothing more in our conception than a number of continuous parts, and this definition is equally applicable to it in the one case as in the other.

‘ We see, then, how, in the mind of the infant, notions of length may be acquired by the retrospect and anticipation of a continued series of feelings, — a portion of that long line of time which seems to us, as often as we look to the past and the future, to connect one remote event with another, like the lines of which geometers speak, that, without any substantial reality, connect point with point in imaginary space.

‘ 4. In the early half-instinctive contractions of the fingers, sometimes more, sometimes fewer, of these are brought down upon the palm ; and though the complex feeling, which arises from the simultaneous contraction of the whole fingers, would be, relatively to the sentient mind, like one simple feeling, if the contraction of the whole were uniform, it ceases to be regarded as simple, when frequent repetitions of the partial contractions have shown the elements of which that complex whole was composed. This internal analysis may be supposed to be rude and indistinct at first ; but it will gradually become less and less obscure, like every other analysis which we are able to make of the first complex sensations of our infancy.

‘ When the analysis has been made to a certain degree, and when the inward movement of such finger has been felt, in the series of the muscular sensations that attend its contraction, like a particular length, the similar movements of the others, when the whole fingers are bent, will be felt as a number of concurring lengths. The analysis on which this distributive relief depends will be aided by the very circumstances to which we have traced the feeling of resistance that is afterwards combined with that of length in the complex notion of matter ; for, when any small mass is placed in the infant’s hand, and when the ordinary contraction of all the fingers has begun, more or fewer of these will be impeded in their course, according to the breadth of the mass ; and the series of muscular feelings of the unimpeded fingers will thus be more strongly distinguished from the other concurring series, of which the very different feeling of resistance has supplied the place.

‘ Even in that rude state of intellectual being, which we are considering at present, we must not suppose that the mind is incapable of reasoning, or is exempt from the influence of those principles of intuition which it obeys in after life. Let us endeavour, then, to trace that mixed result of sensation and intuition,  
and

and reasoning, which may be supposed to arise in the circumstances that have now been under our review.

‘ 5. In whatever manner the first motions of the fingers may be produced, the infant will soon discover that they are renewable by his will; and he will often exercise this power. From the accustomed antecedents he will expect the accustomed consequents, exactly as in after life; since this anticipation, which is independent of all reasoning, seems to flow from a law of our physical being. Certain series of feelings, then, begin and end in uniform order; the anticipation of which is fulfilled as often as he does not will to suspend them. At last, however, they are suspended, without any will on his part, when some external substance has been placed in his hand. He expected the whole of the accustomed series: but the place of a portion of it is now supplied by another feeling; and since all of which he was conscious in himself at the moment preceding the interruption was exactly the same as in the many former instances when the regular sequence took place, he ascribes the feeling of resistance to something that is foreign to him. There is something, then, which is not himself, — something that represents a number of concurring lengths, — something that gives rise to the feeling of resistance; and we have thus, however obscure they may be as first conceived by him, the rude elements, which afterwards become more distinct in his notion of a system of external things. Matter is that which is without us, — which has parts, — which resists our effort to compress it.

‘ 6. The notion of concurring lengths external to us, which I have traced only to contractions of the fingers, might be traced in like manner to other muscular contractions, especially to those of the arms, as sometimes terminating in certain tactual feelings, and sometimes interrupted by external objects; and the concurrence of these varieties of muscular contraction of the fingers and arms, and also of the impediments to accustomed series of feelings, when the contraction is interrupted, may be naturally supposed to aid the process, by which each singly might have evolved the same notions with less distinctness.

‘ 7. Another element of the complex feeling arises from the continuity of the surface of the tactual organ. I do not suppose this surface to be primarily known to the infant; for he would then have the knowledge which we are endeavouring to trace to its source: but, though he has no knowledge of his own organs, either as continuous in surface or separate, he has certain tactual feelings, which are not the same from similar pressure on different parts of the organ, but vary to a certain extent with the part of the organ affected; and of these some are always proximate to each other in time, when the hand is made to pass along any external surface. This proximity in succession of certain tactual feelings, when the same motion of the hand along similar surfaces has been very frequently repeated, gives another series for affording the notion of length, and a series that is equally capable of being anticipated and expected as the muscular feelings in contraction.

traction. When one finger bends upon the palm, the series of muscular feelings terminates in a certain tactual feeling; when two or more fingers bend on it, they impress other portions of the tactual surface; the feelings consequent on which impressions have before been found to be continuous or proximate, in the manner already stated, when part after part of the surface of the hand had frequently been moved along the same surface: and the union of all these concurring lengths, if I may so term them, in the feeling of external resistance, in which they all terminate, when any mass within the hand supplies the place of the accustomed contraction, seems to afford the elements from which that compound notion of outness, and extension, and resistance, which are truly all that is meant by us when we speak of matter, may gradually be evolved. That the first notions of this kind will be very rude, may naturally be supposed; — as we cannot but suppose, in like manner, that the first visual perceptions of distance and magnitude are very rude. But the child will learn to distinguish forms by touch, as he learns to distinguish them by vision; and the elements of the perceptions, that are afterwards to become more and more distinct in progressive evolution, are all which the physiologist has to find in the one case as much as in the other.

‘It is not, then, to any peculiar intuition that I am inclined to ascribe our knowledge of external things, as if the knowledge were primary and immediate. I suppose it, on the contrary, to be progressive in touch, as it is allowed to be in vision; and I conceive, that the gradual acquirement of this knowledge implies only such associations, inferences, and intuitions as are common to all our physical reasonings. There is an intuitive belief of uniformity of the order which has once been observed. There is a consequent expectation, when all the antecedent circumstances have been the same, in a part of an accustomed series of muscular feelings, that the remaining part of the series will follow. There is an inference, therefore, when, without any difference of previous consciousness, the accustomed series is broken by a new complex feeling which arises on the interposition of some hard substance, that the cause of this change is something different from the little sentient being himself: — and there are the ordinary influences of association or suggestion, by which the complex feeling of touch and of resistance that is thus supposed to arise from a cause external or foreign, and that uniformly supplies the place of a certain length, or number of concurring lengths, becomes itself blended with the notion of those lengths of which it is the uniform representative. Outness, extension, resistance, are thus mingled in one complex feeling; and these in our conception are matter.’ (*Sketch*, p. 89.)

With the qualifications which we have before expressed, we think that the subject of this quotation is happily and luminously explained, and that it would of itself be a sufficient testimonial to the minuteness and subtilty of its author.

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The chapter on Vision does not display Dr. B.'s ingenuity in an equally favorable point of view. Finding himself embarrassed by the notion of two different figures existing at the same time, viz. a tangible and a visible figure, he resolved to cut the Gordian knot, and to deny the existence of visible figure altogether: but that visible figure *does* exist will be evident to any one who studies the forms of shadows, or any things painted on a flat superficies, the different outlines of which are not tangible;—and that visible figure *must* exist has been proved by Mr. Fearn, who, in his Laws of Vision, explains that wherever there is variety of color there must be lines, and that visible figure is in fact nothing more than the contrast of colors. Mr. Dugald Stewart has recently adopted this notion from Mr. Fearn; though, in his earlier publications, he seems to have been as much perplexed on this subject as his predecessors, or even as his successor Dr. Brown.

Before he proceeds from the external to the internal affections of the mind, the Professor considers the effect of desire as giving increased vivacity to the particular impressions, when many objects are together acting on our organs of sense. In his Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect, he had considered the subject of will very much at large; shewing that there is no general faculty independent of the particular desires; and that the word *will*, when applied to particular cases, is only distinguished from the word *desire* as involving the anticipation of the instant sequence of its object. Indeed, his conclusions against the existence of the general faculty cannot be better expressed than they had been long before by an observer, who, on all occasions, and equally when his reasoning is the most unsatisfactory and when it is the most conclusive, displays great subtilty, and expresses his meaning in the most apt and direct terms. "*Voluntas,*" says Spinoza, "*differt ab hac et illâ volitione eodem modo atque albedo ab hoc et illo albo sive humanitas ab hoc et illo homine; adeo ut æquè impossibile sit concipere voluntatem causam esse hujus et illius voluntatis, atque humanitatem esse causam Petri et Pauli.*" (*Epistola ad Henricum Oldenburgiam, Opp. Posthum. p. 399.*)

The influence of desire in increasing the intensity of particular parts, in a complex groupe either of perceptions or conceptions, is stated by Dr. Brown with great perspicuity, and his observations on this head seem to us equally just and ingenious. 'To attend,' he remarks, 'is simply to wish to know: we are conscious only of the wish and its effects; and it is truly a beautiful provision in the economy of the mind that what we wish to know becomes immediately, on that very ac-  
count,



count, by the influence of the ordinary laws of thought and emotion, more easy to be known.'

With regard to the internal feelings of the mind, or those which are not the *immediate* consequences of the presence of external objects, the Professor separates them into intellectual states of the mind, and emotions. The intellectual states are divided into the phænomena of simple suggestion, and relative suggestion; the former comprehending what is generally classed under the name of memory, and the latter under judgment, and the two holding between them the empire of imagination. By the term *suggestion*, it will be seen that Dr. Brown means the same that other authors mean when they speak of the *association of ideas*: though he has avoided that phrase as conceiving that it involved the notion of some mysterious link between the ideas, and has preferred a word which he thinks expresses the mere fact of particular sequences or tendencies to sequence, without implying any intermediate *vinculum*. The justice of this criticism on the word rejected may perhaps be questioned: but it is right that the meaning of the phrase employed, whatever it may be, should be correctly understood as intending an uniform conjunction which is experimentally observed, and not any mode of connection which may have been conjectured.

In classing the emotions of the mind, it would have been more in uniformity with the other parts of Dr. Brown's work to have considered the elementary feelings in order, and not to have arranged the emotions according to the complex forms in which they usually exist. He states, as we think justly, that the elementary feelings might be classed under a very few heads; and that joy, grief, desire, astonishment, respect, contempt, and the two opposite species of vivid feelings which distinguish the actions that are denominated *vicious* or *virtuous*, would comprehend all or at least the greater number of them: but he has preferred to treat of them as they appear in their ordinary state of complication, and has arranged them into *immediate emotions*, or those which involve no notion of time whatever, — *retrospective*, those which relate to the past, — and *prospective*, those which relate to the future. The immediate emotions are again subdivided into those which do not and those which do involve any moral affection. Under the first head are comprehended cheerfulness, melancholy, wonder, wearisomeness, and our feelings of beauty and its opposite, of sublimity and ludicrousness; while under the next subdivision are placed the feelings distinctive of vice and virtue, the emotions of love and hatred, of sympathy, pride, and humility. The retrospective emotions are



separated into those having relation to others, as anger and gratitude, and into those having reference to ourselves, as simple regret and gladness, remorse and its opposite. The prospective emotions consist of our desires and fears, which are enumerated by Dr. Brown nearly in the same manner as by his predecessors.

This mode of arrangement may have its convenience for popular purposes: but, in a system in which the author commences by a stricter mode of inquiry, the introduction of it seems to us to be particularly ill judged and incongruous. It is a sacrifice of science to effect; and we cannot but think that, if Dr. Brown had lived to submit his theory to the public in his own way, he would have completely recast this portion of it.

To the ethical part of his work the author has prefixed some very elaborate discussions on the origin of our distinctive feelings of virtue and vice. That, even in the most savage state, the human mind must in some cases recognize these distinctions, is evident, because they are recognized wherever any sympathy exists, or any experience of the means that are calculated to produce certain effects; and even in savage life such sympathy, and such experience, do in some degree exist. It cannot be denied that all men have a *susceptibility* of moral emotions: but the different opinions on the *approveableness* of particular actions, in different ages and states of society, make us hesitate before we concur in Dr. Brown's doctrine of essential *approveableness*, or admit with him that 'certain actions cannot be contemplated without the *instant* feeling of approval.' Some knowledge of life, and a good deal of observation as to the consequences of actions, are necessary in the formation of sound moral judgments; and considerable discipline against first impressions, as well as much regulation of the feelings by reflection, must have been exercised before we can allow our moral emotions to become our guides in conduct. The author's language on this intricate subject is certainly much less objectionable than that of many of his predecessors in the northern Universities; and when, instead of a moral sense, all that is stated as universal and inherent in the mind is a susceptibility of moral emotions, it must be admitted that a great advance has been made towards a more sober and a sounder method of investigation.

The inquiry into a man's duty towards his fellow-creatures, his Creator, and himself, is conducted through all its parts by Dr. Brown not only with much good sense and propriety of expression, but, on many occasions, with great felicity of illustration and genuine eloquence. As a specimen of his  
manner.

manner when he gives scope to his powers, we copy a passage in which, with but little toleration of excesses that may be fashionable, or that a great authority might pronounce in some cases to be venial, he descants on the crime of adultery.

‘ Let us imagine,’ says he, ‘ one of those domestic groups which form, to the lover of happiness, one of the loveliest spectacles with which the earth is embellished, — a family, in the small circle of which there is no need of distracting and noisy gaieties without, because there are constant tranquillity and enjoyment *within*, — in which the pleasure of loving is, in the bosom of the wedded pair, a delight, that, as blending in one uniform emotion with the pleasure of being loved, is scarcely to be distinguished from that affection which is ever flowing around it, — a delight that grows not weaker, but more intense, by diffusion to the little frolickers around, who, as yet, know little more than the affection which they feel, and the affection of which they are the objects, — but who are rising into virtue, amid the happiness which virtue sheds. In considering such a scene, would it require any very long and subtle effort of reflection to determine what would be the *greatest injury*, which human malice could devise against it, if it were in the power of malice to execute every atrocity which it might conceive? It would be that very injury which the adulterer perpetrates, — the crime of *him* who can see all this happiness, and can say in his heart, *This happiness shall exist no longer*. A time may indeed come, when, if his artifices be successful, this happiness will exist no more, — when she, who was once as innocent as she was happy, shall have been consigned to that remorse, which is to hurry her, too slowly for her own wishes, to the grave, — and when the home which she has deserted shall be a place of wretchedness and desolation, — where there is one miserable being, who knows his misery, and others, who still smile, while they inquire anxiously, with a sort of fearful wonder, for the presence of her, whose caresses they no longer enjoy, — and are as yet ignorant that a time is to arrive, when they are to blush at the very name of her, to whose knee and embrace of fondness they are longing to return.

‘ When Milton describes the leader of the fallen spirits as witnessing, on his entrance into Paradise, the happiness of the first pair, he knew well how necessary it was to the poetic interest which he wished us to feel, in the character and enterprise even of this audacious rebel; that, in the very prospect of executing his infernal purpose, he should have some reluctance, to disturb that beautiful happiness, which was before his eyes :

‘ O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold !  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould — earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits — yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior ; — whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace

'The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd :  
 Ah, gentle pair ! ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, — when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe, —  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.  
 Ill-fenced your heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered ; — yet no purposed foe  
 To you — whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity. — Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings : — there will be room —  
 Not like these narrow limits — to receive  
 Your numerous offspring : — if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me, loth, to this revenge —  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, (as I do,) yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 By conquering this new world, compel me now  
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor. \*

' It is similar happiness, which the adulterer invades. But *he* has not the compunction of the fiend, in invading it. He enters into *paradise, eager to destroy*. He invades it, *because* it is happiness. In many cases, it is his vanity, which he seeks to gratify, far more than his sensual appetite ; the beauty with which the eye is most attractive to him, is the love with which it is already beaming on another ; and if there were less previous conjugal affection to be overcome, and, therefore, less wretchedness to be produced, by the conquest which he is ambitious of achieving, he would often forbear his seductions, and reserve them for those, who may afford to his insatiable wishes of moral desolation, a greater harvest of misery.

' Such is the adulterer : — and of all this mass of wretchedness which he produces, and of all the iniquity which can calmly meditate and plan such wretchedness, what is the palliation which he assigns ? It is the violence of his love alone which he pleads. He is not aware, what aggravation there is of his guilt, in that which he regards, or professes to regard, as the apology of it. If, by love, he mean mere sexual appetite, his excuse is of the same kind, as that of the common robber, who should think, that he had given a moral justification of his rapacity, by describing the debaucheries which it enabled him to pursue, and the difficulty which, without his thefts, he should feel, in visiting as frequently the tavern and the brothel. And if, by the love which is asserted, be meant an affection more worthy of that name — what are we to think of the sincerity of *his* love, who, to gratify his own lust, is eager to plunge into guilt and wretchedness, the very being whom he professes to regard with an interest, which should have led

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\* Par. Lost, B. IV. v. 358—392.

him, if sincere, to *expose* himself, to every thing but guilt, to save her from misery, like that which he is intentionally preparing for her? To speak of *affection*, therefore, or of feelings to which he dares to give the name of *affection*, is, on his part, to double his crime. It is to confess, that, while he is not merely regardless of the happiness of the husband whom he robs, but equally regardless of the happiness of her of whom he robs him, he is as completely and brutally selfish, in his *love*, as he could be in his *indifference* or his *hatred*; — and that the peace, and honour, and virtue of the being, whom he professes to regard as the dearest to him in existence, are, therefore, as nothing, when he must either sacrifice *them*, or make a sacrifice which is far more painful to him, of *one of his own desires*.' (Lect. lxxxiv.)

The ensuing remarks relate to a very different subject, and, although perhaps obvious, have not been so often repeated as to have become superfluous. It is a point on which the wise do not always preserve their wisdom, and on which even the good seem sometimes to forget their humanity.

‘ There is a power in every individual, over the tranquillity of almost every individual. There are emotions, latent in the mind of those whom we meet, which a few words of ours may at any time call forth; and the moral influence which keeps this power over the uneasy feelings of others, under due restraint, is not the least important of the moral influences, in its relation to general happiness.

‘ There are minds which can delight in exercising this cruel sway, — which rejoice in suggesting thoughts that may poison the confidence of friends, and render the very virtues that were loved objects of suspicion to him who loved them. In the daily and hourly intercourse of human life, there are human beings, who exert their malicious skill, in devising what subjects may be most likely to bring into the mind of him with whom they converse, the most mortifying remembrances; — who pay visits of condolence, that they may be sure of making grief a little more severely felt; — who are faithful in conveying to every one the whispers of unmerited scandal, of which, otherwise, he never would have heard, as he never could have suspected them, — though, in exercising this friendly office, they are careful to express sufficient indignation against the slanderer, and to bring forward as many grounds of suspicion against different individuals, as their fancy can call up; — who talk to some disappointed beauty, of all the splendid preparations for the marriage of her rival, — to the unfortunate dramatic poet, of the success of the last night's piece, and of the great improvement which has taken place in modern taste; — and who, if they could have the peculiar good fortune of meeting with any one, whose father was hanged, would probably find no subject so attractive to their eloquence, as the number of executions that were speedily to take place.

‘ Such power *man* may exercise over the feelings of *man*; and, as it is impossible to frame laws which can comprehend injuries  
of



of this sort, such power man may exercise over man with legal impunity. But it is a power, of which the *virtuous* man will as little think of availing himself, for purposes of cruelty, as if a thousand laws had made it as criminal as it is immoral;—a power which he will as little think of exercising, because it would require only the utterance of a few easy words, as of inflicting a mortal blow, because it would require only a single motion of his hand.' (Lect. lxxxv.)

Professor B.'s observations on the goodness of the Supreme Being contain much matter condensed into a small compass; and we earnestly recommend the perusal of them to those whom the scepticism or Manicheism insinuated in some of the fashionable poetry of the day may have taught to trifle, instead of reflecting gravely, on so important a question. Indeed, the serious and fervent but unobtrusive and charitable piety of the author has impressed marks of genuineness and sincerity on these reflections, which make them in the highest degree estimable and interesting; and the scoffer must rise from the perusal of them restrained by the seriousness and impressiveness of the writer, while the man of patient reflection will confess his views of Providence to be confirmed and enlarged by them, and every motive to virtuous and honorable exertion invigorated.

We are aware that, in the short space within which we are obliged to limit our remarks, we have been enabled to give our readers but an imperfect sketch of the volumes before us. The extracts will however afford some glimpse of the author's excellences, both as a physiologist and as a moralist; and we think that they cannot fail to induce those persons, who feel an interest in such pursuits, to study the volumes themselves. Mere readers for amusement, perhaps, will only find passages here and there in the last two volumes to engage their attention, and will be repelled from the other parts not only by the nature of the subjects discussed, but by the manner in which they are treated.

On the merits or demerits of Dr. Brown's style it is difficult to speak. He seems to have coined for himself not a new language, but new modes of expression, and new phrases in the room of familiar words which he considered as either not appropriate or not sufficiently significant. It must be granted that by this plan he has avoided much ambiguity, and has escaped from the meshes and snares of words into which many of his predecessors had fallen: yet, by this studied peculiarity of phrase, he has removed the subjects discussed to a greater distance from the first impressions and first apprehensions of his readers. They will have to consider passages



in which, though no single word be new, the whole diction and color of the language are so different in the application and combination of words, and the structure of the sentences is so unusual, that a person may find himself perhaps unable to understand at first that which he always knew when it was expressed in a different manner. One excellence, however, Dr. Brown has shewn in the highest degree, and it results from this nicety and fastidiousness about words; viz. that his own phrases are invariably used by him in the same sense; so that, when we have once understood the meaning of a particular assemblage of words, we can never again be embarrassed to discover what they mean. His philosophical terms are most exact and precise; and, when we are familiarized to the apprehension of them, their peculiar propriety and significance are in most cases soon recognized and admitted.

In the moral parts of the Lectures, where he quits dry discussions and expatiates on the conduct of man in social life, we find much amplitude and much poetic diction: but in these portions the art of composition is frequently visible, and the energy and vigor of the images are often destroyed by the factitious preparations and rhetorical pomp with which they are introduced. The most poetical parts were evidently not written from the throes and inspirations of genius, but were worked up and elaborated in the closet. Among the quotations from Latin writers, some very admirable passages are introduced from Seneca, who seems to have been Dr. Brown's favorite among the moral writers of antiquity; and the passages selected do great credit to the Professor's taste and sagacity. Yet we think that the study of this Roman author has done something to infect and corrupt Dr. B.'s own compositions. At least, whatever may be the cause, we observe, in many parts which otherwise we should term the happiest of his writings, a sort of false elevation, and strutting, and stilted grandeur, which, if some imperfect model had not always unconsciously been present to his mind, neither the simplicity of his own character would ever have suggested to him, nor the soundness of his own judgment have allowed him to adopt.

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ART. XI. *An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution*, including some Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature, in Spain: illustrated with a Map. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq., Author of "Letters from the Mediterranean," &c. 8vo. pp. 656. 18s. Boards. Whittakers. 1822.

WE briefly adverted in one of our late Numbers to the situation and prospects of Spain\*, and we now resume the momentous subject with the deepest feelings of interest.

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\* In reviewing Mr. Blanco White's Letter for Dec. last.

and anxiety. It is indeed impossible to view with apathy the scene which Europe at this moment presents. We are not beholding the spectacle of one great nation arrayed against another for the accomplishment of some scheme of idle ambition or unjust aggrandizement, or a contest arising out of the ordinary views and motives of monarchs. The features of the approaching struggle are of a still more dark and fatal character, and on the issue of it the destinies of continental Europe for many ages may depend. National aggressions usually have some redeeming or extenuating feature, to save the assailant from the perfect infamy which brands this new invasion of the Spanish territory. The love of dominion, the spirit of martial achievement, and the real or imaginary interests of the aggressor, are all intelligible motives by which we may conceive it possible for a nation to be misled: but to institute a crusade against *principles*, and those principles the highest and purest of our nature, has been reserved for the ultra-folly and ultra-wickedness of a Bourbon government.

With the cause of the liberties of the world, perhaps, thus committed to the guardianship of her citizens, Spain naturally attracts our ardent curiosity. Her resources, her history, her institutions, and the habits and feelings of her people, have all become matters of important inquiry, as assisting us to form a correct judgment with regard to the probable result of the present contest. The fate of the Spaniards themselves must be decided by their national character and feelings. If they are *as a nation* sufficiently enlightened to prefer education and knowledge to antient prejudices and superstitions, — sufficiently temperate to abstain from excesses when the thirst of revenge is on them, — and sufficiently resolute to hazard themselves when their political existence is at stake, — it will never be in the power of France, though her soldiers occupy every fortress between the Bidassoa and the Guadalquivir, to accomplish her rash and infamous project. With what degree of confidence we may look to the Spaniards for a firm resistance to this monstrous invasion of their independence, the information collected by Mr. Blaquiere in the present volume will materially assist us in forming an opinion; and we have therefore applied ourselves more particularly to such portions of it, as are calculated to elucidate the present state of affairs in the Peninsula.

If the fate of Spanish liberty depended on physical causes only, we should have little doubt of its final triumph: for, destitute of all military resources, unequipped, unpaid, and unfed as the Spanish soldiery may be, we yet believe them to be fully adequate to the defence of their country. Nothing, indeed,

deed, can prevent Spain from being over-run by a numerous and disciplined army; her citadels may fall, and her capital may shelter the invader: but she needs not trust for safety to the walls of her fortresses, or to the array of regular forces. Her strong-holds are the fastnesses of her mountains, and her military resources consist in the vigorous arm of her peasants, and the keenness of their avenging knives. The martial spirit of the people is far from being extinct; and the valor of the Cid may yet animate his countrymen against enemies more to be dreaded by them than even their Moorish oppressors. When we consider, however, the moral condition of the Spaniards, then we are almost led to tremble for the existence of their liberties. It is not that they are destitute of the elements necessary to form a free and enlightened nation, for we believe them to be men "who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain:"—nor is it that they have not shewn themselves worthy of the light of freedom, for never did a people so magnanimously cast aside their fetters:—but it is because the counteracting principles of tyranny and superstition still exert so great an influence, that we look with doubt to the result. The power of the court and of the priesthood is still prodigious, and the history of the last fifteen years enables us in some degree to calculate the extent of its operation. On Ferdinand's return in 1814, the strength of his adherents immediately manifested itself, and was most strikingly evident in the defection of the sixty-nine deputies, who afterward received the *soubriquet* of *Persas*, and who shamelessly ranged themselves under the banners of despotism. The failure of the attempts of Porlier, of Montigo, of Richart, and of Lacy, all owing to the united efforts of the court and the priests, manifest but too plainly the existence of their corrupt influence. We fully believe that the majority of the people are untainted by these pernicious principles, and ardently desirous of preserving their newly acquired rights: but, when supported by a foreign force, the partizans of despotism must necessarily become formidable.

It would have been fortunate for Spain if her citizens had been divided only into the two great parties of *Serviles* and *Liberales*, as they have been termed: but, from the historical review before us, it is too evident that the friends of freedom are divided among themselves; and the Liberals of 1812 and the Liberals of 1822 would not be recognized as belonging to the same party. That instability, which has occasionally marked the measures of the liberal ministry, is observable also in some of the individuals who have played most conspicuous parts in the Revolution. The conduct of Henry

O'Donnell, Count Abisbal, who is at the present crisis invested with a highly important military command, has repeatedly baffled the conjectures of all sides. While the invasion of the French, however, will give strength and spirit to the servile party, it must, on the other hand, tend to unite the friends of freedom, and to merge all the injurious jealousies which have divided them in the deeper interest of their common safety. Under all these perilous disadvantages, the patriots of Spain have now to contend against a powerful enemy; and were it not that the history of their late Revolution presents a noble picture of their valor, their constancy, and their moderation, the present aspect of their liberties must have been most dark and fatal. No one, however, can read the volume now before us, without feeling satisfied that there exists in the Spanish nation a spirit of freedom, which, though it may be momentarily oppressed, is not to be extinguished by all the efforts of its foreign or its domestic enemies. The very fact that a free constitution has been established, notwithstanding the opposition of so much ignorance and corruption, at once proves the extent to which liberal principles have pervaded the people: while the hitherto unshaken stability of that constitution, and the mildness and moderation of its supporters, afford at the same time the most unequivocal evidence that the Spanish Revolution was no military usurpation,—no triumphant attempt of a party at variance both with the views of the crown and the wishes of the people.

We had intended to select a few passages from Mr. Blaquiere's work to illustrate our preceding observations: but, such is the diffuse and excursive manner in which the volume is written, that our limits are altogether insufficient for that purpose. We may, however, extract the author's remarks on the clergy:

‘ With respect to the great body of the Spanish clergy, I am happy in this opportunity of declaring that it contains as much learning, virtue, and knowledge, as any other in Europe; but, in alluding to general facts, a regard for the interests of truth obliges me to repeat, that the practices adopted in former days, relative to images, celibacy, temporal power, and the appropriation of property, intended for totally different purposes, can only be regarded as an unwarrantable deviation from the rules of the primitive church. As the continuance of error does not consecrate or justify it, there cannot, surely, be any impropriety in urging that whatever remains of the evils thus introduced by vice or ignorance, ought to be removed, if the ministers of the Gospel wish to secure esteem for themselves, or fidelity to the religion of their Divine Master.



‘ I can truly add that the relaxation, approaching to perfect indifference, which prevails in the middling and higher classes of society in Spain, with respect to the obligations of religion, and a fulfilment of the ordinary duties of worship, is spreading with such rapidity, and gaining over the lowest orders, as to threaten the most serious consequences. It is in vain that volumes are written, to prove scepticism and infidelity have their origin in the works of philosophers, and modern demagogues, if such there be : none but the blind or interested any longer deny that both are to be found in the conduct of the clergy themselves ; in their uniform opposition to reform of every kind ; in their efforts to perpetuate error, long after it is recognized as such, by the most illiterate of their flocks ; in their readiness to co-operate with the tyrants and oppressors of mankind ; and, above all, in an universal persuasion that they neither practise nor believe in the doctrines they preach, so implicitly, as men ought, who are desirous of convincing others.

‘ The chief ground of hope, with those who feel anxious about the future fate of Spain, is founded on the important circumstance of there being a very considerable portion of its clergy who acknowledge the necessity of reform ; men who are actuated no less by a just sense of virtue, than by the apprehensions that, as in political matters, if delayed too long, it will have the inevitable effect of bringing those dogmas into total contempt, which may, by a timely restoration to their original purity, become the source of present as well as future felicity.

‘ I have conversed with some of these men, models of probity, meekness, and disinterestedness ; at once the most irreproachable and enlightened this country has produced. There is not one of them who does not deeply lament the existing state of the church, and who does not sigh for its regeneration.’

The character of Count Abisbal, in the existing situation of affairs, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers :

‘ Most of the troops intended for the New World had been collecting for some time in Andalusia, and the temporary command given to Abisbal, a name so intimately connected with the history of the last six years, and more especially those events which led to the re-establishment of freedom, that it cannot be passed over in silence. Of all those who have appeared on the political stage of Spain, within the above epoch, the character of Henry O'Donnell, Count Abisbal, is unquestionably the most wavering and enigmatical. The immediate descendant of a family driven from Ireland by the same causes which expatriated that of Lacy and so many others, the Count, much more highly favoured on the score of fortune than the hero of Catalonia, had the reputation of being nearly his equal in military knowledge and personal bravery, qualities which he frequently displayed during the war of independence. It was, however, just after the laurels of O'Donnell had been fresh gathered in the field of honour, and while the Liberales conceived they had not a more staunch supporter or determined friend,



friend, that the army of reserve under his command followed the baneful example of Elio's corps, and declared in favour of despotism against the constitution. Whatever might have been the motive which induced the Count thus to sacrifice such dearly earned fame, and the interests of his country, it is certain he retained his honours and emoluments in 1814, while his nomination to the board of general officers, for re-organizing the army, proved he had become a favourite at court. Like all those who vacillate in their political principles, a variety of anecdotes are in circulation, relative to the subsequent conduct of Count Abisbal. The few particulars I am about to relate were communicated to me previous to my arrival here, and as they have been in a great measure confirmed by respectable testimony since that time, there is the less reason to doubt their authenticity.

‘ That O'Donnell was not sincere in his adherence to Ferdinand, is evident from the correspondence he is said to have entered into with the confidential attendants of Charles IV. in 1815, for the avowed purpose of restoring the old monarch and converting him into a constitutional king. Having, on his return from the French frontier, met Lacy here, they made up a misunderstanding which had occurred some years before, and solemnly engaged thenceforth to co-operate with each other in the great work of national regeneration. Appointed Captain-general of Andalusia, soon after, the Count was one of those who urged Lacy to strike the first blow in Catalonia, promising faithfully to support the attempt with all the troops under his command at Cadiz and its vicinity. Notwithstanding his famous order of the day, on the failure of Porlier, which once more shook the confidence inspired by his recent professions, Abisbal took great pains to manifest his wishes in favour of a change, when, in addition to his former appointment, he was named Commander-in-chief of the expedition, towards the end of 1818. One of the reasons now alleged by the General, for the vehemence with which he expressed his opinions, and called upon the officers to join him in proclaiming the constitution, arose from his anxiety to atone for having, through false zeal and misplaced loyalty, contributed to its suspension in 1814; and difficult as it was to confide in the promises of one who had so often varied, the Count gave such proofs of sincerity on this occasion, that he at length succeeded in making converts of the most sceptical. The prospect which now opened before O'Donnell was truly flattering; he had recovered the esteem of his fellow-soldiers, and was about to obtain immortality, by leading them on to the goal of freedom: a day being fixed for proclaiming the constitution, the duties of all those who were destined to participate in the sacred enterprize were traced out, and confidential agents selected to prepare the minds of the soldiery. As the time of declaring themselves approached, the patriots, justly apprehensive of the evil consequences which could not fail to result from having the civil administration in the hands of a military chief, proposed that a provisional junta of government should be appointed until the Cortes could be assembled. The Count is said to have been quite indignant at a proposal,

posal, which seemed to call his own talents and patriotism in question, and expressions are attributed to him, which, if ever uttered, certainly justify the determination of the officers not to act, nor proceed in the design on any other terms. The General and his second in command, Sarsfield\*, also the intimate friend of Lacy, are supposed to have, from that moment, renounced the project. This intention, however, was carefully concealed. It having been previously arranged, that the troops should encamp at Port St. Mary's, and the 15th July appointed for carrying the plan into execution, O'Donnell called his friends together, and informed them that, as there was every reason to believe the whole scheme had been discovered by the court, it would be impossible to wait so long, he had therefore determined to fix the morning of the 8th for effecting the object in view, and hoped this would be equally agreeable to their wishes. The communication was most joyfully received, and no suspicion entertained of the intended change on the part of their leader. Orders were accordingly issued for the regiments to assemble on the plain of Palmar, near Xerez, at which town Sarsfield was quartered with the cavalry. The General himself left Cadiz on the evening of the 7th, causing those of the inhabitants who were in the secret to inform the people that he was going to proclaim the constitution, and would return the following day to perform the same office amongst them; alleging that as the army had unfortunately destroyed it in 1814, the first cry of liberty should emanate from the camp, so as to efface the errors of that melancholy period. Nothing could exceed the joy evinced by all those who heard this piece of intelligence, and preparations were immediately commenced to receive the expected deliverer of his country. Landing at Port St. Mary's, O'Donnell placed himself at the head of some infantry stationed there, and proceeded with them to join the main body, while Sarsfield led on the cavalry from Xerez. The troops were drawn out and had already gone through the usual evolutions, when the second in command, and Abisbal, appeared at the same moment, advancing in opposite directions: expectation was at its height, and both officers and men congratulating each other on the joyful event which

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\* This officer is descended from Lord Lucan, who espoused the cause of James II. in Ireland, where the name of Sarsfield is still familiar, as the hero of a popular national drama, called the Battle of Aughrim, or the fall of St. Ruth, in which Lucan endeavoured to sustain the interests of his master against those of William III. The Spanish General served with Lacy and O'Donnell during the war; and until the 8th of July, 1819, he was considered as one of the best officers and bravest men in the Peninsula. But no virtues or talents, however great, can avail those who betray public liberty: an axiom which is amply proved in the present case; for ever since the part taken by Sarsfield in the transactions of the above day his past glories are blasted, and his very existence almost consigned to oblivion, or remembered only to be contemned.'

would soon terminate the reign of terror. It is, however, evident, that the parties who accompanied the General and his friend had been taught their lesson, for on Sarsfield perceiving him, his first movement was to ride rapidly along the line, followed by several squadrons of horse, exclaiming *Viva el Rey!* This ominous watch-word being repeated by the Count and his party, it soon became general, nor was it until he had summoned the colonels around him, and told them they were prisoners in the King's name, that the patriots would credit the evidence of their senses. It would be vain to attempt describing the astonishment and indignation excited by this extraordinary proceeding; but, before there was sufficient time, either to express their sentiments on such treatment, or appeal to the troops, each of the prisoners, fifteen in number, including the flower of the patriot chiefs, and heroes of La Isla, were hurried off under escorts, and confined in the neighbouring castles. This act, which requires no comment as it speaks for itself, did not secure to Abisbal the confidence or favour of the court; for, although well received on his arrival here, he was immediately called upon to resign his command, and Count Calderon, a name till then scarcely known to the army, appointed his successor.

Whatever civilities may have been shown to the Count on his return from Andalusia, they did not continue many days; he had doubtless rendered an important service to the servile faction; but O'Donnell must have known that gratitude was not amongst the number of their virtues. On the other hand, although ministers were fully aware of the part he had taken in preparing the revolt, yet they resolved to keep up appearances, until a favourable opportunity occurred for bringing home the charge, or gratifying their resentment. The Count was thus placed between the fear of punishment and those self-reproaches arising from having betrayed the patriot cause; not to mention the loss of an occasion which scarcely ever recurs a second time to the most highly favoured individual. There are some acts in public life which cannot be justified, I apprehend the above is of that description. — O'Donnell is said to defend his conduct on the plea that neither the state of opinion, nor the nature of the preparations in other points of the Peninsula, were favorable to the enterprize; and that under these circumstances, a civil war, instead of national freedom, might have been the result of his projected attempt. In contemplating that endless variety of causes which govern human actions, reasons are seldom wanting to palliate whatever depends on the mere discretion of men in power; without pretending to decide on the degree of guilt or innocence attributable to the Count, truth obliges me to say, that his defence has not satisfied the people of Spain, nor exonerated him from the charge of personal ambition. It must be confessed that the experience of present times is peculiarly well calculated to remove those doubts, which have hitherto induced men to hesitate between the fear of anticipating public opinion, and taking advantage of an auspicious moment for restoring the liberties of their country.

‘ The sentiments of the nation had been expressed in such various ways, their sufferings were so multiplied, that no risk, however great, of future and contingent evil, could be fairly put in competition with the certain benefits of a successful effort in favour of freedom : deeply as this truth is engraven on the minds of the most superficial observers in these days of improved political knowledge, it cannot be matter of surprise that neither his brilliant services during the war, nor recent exertions, had removed the fatal impression made by Abisbal’s conduct on the plain of Palmar, and which is increased by a very general conviction that he might have marched in triumph to the capital. However poignant the feelings of the Count may now be, at having thus rejected the most glorious, the most exalted boon ever tendered by fortune, it cannot but produce a salutary effect on others ; for I defy any future patriot in whose hands the destiny of his country is placed to reflect on what Henry O’Donnell has lost, without persevering in what he undertakes, or perishing in the attempt !’

Mr. B.’s remarks on the literature of Spain do not display a very extensive and critical acquaintance with the subject : but they are curious as affording much information on the taste of the day. We quote a brief memoir of M. Llorente, whose work on the Inquisition we noticed some time ago. (See Appendix to vol. xci. and vol. xcii.)

‘ M. Llorente is amongst the most industrious, useful, and correct writers, of whom his country can boast : like Jovellanos, his pen has never been taken up, except to support the interests of religion and humanity. Brought up to the clerical profession, he became a canon at the cathedral of Toledo, in the early part of Charles IV.’s reign, and was appointed secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid, in 1789 ; availing himself of the advantages thus afforded, the three years he continued in office were divided between softening down the sanguinary code of the Holy Office, and collecting the materials for illustrating its past history ; of these, his four interesting volumes, so often quoted in my former letters, compose only a part.

‘ Convinced, with some of the wisest and best men in Spain, that reform, political and religious, could come only from without, and in obedience to the peremptory injunctions of his sovereigns, Charles IV. and Ferdinand, M. Llorente submitted to the new king, and was immediately appointed Minister for Public Instruction : entrusted with various important commissions by the government of Joseph Buonaparte, he discharged them with a zeal and ability which obtained general approbation : his efforts to prevent excesses on both sides were particularly conspicuous during the war. Included in the proscription, which awaited all the followers of Joseph, M. Llorente’s exile has been attended with the loss of personal property to a very large amount ; a valuable library, and the whole of his emoluments. Neither poverty nor persecution have, however, for a moment, interrupted the labours of this excellent



lent man. His works are extremely voluminous, and all tending to some grand object of reform and improvement. An essay, published by him in 1812, exposed many of the abuses which have crept into church-discipline; and, amongst others, the nomination of bishops by the popes, or by temporal sovereigns, instead of being elected by the clergy and people, as they were originally. His academical discourse on the Holy Office appeared soon after. Since these publications, the "Critical History," and "Plan of a Religious Constitution," already mentioned, have added greatly to his literary reputation. The last named work has been denounced by the Bishop of Barcelona, and a severe censure passed on it; this gave rise to a second work, entitled an Apology for the former; in which every article attacked by the censor is ably refuted, and the doctrines previously laid down more strengthened than ever. Thus it is, that the persecutions of talent and virtue are rendered useful to mankind.

‘ From the magnitude and number of M. Llorente’s offences, there is little doubt, that, if the Inquisition were restored, and should he fall into the hands of its familiars, he would, himself, grace one of those spectacles so often and well described in his works.

‘ The publication of a work, in which the author has produced various interesting documents, and, amongst others, a remonstrance made by the minister of Saint Louis to Pope Innocent IV., in 1247, against the undue and tyrannical influence of the sovereign pontiff, no less than his Plan of a Religious Constitution, has made M. Llorente an object of jealousy and hatred to the French hierarchy, and was the cause of his being excluded from performing mass in any of the churches in Paris. This cruel and malignant act has deprived him of a trifling stipend; thus considerably reducing means, which were already of the most circumscribed description. The result of all this series of injustice at home, and persecution abroad, is, that the author of the "Critical History," after enjoying an ample fortune, during the time of his life when it was least wanted, is now reduced to the necessity of seeking his bread in a strange land.

‘ In addition to his articles furnished to the *Révue Encyclopædique*, M. Llorente occasionally offers some wholesome advice to his countrymen, and much as he disapproves of many acts of the constitutional government, more especially of those which relate to the *Afrancesados*, he is not the less patriotic or anxious for its preservation: his opinions on the policy which the ministers ought to pursue are to be found in several letters, published under the signature of Candido.

‘ Upon the whole, this excellent divine may be said to exhibit the sublimest spectacle of our nature; that of a virtuous man struggling with adversity, and sustaining his principles in the midst of difficulties; of which, only a small part would convert hundreds of his contemporaries into hypocrites and slaves.

‘ The documents collected by M. Llorente, relative to the more remarkable trials and persecutions of the Holy Office, also the

corre-



correspondence of Charles V. with his ambassador at Rome, one of the most interesting extant, would be a valuable acquisition to the British Museum; though there is reason to believe that they have been offered to it, and rejected. His life of the venerable Bishop of Chiapa is in the press, and could not be better dedicated than to his collateral descendant, the faithful and persecuted follower of Napoleon.

‘ M. Llorente’s knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and theological controversy, has obtained for him the appellation of “the walking library” (*biblioteca ambulante*): learning could not be better conferred, for he is ever ready to communicate it, and without that pedantic vanity displayed by so many of his contemporaries in Spain and other countries. Owing to the peculiarity of his situation, which has prevented M. Llorente from returning home, as well as the want of good faith amongst some French and Spanish booksellers, who have printed editions of his works, without consulting the author, they have become more profitable to others than to himself.

‘ In closing this inadequate notice of the services rendered to mankind by M. Llorente, I would appeal to the humane and benevolent, whether it is not a stain on the character of the times, that such men should be suffered to end their days in poverty; and I will ask, with what justice those who neglect them can reproach the persecutors of Cervantes, Tasso, and Camoens?’

Our readers know that M. Llorente was lately driven back from France into his own country.

The prefixed map exhibits a part of Andalusia and Grenada, including Cadiz.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR APRIL, 1823.

### POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 12. *The Age of Bronze; or, Carmen Seculare et Annus haud Mirabilis.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Hunt. 1823.

It is understood that these lines are the production of Lord Byron, though he has not chosen to give to them the sanction of his name; and certainly they bear the features of his muse. They are careless and unequal, vigorous and caustic. Our readers will remember the scorn with which Napoleon Bonaparte was assailed by the noble Lord after the battle of Waterloo, and this is now the way in which his treatment as a captive is recorded:

‘ But where is he, the modern, mightier far,  
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;  
The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,  
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,  
And spurn the dust o’er which they crawled of late,  
Chained to the chariot of the chieftain’s state?

Yes!

Yes ! where is he, the Champion and the Child  
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild ?  
 Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones ?  
 Whose table, earth — whose dice were human bones ?  
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,  
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.  
 Sigh to behold the Eagle's lofty rage  
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage ;  
 Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations  
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations ;  
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,  
 O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stinted wines :  
 O'er petty quarrels upon petty things —  
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings ?  
 Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,  
 A surgeon's statement and an earl's harangues !  
 A bust delayed, a book refused, can shake  
 The sleep of him who kept the world awake.  
 Is this indeed the Tamer of the Great,  
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate —  
 The paltry jailer and the prying spy,  
 The staring stranger with his note-book nigh ?  
 Plunged in a dungeon he had still been great ;  
 How low, how little was this middle state,  
 Between a prison and a palace, where  
 How few could feel for what he had to bear !  
 Vain his complaint, — my lord presents his bill,  
 His food and wine were doled out duly still :  
 Vain was his sickness, — never was a clime  
 So free from homicide, — to doubt's a crime ;  
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,  
 Hath lost his place and gained the world's applause.  
 But smile, though all the pangs of brain and heart  
 Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;  
 Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face  
 Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,  
 None stand by his low bed — though even the mind  
 Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind ; —  
 Smile — for the fettered Eagle breaks his chain,  
 And higher worlds than this are his again.

How, if that soaring Spirit still retain  
 A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,  
 How must he smile, on looking down, to see  
 The little that he was and sought to be !  
 What though his name a wider empire found  
 Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound ;  
 Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,  
 He tasted empire's blessings and its curse ;  
 Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape  
 From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape ;  
 How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,  
 The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave !

What

What though his jailer, duteous to the last,  
 Scarce deemed the coffin's lead could keep him fast,  
 Refusing one poor line along the lid  
 To date the birth and death of all it hid,  
 That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,  
 A talisman to all save him who bore :  
 The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast  
 Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast ;  
 When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,  
 Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,  
 The rocky isle that holds or held his dust  
 Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,  
 And mighty Nature, o'er his obsequies  
 Do more than niggard Envy still denies.  
 But what are these to him ? Can glory's lust  
 Touch the freed spirit or the fettered dust ?  
 Small care hath he of what his tomb consists,  
 Nought if he sleeps — nor more if he exists :  
 Alike the better-seeing Shade will smile  
 On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,  
 As if his ashes found their latest home  
 In Rome's pantheon, or Gaul's mimic dome.  
 He wants not this ; but France shall feel the want  
 Of this last consolation, though so scant ;  
 Her honour, fame, and faith, demand his bones,  
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones ;  
 Or carried onward in the battle's van  
 To form, like Guesclin's \* dust, her talisman.  
 But be it as it is, the time may come  
 His name shall beat the alarm like Ziska's drum.'

The late Congress is afterward introduced, as one of the events  
 of the past '*annus haud mirabilis*,' and each of the monarchs  
 there assembled is duly "called over the coals" of the author's  
 poetic furnace. That political meeting, — "*Impar CONGRESSUS  
 Achilli*," † — is then generally characterized :

' Strange sight this Congress ! destined to unite  
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.  
 I speak not of the sovereigns — they're alike,  
 A common coin as ever mint could strike :  
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,  
 Have more of motley than their heavy kings.  
 Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,  
 While Europe wonders at the vast design :  
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,  
 Cajoles ; there Wellington forgets to fight ;

---

\* Guesclin died during the siege of a city : it surrendered,  
 and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place  
 might appear rendered to his ashes.'

† Motto in the title-page.

Their Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs\*;  
 And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars;  
 There Montmorency, the sworn foe to charters,  
 Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,  
 To furnish articles for the "Debâts;"  
 Of war so certain — yet not quite so sure  
 As his dismissal in the "Moniteur."  
 Alas! how could his cabinet thus err?  
 Can peace be worth an Ultra-Minister?  
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again  
 "Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."'

The events in New and Old Spain, the distressed state of the British empire, &c. &c., are also introduced in the course of this satire; which is intended to depict the present times as an age of which the features are bronzed with impudence and vice; — but we must not farther rob these 778 lines.

Art. 13. *Blossoms*. By Robert Millhouse. Being a Selection of Sonnets from his various Manuscripts. With prefatory Remarks on his humble Station, distinguished Genius, and Moral Character. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

This poetic Corporal was sufficiently introduced and recommended to our readers in our Number for September, 1821, p. 98., where we mentioned his poem of *Vicissitude*; and where, by an error of the press, he was called *Willhouse* instead of *Millhouse*. Dr. Booker informs us that this deserving man is now under the pressure of extreme poverty, aggravated by such severe bodily affliction as to be incapable of any manual labour. It is therefore with propriety as well as kindness that he now addresses the charitable feelings of the public, in soliciting the humane to afford poor Millhouse some temporary relief by purchasing the small productions of his pen; and we are sincerely inclined to support the Doctor's benevolent intentions. — The present little volume consists entirely of sonnets, of which we copy one or two as specimens:

' *To Gold.*

' Fee for the knave, in every age and clime!  
 Thou shield to gilded ideots! slave to kings!  
 Pander to War and other horrid things  
 That stain with blood the chronicles of Time;  
 When, shining Mischief! shall the poet's rhyme  
 Tell of thy virtues in the good man's hand,  
 Chasing away grim hunger from the land,  
 And proving true thy alchymy sublime?

\* \* Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! Monsieur C——, are you related to that Chateaubriand who — who — who has written *something*?" (*écrit quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.'

REV. APRIL, 1823.

F f

15

If evil spring from thy deceitful wand,  
 Nor good nor ill thou bring'st to such as I:  
 For here gaunt Poverty stands shivering by,  
 To snatch the scanty portion from my hand —  
 Give me thy power, thou thing of good or guile!  
 And I will teach sad poverty to smile.' —

*' To Poverty.*

' Base taunting humbler of the noble mind!  
 Thou scanty clother of the poor man's bed, —  
 With beggar's curses heap'd upon thine head, —  
 While orphans' wailings follow thee behind!  
 Hence from my sight, thou comforter unkind —  
 For 'tis not *all*, that chilling *Want* I know, —  
 That pinch'd I wander, while the keen winds blow;  
 And vainly search a better day to find —  
 Alas! I feel a *deeper* sting of woe; —  
 Deeper, Oh! Poverty, than all thy pangs; —  
 Deeper than what proceeds from Hunger's fangs,  
 Or aught that could from other anguish flow:  
 Dread of injustice from a satrap-knave —  
 From *this* would I escape, or find a grave.'

Dr. B. remarks that the reader will probably peruse these sonnets with wonder, 'when told that they were nearly all composed while the author's hands were busily employed at the loom, amid the din of a dozen stocking-frames, and the heterogeneous conversation or singing of as many workmen.'

Art. 14. *Julian*; a Tragedy: in Five Acts. By Mary Russell Mitford. 8vo. 2s. Whittakers. 1823.

Although this tragedy is highly creditable to the talents of Miss Mitford, it manifests no symptoms of pre-eminent dramatic genius. — It displays, if we mistake not, the extent of the fair writer's powers: — it contains nothing to displease the ear, and little to fatigue the patience of the reader: — it can boast of a reasonable share of pathos, and a sufficiency of poetic language; — and yet, after all, we fear that it cannot enjoy a long existence. — The powerful dramatic spirit is wanting. It is a representation of various passions, not of individual characters. There is nothing, for instance, in the ambition of Melfi to distinguish him from the usual class of aspiring men, who, ever since a crown was invented, have placed their happiness within its circle. If we change but his name, he would with propriety fill the part of the ambitious man in any tragedy, whatever be the age and wherever be the scene. — When a master dramatist would embody a passion, he engrafts it on and incorporates it with individual character. The ambition of Richard III. is not the ambition of any other man: it is a feeling peculiarly his own, and is intermingled with his personal qualities, even down to the deformity of his shape. In '*Julian*,' the *generalization* of character runs through the whole of the persons: Annabel the heroine is the personification of a fond



fond and faithful wife; Julian, of an affectionate son, whose filial feelings are at variance with higher duties; and D'Alba is the true impetuous lover, who holds justice, mercy, and virtue all light in comparison with the gratification of his desires. The structure of the incidents, also, is but inartificial: they are evidently too pliant in the writer's hands, and occasionally they are somewhat melodramatic.

Many passages of considerable literary beauty, however, are to be found in some of the scenes, though there are none that can lay claim to the highest excellence. The following lines, taken from the scene in which Julian contemplates the death of Annabel, in order to save her from the hands of D'Alba, are a favorable specimen of Miss Mitford's powers:

' *Ann.* Why dost thou gaze  
So sadly on me?

' *Jul.* The bright stars, how oft  
They fall, or seem to fall! The sun — look! look!  
He sinks, he sits in glory. Blessed orb,  
Like thee — like thee — Dost thou remember once  
We sate by the sea-shore when all the heaven  
And all the ocean seemed one glow of fire;  
Red, purple, saffron, melted into one  
Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line  
Where sea and sky should meet was lost in that  
Continuous brightness? there we sate, and talked  
Of the mysterious union that blessed orb  
Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death —  
High mysteries! — and thou didst wish thyself  
A spirit sailing in that flood of light  
Straight to the Eternal Gates, didst pray to pass  
Away in such a glory. Annabel!  
Look out upon the burning sky, the sea  
One lucid ruby — 'tis the very hour!  
'Thou'lt be a seraph at the Fount of Light  
Before —

' *Ann.* What! must I die? And wilt thou kill me?  
Canst thou? Thou can'st to save —

' *Jul.* To save thy honour!  
I shall die with thee.

' *Ann.* Oh no! no! live! live!  
If I must die — Oh it is sweet to live,  
To breathe, to move, to feel the throbbing blood  
Beat in the veins, — to look on such an earth  
And such a heaven, — to look on thee! Young life  
Is very dear.

' *Jul.* Would'st live for D'Alba?

' *Ann.* No!  
I had forgot. I'll die. Quick! Quick!

' *Jul.* One kiss!  
Angel, dost thou forgive me?

' *Ann.* Yes.  
F f 2

' *Jul.*

' *Jul.*  
I cannot draw it.

My sword!—

' *Ann.*            Now! I'm ready.'

**Art. 15.** *Lines written to commemorate the Accession of George IV., and recited at the Brighton Festival, January 29. 1823; also the Lines recited on the same Occasion in 1822 and in 1821.*  
By B. H. Smart. 8vo. pp. 24. Hookham.

MR. Smart laudably speaks with great modesty of his own compositions, to which chance and a temporary occasion gave birth; and he declares that he will no more attempt the same theme, but leave it to others, who may treat it not 'with more sincerity, independence, and zeal, but with more variety.' Though we think that this resolution shews the good sense which is otherwise visible in Mr. Smart's compositions, yet his lines are very far from discreditable to him, with respect either to feeling or to poetic expression. We quote a few of the verses last spoken:

' Ah! what were Freedom's self, but sordid strife,  
If absent all the ennobling grace of life?  
Ah! what were life, its splendour and its pride,  
Its empty pomp, if freedom were denied?  
But who might realize the patriot's dream,  
And keep each good secured from each extreme?  
— Ye spirits of our sires; that hover round  
The isles you loved, and see your labours crowned!  
Ye lived in days of struggle and of dread,  
Ye lived when Hampden fought and Sidney bled;  
Ye lived when, mad with power, a ruffian band  
Had well nigh swept the graces from the land;  
Ye lived when he, the king that freedom chose,  
Embarked for Erin's shore to meet with foes;  
Ye lived — ye live, who saw the age on wing,  
When Scotia half refused a nearer king;  
And we — we live — (ah! show the recreant wight,  
An alien from the joy we feel to-night,  
A bastard of his clime and fathers' blood,  
Whose crooked soul disowns the ripened good) —  
We live when that which darker days concealed,  
The throne's true basis, is to all revealed,  
And, known the monarch's and the people's right,  
The erst contending principles unite.  
We live when arts, and arms, and science, own  
The ennobling lustre of a sheltering throne,  
And he who rules, our ornament and grace,  
Is first in manners as the first in place.  
We live when Erin's sons, the boon, the free,  
The brimming souls of hospitality,  
Have blessed their monarch on their own loved ground,  
And in their King a kindred spirit found.  
We live when Caledonia hails the day  
That gave her sceptre to a George's sway;

And,

And, 'midst her children, lofty, thoughtful, staid,  
 Her King, in native dignity arrayed,  
 Awakening all her regal pride, has stood  
 The first of all her first in Holyrood,  
 While one, the sweetest of her tuneful throng,  
 Her latest minstrel, welcomed him with song.'

An incidental note at p. 23. may a little surprize those visitors of Brighton who have known it only in late years :

' Some notion of what Brighton was within the memory of persons yet alive may be formed from the fact, that a few months ago, a witness was called to say whether a certain passage in the town, at a period within his recollection, was or was not a way for horses ; on which he deposed, that at the time spoken of there was but one horse in the town, and that was a mill-horse.'

## POLITICS.

**Art. 16.** *An Address to the Members of both Houses of Parliament, on the Injury the Landholders sustain for the Want of a Protecting Duty on Imported Corn; and by the Inequality of their present Burthens for the Support of his Majesty's Government and the Poor. With a few Hints on the Expediency of equalizing the Poor-rates; and on the Propriety of adopting some Means to regulate the Proceedings at County Meetings; drawn up from the Fate of the late Meeting in Norfolk.* By William Pettman of Ham, Kent. 8vo 2s. Darton and Harvey. 1823.

**Art. 17.** *A Letter to Mr. Canning, on Agricultural Distress.* By a Country Gentleman. 8vo. 1s. Longman and Co. 1823.

The natural feelings of commiseration towards an individual, which any great reverse of fortune is calculated to inspire, may be a little blunted when the consideration is forced on us that it has chiefly arisen from his own misconduct. The great landlords must reckon on this effect with regard to them: they must expect to be reminded that, for five-and-twenty years, they supported the most lavish and extravagant expenditure of the public money at the beck of the minister of the day; and that the enormous debt, which is now pressing with intolerable weight on their own shoulders, could not have been contracted if they had not assisted in heaping it themselves. That tenants should have caught the mania for war and wastefulness from their landlords is less surprising than it is to be deplored: but they, also, whose situation is now truly desperate, may be reminded that, when wheat was selling at a hundred and twenty shillings per quarter; when many of them had leases at half the value of their farms; and when the fund-holder was compelled by law to receive his dividend in Bank of England notes, which were depreciated ten, twenty, and five-and-twenty per cent. with reference to the standard coin of the country, for years together; that then the cry for an "equitable adjustment of contracts" was never once heard from their lips. We remember the county-meetings, held to petition Parliament to take into its consideration the hard case of the annuitant, who was obliged to

advantages which the foreign farmer enjoys in bearing lighter burdens than himself. Other countries have richer soils and softer seasons than we have, but our science and skill, capital and industry, are qualities which counterbalance these advantages. Let us, then, aim at the diminution of our own burdens; let us equalize among all classes those which must be borne, and remove all those which are unnecessary, and ought not to be imposed. If we but stand on level ground with the foreigner, and unshackled, we may laugh at his competition. — Surely we are not exposing ourselves to misconstruction from the freedom with which we have frequently expressed our dislike of the complex system of bounties, drawbacks, and duties on the importation of corn. Some of us, at least, are personally too deeply engaged in agriculture not to feel an anxious interest in its prosperity: but our brethren of the plough have been misled, and we wish to bring them back into the right track. If the agriculture of the country should perish, which it will do unless speedily and effectually relieved, our commerce and manufactures will not long survive the destruction: for where is the merchant or the manufacturer to look for his market *at home*, when the cultivators of the soil, and those who now depend on them for subsistence to the number of many millions, are impoverished, and have nothing to offer in exchange for their wares and merchandise? or where is he to find his market *abroad*, if we refuse to admit into our ports those products which other countries can alone offer in exchange for the manufactures which we produce?

Art. 18. *Remarks on the Declaration of the Allied Powers from Verona.* By an Englishman. 8vo. pp. 40. Cawthorn.

A copy of this pamphlet should have been sent to M. de Villèle or M. de Chateaubriand. It is a generous, but, with pride we add, a superfluous appeal to Britons on the weakness and wickedness of the principles avowed and promulgated at Laybach and Verona. The declaration of the allied powers, followed up as it has been by deeds of corresponding iniquity, has excited one common feeling of horror and execration in every British bosom; and one common prayer is poured forth for the utter dismay, confusion, and defeat of every hostile column which invades the Peninsula of Spain. The appetite of despotism for power is like the appetite of Erisichthon for food; and hence we derive hope that the fate of the former may be like that of the latter. Erisichthon, the poets tell us, was attacked with an insatiable hunger for having cut down an oak in one of the groves sacred to Ceres; and his daughter, who had the power of assuming various shapes, testified her filial affection by suffering herself to be exposed to sale for the purpose of satisfying her father's voracity. The power of transformation, however, with which she was endued, always enabled her father to recover her again: but he sold her so often that the deceit was at last discovered; and then it was that Erisichthon became the avenger of his own impiety by being forced to devour himself:

“ *Vis tamen illa mali postquam consumserat omnem  
Materiam, dederatque gravi nova pabula morbo;*



*Ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu  
Cœpit ; et infelix minuendo corpus aiebat."*

(Metamorph. viii.)

Despotism has always some ministers ready to pamper its insatiable appetite for dominion —

—— " *quod pontus, quod terra, quod educat aër  
Pascit :*" —

but the monster, from the very destructiveness of its voracity, may at last be driven to devour itself.

The Remarks before us are very well written, and creditable to the feelings and spirit of the author.

#### NOVELS.

Art. 19. *The Confederates : a Story.* 12mo. 3 Vols. 17. 1s. Boards. Hookham. 1823.

Some good touches of character will here be found in the delineation of Mr. Cothelston and his daughters ; and, though the book is so far uninteresting as it is nearly filled with the rude dialogues and unintelligible schemes of smugglers and swindlers, yet, with plans and personages better chosen, we think that the author would prove an agreeable writer.

Art. 20. *The Actress ; or, Countess and no Countess.* By Caroline Maxwell, Author of "*Malcolm Douglas,*" &c. 12mo. 4 Vols. 16s. Half-bound. Sherwood and Co. 1823.

The various events here narrated are connected with each other rather ingeniously, but they are highly improbable ; and 'Mrs. Harcourt' is represented as pursuing her course of guilt more successfully than is consistent with a moral example. Many words and phrases might be noticed as incorrect : for instance, vol. i. p. 2., 'we feared he grew thin, and was very positive he was much paler ;' p. 23., 'after the last distressing rights (rites) were paid,' &c. &c. — The four volumes, also, might very comfortably have been comprized in two.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 21. *Details of the Arrest, Imprisonment, and Liberation, of an Englishman,* by the Bourbon Government of France. 8vo. pp. 160. 4s. sewed. Hunter. 1823.

The case of Mr. Bowring, here detailed, has been amply brought before the public, but he deems it right thus fully to state it under his own authority, and supported by the various documents belonging to it. We need not now eulogize the talents or the spirit of Mr. Bowring, which have been rendered apparent on several occasions, and are conspicuous on this : but we join with him in lamenting that no satisfaction was obtained, either personally or nationally, for the insult and the injuries inflicted on him by the French government ; for which, he emphatically declares, there never was the shadow of foundation, and none indeed was attempted to be proved. Even the grounds of collateral suspicion asserted against him, as connected or co-operating with other individuals,



dividuals, he affirms to be wholly false. If, therefore, he makes his acknowledgements to Mr. Secretary Canning for the individual attentions throughout manifested by him to Mr. B. and his family, he avows his regret that through him the country has been contemptuously insulted, without redress or apology: while he states that the inhospitality and severity of our laws against aliens were alleged in extenuation of any harshness shewn towards him; a feeling, he observes, which is common on the Continent, and has often been brought forwards against Englishmen, equally to their shame and their injury. The only specific allegation against Mr. Bowring that was made, and could be established, was that he had private letters in his possession, which should have been sent by the post: but this point the government did not chuse to press.

We may recommend these details to the public as in themselves interesting and not unimportant, but particularly as applicable to English travellers in France; who may behold in Mr. Bowring's case the dangers to which they are all exposed in that country, and in his conduct may find an example which they may imitate in bearing and exposing such proceedings.

*Art. 22. The Pyrenees, and the South of France, during the Months of November and December, 1822. By A. Thiers. 8vo. 6s. sewed. Treuttel and Co. 1823.*

It appears that M. Thiers took the resolution of quitting Paris in October last, 'with the intention of visiting the two great chains of mountains which cover the frontiers of France,' and 'determined to collect some particulars' respecting the countries through which he passed. He has accordingly presented us with a variety of information relating to parts of the Continent which now excite especial attention; and he seems to be a lively and observant traveller, contemplating the contest already begun with feelings awake to the real interests and most important rights of mankind. — Our news-papers have made so free with the work by inserting quotations from it, that we can scarcely offer to our readers any of the best passages in it that will probably be new to them: but we must not be entirely excluded by the *daily critics*, or reporters of new books, who now usurp and forestall so much of our duty.

His course was first directed to Geneva, whence he passed into the French Alps, 'which enclose the rich and patriotic Dauphiné; which border the South, so little known and so ill appreciated; and which should now give so much hope to the friends of civilization and knowledge.' He then 'descended from the last slopes of the Alps to the plains of Languedoc; and again ascended to the Pyrenees, the last bulwark of continental liberty; — the Pyrenees, threatened by so many storms, and the scene of such remarkable events, that their bold and interesting beauty is but an accessory incitement to the curiosity of the traveller.'

M. Thiers gives but an unfavorable account of the disposition of the people of Marseilles, who have indeed often made themselves notoriously conspicuous. He says that it 'is the most democratic

mocratic city in France : ' but he denies the truth of the conjecture which ascribes this circumstance and the frequent commotions there to ' the ardent southern temperament of its inhabitants.' He assigns other causes, which we have not room to detail : but to which, he says, ' it must be added that Marseilles receives into its bosom the wretches who have been condemned for various crimes in the cities of the Mediterranean, and that it thus becomes the sink of the vices of Italy, Spain, and the Levant. It is this class of unprincipled vagabonds which has at all times excited tumults in the city, and aggravated them by pillage and assassination.'

Having described his first interview with some of the *army of the Faith*, the author observes that the miserable groupes which he had seen were specimens of the state of a great part of Spain. Industry having made no progress, he says, ' all classes of the inhabitants seek in the mountains that occupation which they cannot find in the towns.'

' This ignorant, violent, lazy, and poor people, must be employed and fed, until they become sensible of the advantages which industry procures ; but until they acquire a home and the means of regular subsistence, they will fly with joy to the first signal which is given them from the mountains. We need not therefore be at all surprised at the facility with which the Regency of Urgel has drawn some villages into insurrection. But if insurrection is easy, the case is otherwise as to its success and duration. In fact, when the Regency thought proper to appoint ministers and Generals, and to attempt a regular campaign, it was beaten. It will be said that it might have done against Mina what the Cortes of Cadiz did against Bonaparte. To this there is but one reply. These guerillas, who have risen for a moment in the Pyrenees, are good for nothing against their own countrymen, in whom there is nothing to excite their passions ; on the contrary, the sight of a stranger, differing from themselves in language, dress, and countenance, animates them even to fury. These differences are unpardonable in their eyes, and they pursue them with extreme inveteracy. Add to this the fine uniforms, handsome arms, gorgets, and brilliant buttons, to pillage from foreigners ; and there are more than sufficient reasons to make them fight in every defile in Spain. Besides they have an advantage over the enemy which they have not over their countrymen, sobriety, and a perfect acquaintance with the country and its localities. These guerillas, who are so weak against Mina, will therefore be very formidable to foreigners. Providence seems to have ordained, that when it gave men a country, they should be able to preserve it, and with that view to have given them an irresistible force on their own soil. There is a great deal of meaning in the fable which says, that a giant on touching his mother-earth acquired from it new and terrible strength.'

The writer's meeting with the Regency of Urgel is thus related :

' At this time, the wind instead of raising the sand and pebbles, was driving before it thick snow and little sharp icicles, which ad-  
hered

hered to the face. We were climbing a flight of steps, which, extending along the side of a hill, turned towards its summit, and descended on the opposite side. On a sudden I saw a horseman at the summit of the path, who turned the point, and advanced towards us, with a truly martial air. He was an old dragoon, enveloped in an immense cloak, and resembling those warriors represented in Wouverman's battle-pieces. After him, came a foot-soldier, leading two good horses by the bridle. We were in our turn doubling the point, and descending by the opposite flight of steps, when I perceived a group of several individuals, who appeared to ascend it with difficulty on foot. A man between fifty and sixty years of age, of middle stature, pale, thin, and stooping, with his eyes red; wearing a black cap, and a brown great coat, was leaning upon two other persons, and apparently dragging himself along with the greatest difficulty. My guide at this sight called out to me: '*El rey, el rey Mata-Florida.*' At these words, I looked more attentively at this person, who was proceeding with so much difficulty. His situation was truly calculated to excite compassion. I could not help regretting the ambitious and turbulent humour, which had thrown a man of his age, destitute of genius or energy, amidst the hazards of a civil war, and the difficulties of the winter and the mountains. His suite was not less characteristic: three or four mean-looking and ill-dressed individuals walked by his side; these were the great officers of the Regency. One of them who was pretty far advanced in years, very tall, wearing an enormously large French hat, covered with oil-skin, and carrying a bundle under his arm, kept a little on one side; he was a minister, I know not of what department. Behind him was a tall capuchin, in a long robe, who seemed to represent the altar near the throne. Lastly, a few steps behind them, came a young man in a green cloak, with several capes, dressed completely in the French fashion, rather stout, and of a very remarkable appearance. I was told he was the son of the Marquis Mata-Florida. The wind blowing violently at the time, both parties stopped, and I had sufficient time to examine this fugitive court. They watered their horses at a little stream, which issued from the sides of the mountain, and which flowed under a thick covering of ice that had been broken.

'Immediately after, two mules appeared laden with four portmanteaus. From the condition of the rest of the army, I saw that none but the King and the ministers could be the possessors of the portmanteaus, and I presumed that they must contain their wardrobe. I should have looked at them with much greater respect, if I had known, as certain journals have since related, that they contained the archives of the Regency. A government, which, after four months' existence, already possesses four portmanteaus full of archives, must be allowed to be very industrious, and it is only lawyers who could make such productive monarchs.'

Chapter ix. gives an account of the members of the Regency, &c. Mata-Florida, we are told, 'was but a few years ago a very obscure lawyer at Madrid,' and seems to be considered as a person

son of no real importance; though he has elevated himself to the rank of regent and prince, and by the mountainers of Catalonia is regarded even as a king. Baron d'Eroles, of whom M. Thiers speaks at some length, was also a lawyer, and is not represented as a great soldier, certainly not as a leader of guerillas, whatever he might become in the school of a regular army.

In chap. xiii. the author thus speaks of the military monk who has acquired the denomination of *the Trappist*:

‘ I saw a portrait of him, drawn by one of our officers, who had endeavoured to amuse himself during his abode in the mountains. The expression of the features is rather mean; the costume is singular; it is composed of a capuchin’s robe, with a cross of white wool upon the breast, and a rosary and sabre hanging together. Christianity had not for a long time undergone such a metamorphosis; and since the time of the crusades, had not seen bishops clothed in armour, bearing the crucifix in one hand, a club in the other, and smiting the infidels in the name of the God of Peace. This costume gave occasion, at Tarascona, to an animated conversation, the impression of which was still fresh in the memory of the inhabitants, and which had nearly cost the Trappist dear. He was at an inn, surrounded by curious persons, who, without admiring his great deeds, (which besides are much disputed even in the army of the Faith,) were desirous of becoming acquainted with him; some officers were also there, as much to guard as to see him. One of them asked him, “ If he did not wear some other dress in the field of battle?”

‘ “ No,” replied the Trappist, “ I wear no other.”

‘ “ It must be very troublesome, either on horseback or on foot.”

‘ “ Not at all; and it is in this very dress that I have killed two hundred of you Frenchmen.”

‘ “ Two hundred Frenchmen!” replied the officer angrily; “ say rather that you assassinated them in the hospitals.”

‘ “ No,” replied the monk, “ killed! killed!”.... Another capuchin, who had more sense, shook the Trappist, saying to him several times, “ Recollect yourself, Don Antonio; you forget you are talking to Frenchmen.” The holy man then perceived that his insolent bravado was neither very Christian nor very obliging to Frenchmen, who had treated him with kind hospitality; and he endeavoured to excuse himself with as much humility as he had before shown arrogance. The officer turned upon his heel, without paying any further attention to him; but the conversation became so public, that he was sent off directly, and before the appointed hour, in order to prevent his being treated in a manner which would not have been very agreeable, judging by the anger of the people.’

We must now advise our readers to consult the narrative itself for farther gratification of their curiosity.

Art. 23. *Memoir of the Life and Character of Walter Venning, Esquire.* By Richard Knill; with a Preface by Robert Winter, D.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Arch. 1822.



We learn that Mr. Venning was born at Totness, in November, 1781, his father being a merchant, and he himself during the greater portion of his short career being engaged in foreign trade. In 1799, he went out to St. Petersburg in a commercial character, and resided there till 1807, when he returned to England: soon after which his father died, and from the period of that event his mind seems to have been affected with a considerable degree of seriousness and enthusiasm. In 1816, he entered as a member of the Society for the Improvement of Prison-discipline and the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, and became zealous and indefatigable in promoting the meritorious purposes of that Society. Indeed, so entirely did he devote himself to the cause, that he resolved to go to Russia once more, not as a mercantile adventurer, but as a missionary in the cause of humanity, "to visit the sick and to go in to the prisoner." Accordingly, in 1817 he set out for St. Petersburg; and scarcely a year had elapsed before he succeeded in establishing a society there, on the model of that of London, under the patronage of the Emperor and the superintendence of Prince Galitzin. His labors in inspecting and regulating the prisons in St. Petersburg, Twer, and Moscow, were productive of important benefits to the unfortunate inmates; and long will his memory be revered by the wretched and the guilty, as a worthy follower in the footsteps of the great Howard. In the summer of 1820 he set out for Copenhagen, intending to visit the prisons there: but the ship was wrecked; and, though he escaped with his life, he never entirely recovered from the shock which his health sustained. Early in 1821 he caught a typhus fever, while visiting one of the prisons in Petersburg; and, like his noble predecessor and countryman, he resigned his breath in Russia, a victim to the infectious maladies of condemned and forsaken fellow-creatures, to whom he was ministering in charity. A monument has been raised to his memory by his associates in Petersburg, which is thus described in the Memoir before us:

‘ On the principal side, under the bas-relief representing Mr. Walter Venning entering into a prison, with a Bible in one hand, is the following inscription, in two compartments; one in Russ and the other in English.

‘ “ I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

‘ “ And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

‘ On the reverse side, in Russ only, is the following inscription:

‘ *Translation.*

‘ “ The Society of St. Petersburg, for the Improvement of Prisons, have raised this monument to the memory of their beloved co-labourer, WALTER VENNING, co-patriot of Howard, and founder of the Prison Institutions of this country. He was born in November,



vember, 1781, and died in the Lord Jesus Christ, on the 10th of January, 1821.”

A man thus useful in his generation, who lived not for himself but for others, who sacrificed his own life in providing for the comforts of the most despised and destitute of his species, and who, though a mere private individual, secured from a potent autocrat a consideration for the inmates of his dungeons which they never before experienced, certainly well deserves to have his life recorded in his own country. Feeling, however, great respect for Mr. Venning's memory, and having taken up the Memoir before us with every disposition to be gratified, we confess that we have been disappointed with it. The fervor with which it is written is in many instances rather excessive; and the ejaculations of piety, which are interposed in almost every paragraph, disturb the narrative as well as displease by their frequent iteration. In the preface, Dr. Winter explains how ‘his esteemed friend’ and ‘beloved brother in the Christian ministry, the Rev. Richard Knill,’ was enabled ‘to present to public attention the contents of this interesting volume;’ and in page 19. the Rev. Richard Knill returns the compliment by speaking of ‘the kind and gracious Providence which first led Mr. Venning to attend the preaching of the Rev. Doctor Winter, at New-Court, Carey-Street, under whose judicious and edifying ministry he received those comprehensive and practical views of Christianity which acted as a stimulus to him all his remaining days.’ One other extract may perhaps be a sufficient specimen of Mr. Knill's style, and serve to shew with what enthusiasm the narrative is composed. Mr. Venning happened to remark in his journal that Copenhagen contained one hundred thousand souls, but *no English church*, and that neither was there any at Elsinour: on which passage Mr. Knill very gravely comments thus:

‘He did not insert this in his journal without a meaning. Some parents do not sufficiently consider what they are doing, when they send their children to places where they cannot hear the Gospel. *What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!* To what did righteous Lot expose himself when he chose the well watered plains of Jordan? His soul was vexed by the filthy conversation of his neighbours—his sons-in-law were burned to death—his property was all destroyed—his wife was turned into a pillar of salt—his daughters, by the prevalence of evil example, became abominable,—and his grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave.’

Art. 24. *The Peasants of Chamouni.* Containing an Attempt to reach the Summit of Mont Blanc, and a Delineation of the Scenery among the Alps. Small 12mo. Baldwin and Co. 1823.

As this little book affords a lively description of the excursion usually made by Swiss travellers to the valley of Chamouni, and the region of Mont Blanc, it will prove amusing and acceptable to those young readers to whom a large volume of travels would be distasteful.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received a Letter from Mr. David Booth, in which he requests us to correct an inadvertency in our Review of Mr. Place's book on Population. He observes ;

" At page 31. (M. R. September, 1822,) you say that ' he has exposed the fallacy of my stating a case,' &c. Now the *fallacy* is all of Mr. P.'s own making. My dissertation was directed wholly against the geometrical ratio of increase, for with the increase itself I had nothing to do; and I stated this, in express terms, at page 265. of Mr. Godwin's work. Mr. P. chuses to say, again and again, that I deny that there can be any increase at all, but where I have ever done so I am at a loss to know. He says also, that I might ' have taken the nine years of the greatest increase.' Now this is exactly what I did, though he appears not to have known it: I did not, however, pick these years by design: it was necessary that I should have the ages; and except for the years that I have taken, I have seen no others previous to the very irregular censuses that followed the dismemberment of Finland. The average of 21 years, given by Dr. Price, included only part of the kingdom."

Mr. Booth goes on to say that at page 27. of our Review, we " hint that Mr. P. has in one case not quoted quite fairly," &c. If Mr. B. looks back to the article, pp. 27. and 28., and more particularly page 35., he will see that, not satisfied with hinting at a single instance of inaccurate quotation on the part of Mr. Place, we exposed several cases in which he had most glaringly misrepresented Mr. Godwin's statements. Mr. Booth has also referred us to another, at page 40. of Mr. Place's work; where, quoting from p. 370. of Mr. Godwin, " he changes *preceding* into *proceeding*, and then becomes very witty in consequence of his own blunder." — Mr. Booth naturally desires that we should set him right with our readers, and adds with equal courtesy and truth, " on you there rests no blame; a reviewer cannot verify every quotation when they are numerous. He usually trusts to the good faith of his author, and is seldom deceived."

We are sorry that our rule, invariably observed, of never interfering in disputes with brother-critics, will not allow us to make a report of Mr. Booth's recent publication.

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Mr. Walker's letter has reached us: but the absence of a coadjutor, to whom it especially refers, obliges us to postpone any answer to it.

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The book mentioned by W. B. was sent to us about a month ago: but we fear that, from particular circumstances, we shall not be able very soon to make our report of it.

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The note signed T. is just come to hand.

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✂ The APPENDIX to this volume of the Monthly Review will be published on the first of June, with the Number for May.



THE  
APPENDIX  
TO THE  
HUNDREDTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW,  
ENLARGED.

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

**ART. I.** *Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours, &c.; i. e.*  
Selections from the Original Poems of the Troubadours. By  
M. RAYNOUARD, Member of the Royal Institute of France,  
&c. 8vo. 6 Vols. Paris.

**T**HE scholars and critics of France have been frequently reproached with having neglected one of the most interesting periods of their literary history; the works of the Troubadours, who for three centuries exerted so powerful an influence over the poetry and manners not only of their own countrymen but of the neighboring nations of Europe, having long been suffered to moulder unnoticed on the shelves of the learned. For a very considerable period, no effort whatever had been made to redeem these neglected bards from the obscurity into which they were fast hastening, when, in 1575, *Nostradamus* published his *Lives of the Provençal Poets*; a work which, imperfect as it might be, served at least to keep alive the memory of the Troubadours. *M. de la Curne de St. Palaye*, however, the ingenious author of *Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, was the first of the French literati who seriously applied himself to the study of the poets of former days. Finding that the King's library possessed only four MSS., he resolved to visit Italy, where many of the works of the Troubadours were preserved; and here he collected upwards of four thousand poems, with many pieces of biography. The

labor of making himself acquainted with the antiquated Provençal dialect still remained. Few persons understood it, and *Redi* and *Crescembeni*, in the extracts which they gave, had frequently mistaken the meaning of the original. *M. de St. Palaye*, therefore, was compelled to form a dictionary for his own use; an exercise which must have rendered him intimately acquainted with the spirit and character of the language. It is much to be regretted that he never presented to the world the result of his laborious and able researches: but he left at his death twenty-three unpublished folio volumes, fifteen of which are filled with various Provençal poems, while the remainder contain extracts, partly translated, and placed in the alphabetical order of the names of the authors.\*

From these valuable materials, about 50 years ago, the Abbé *Millot* compiled his *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*: but he brought no previous knowledge to the investigation of this subject, and did nothing more than select and arrange from the extensive collections of *M. de St. Palaye*. He does not even appear to have been acquainted with the Provençal language, and consequently made use of his predecessor's translations, as he remarks with great complacency, "*en donnant au style une tournure plus libre et plus variée.*" Of the specimens chosen by him, he has in no instance given the originals; so that the reader, in perusing his volumes, is compelled to form his judgment of poems, the excellence of which consists chiefly in the singular felicity of their versification, from versions into French prose. In this respect, indeed, the Abbé has only followed the example of all the French critics; who, in treating of foreign poetry, are restrained by the unhappy genius of their language from attempting any thing like a metrical imitation. As *M. Millot's* knowledge of his subject was by no means profound, and as his critical powers were not of the highest order, his publication was not calculated to throw any very considerable light on the obscurity in which the literature of Provence was enveloped.†

It is to be added, however, that the poetry of the Troubadours has incidentally attracted the attention of many of the

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\* We should also mention, on this subject, *M. Barbazan's* Fables and Tales of the French Poets in the 11th—15th Centuries, and *M. Roquefort's* Glossary of the Romanse Language: of both which we gave a report in our Appendix to vol. lxxiii. N. S. p. 486—501.

† "The Literary History of the Troubadours," by *Mrs. Dobson*, is an abridgment from *Millot's* "*Histoire Littéraire.*" We have still to lament that we do not possess a more perfect and critical work on a subject so interesting in itself, and so closely connected with the early history of our own poetry.

French literati. M. Ginguéné, in his excellent History of Italian Literature, has devoted some portion of that book to an examination of the merits of the Provençals; and M. de Sismondi, in his Literary History of the South of Europe, has entered more at large into the same question. Still, the observations of the former are chiefly confined to the influence of the Provençal poetry on the Italian; and the latter has done little more than extract from *Millot* such information as suited his purpose; which he has accomplished in an agreeable and popular style, but without adding to our previous knowledge on the subject. About three years after the publication of the first edition of the *Littérature du Midi*, the first volume of the present work made its appearance, on which M. de Sismondi, in his second edition, has made the following judicious observations: "A publication like this can alone enable the literary world to form a judgment of this language and of its poets, which are at present rather matter of conjecture than of study. At the same time, it must throw much light on the literature and manners of antient France."

M. RAYNOUARD'S first volume, which appeared (as we have above stated) in the year 1816, was soon followed by the second and third volumes: but the last three, which complete the design, have but recently been imported into this country. The first contains Historical Proofs of the Antiquity of the Romanse Language; Inquiries into its Origin and Formation; the Elements of its Grammar before the Year 1000; and a Grammar of the Language of the Troubadours. Hence an idea may be formed of the importance of this portion of the undertaking, which is highly creditable to the author's talents both as an antiquary and as a scholar. The Grammar is copious, and illustrated by citations from the original Provençal; to which are added literal translations into modern French. — The second volume contains Dissertations on the Troubadours, and on the Courts of Love, &c.; Monuments of the Romanse Language, up to the Period of those Poets; and an Inquiry into the various Species of their Composition. In order to illustrate the poetry of the Troubadours, the author has given at the commencement of this volume such extracts as display, in the strongest light, the prominent features of their character; and he thus explains his designs with regard to this part of his work:

' I shall attempt to exhibit the tender and affectionate feelings of these passionate but timid lovers; — the wishes, the fears, the hopes, the submission, and the gratitude of love. It cannot but be a pleasing task to listen to the lively and faithful tenderness of these poets, to their delicate frankness, to their touching resignation,



tion, and in short to those peculiar beauties which distinguish the character of a chivalric passion. I shall then translate some passages which throw a light on the manners of the time, and more especially explain the part which the Troubadours took in public affairs. — We cannot refrain from admiring the ardent and daring spirit that led them by turns to blame and to celebrate the actions which they witnessed; while their courage in denouncing the wrongs and injustice of kings and princes, the disorders of the nobles, the excesses of the ignorant and fanatical clergy, and the vices of the people, cannot be denied.

‘ Sometimes, listening only to the voice of religious zeal, they exhorted nations and kings to arm themselves for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre, and to avenge the profanations of the Infidels. Sometimes, marching themselves in the ranks of the Crusaders, they passed into Syria or Palestine; and there, soldiers in the day of danger, they afterward celebrated in their heroic songs the victories and the triumphs of the Christians.

‘ The masculine and sometimes severe freedom, in which the Troubadours indulged, was exhibited frequently on occasion of the religious wars: but, to the honor of the poetical cavaliers, they generally took the part of the oppressed. They attacked with their pen those who by persecutions, in which all charity and reason was abandoned, gave their wise and courageous contemporaries the melancholy privilege of accusing them of the evil which they had done to religion, and of announcing by anticipation the just reproaches of posterity.’

We should have been much better pleased if the author, in translating these specimens, had adhered to the same strict rules by which he governed himself in rendering into modern French the citations in his grammar. Had he given us metrical versions, a considerable latitude might have been allowed: but we cannot coincide with him in his opinion that such translations, when made into prose merely, should have a ‘*facile liberté*,’ or that the writer should enjoy ‘*le privilège d’y joindre les couleurs nécessaires pour donner à la copie une parti de l’éclat de l’original*.’

In this part of his work, it must be remembered that M. RAYNOUARD has selected only detached stanzas, as illustrative of some characteristic sentiments. We shall copy a few of the originals, and subjoin a metrical translation, with no pretensions but those of endeavoring to preserve something of the Provençal air. The following extracts are intended to convey an idea of the devotion of the Troubadours to their mistresses:

“ *Amors a tans de bos mestiers,  
Qu’a totz fai benestans socor,  
Qu’ieu no vey nulh bon servidor,  
Que non cug esser parsoniers,*

*Qu’en*

*Qu'en luec bos pretz no s'abria  
Leu, si non ve per amia ;  
Pueis dizon tug, quant hom fai falhimen,  
Be m par d'aquest qu'en donas non enten."*

Love will ne'er fail in numerous sweet contrivances,  
To recompense all those who serve him; nor  
Have I e'er seen a faithful servitor  
Whom with some rich reward he did not bless ;  
Yet none may hope his favors long to wear  
If uninstructed by some friendly fair ;  
And should he fail, each tongue would o'er and o'er  
Cry, Lo ! 'tis he who slighted Lady-lore !

*" Aissi cum es bella sil de cui chan'  
E belhs son nom, sa terra e son castelh,  
E belh siey dig, siey fag, e siey semblan,  
Vuelh mas coblas movon totas en belh ;  
E dic vos be, si ma chansos valgues  
Aitan cum val aiselha de cui es  
Si vensera totas cellas que son,  
Cum ilh val mais que neguna del mon."*

(GUILLAUME DE ST. DIDIER.)

She whom I sing, how bright she is and fair !  
How fair her name, her castle, and her land !  
How fair is her discourse, action, and air !  
Would that my verses were but half so bland !  
Oh could these simple lines but emulate  
In value that sweet one they celebrate,  
Even so all others would they pass in worth  
As she surpasses all that's fair on earth.

No race of lovers were ever more submissive than the  
Troubadours, who made nothing of " kneeling whole ages at  
a beauty's feet." Witness the following humble lines of the  
fierce Sordello :

*" Sitot amor mi turmenta,  
Ni m' auci, non o planc re  
Qu'al mens muer per la pus genta  
Per qu'ieu prenc lo mal pel be ;  
Ab qu'el plassa e m cossenta  
Qu'ieu de lieys esper merce,  
Ja per nulh maltrag qu'ieu senta  
Non auzira clam de me."*

Though love my heart with torments gall,  
No murmurs from me spring ;  
And though I die beneath his thrall,  
'Tis sweet, thus suffering.

Oh might I hope she will extend  
 Her mercy, graciously,  
 Not all the woes 'neath which I bend  
 Should draw one tear from me.

The confusion of religious ideas with amatory images is certainly, as M. RAYNOUARD justly observes, a remarkable characteristic of the Troubadour poetry: but we cannot subscribe to his opinion that this singular strain of feeling is confined to the writings of the Provençals; and indeed the powerful emotions of piety and of love are too nearly allied in their effect on the heart, not to be occasionally intermingled. How many instances have we of enthusiasts in religion applying the terms of earthly passion to the objects of their worship; and the vows of a young Catholic novice were never paid with more ardent devotion to her heavenly spouse, than the adoration of a Troubadour to his earthly mistress. Many of their poems, even those of a religious cast, have a familiarity of address, when the Deity is approached, which shocks the stricter sense of modern propriety, and borders very nearly on what we should esteem the blasphemous. A stanza from a poem by Bernard de Ventadour will give some idea of the extent to which the Troubadours carried this style of expression. (v. iii. p. 83.)

*“ Ben s'en dec Dieus meravillar  
 Quan mi poc de mi dons partir ;  
 E be m'o dec en grat tenir  
 Quan per lui la volgui deixar ;  
 Qu'el sap ben, sieu la perdia  
 Qu'ieu jamais joy non auria,  
 Ni elk no'l me poiri' esmendar.”*

Well might God marvel with no slight surprise  
 That with my lady sweet I parted; whence  
 He doubtless hath a just and gracious sense  
 How for his sake I made such sacrifice:  
 For well he knows that, losing her, for me  
 No joy can e'er exist, and even he  
 No ample recompense can e'er devise.

From the Serventes or satires of the Troubadours, a species of composition to which they were much attached, M. RAYNOUARD has selected in the second volume a few specimens, that are curious illustrations of the biting spirit in which the Troubadours could occasionally write. The two stanzas subjoined are extracted from a servente addressed by Elias Cairel to the Marquis of Montferrat, reproaching him with his predecessor's

decessor's glory and his own obscurity. The whole poem occurs in vol. iii. p. 293.

*“ Marques, li monges de Clunhic  
Vuelh que fasson de vos capdel  
O siatz abbas de Cystelh,  
Pus lo cor avetz tan mendic,  
Que mais amatz dos buous et un araire,  
A Montferrat, qu alhors estr' emperaire ;  
Ben pot hom dir qu' ancmais filhs de lhaupart  
No s mes en crotz a guiza de raynart.*

*“ Lo regisme de Salonic  
Ses peirier e ses manguanel,  
Pogratz aver, e man castel  
D'autres qu ieu no mentau ni dic ;  
Per Dieu, Marques, Rotlan dis e sos fraire,  
E Guïs Marques e Rainaut lur cofraire,  
Flamenc, Frances, Burgonhos e Lombart,  
Van tug dizan que vos semblatz bāstart.”*

Marquis ! o'er Cluny's monks you should  
Preside, or abbot you should be  
Of some Cistercian brotherhood,  
Your heart so lacks nobility !  
At Montferrat you'd till the ground,  
Rather than rule in many a state. —  
The leopard's offspring ne'er was found  
Like the base fox, degenerate.

Thessalonica might be yours,  
Without machine or stone to aid ;  
And castles with their battled towers  
More than can in my song be said.  
By Heaven, Lord Marquis, every rank —  
Roland, Rinaldo, and Lord Guy —  
Flemish, Burgundian, Lombard, Frank —  
All brand your name with bastardy.

In no instance is the poetry of the Provençals more energetic than when it dwells on the delights of battle and the achievements of chivalry: it then breathes a sort of ferocious joy, in perfect keeping with the character of the poets and the times in which they lived. The serventes of Bertrand de Born are fine instances of this more than martial poetry: but, in the following specimen from Rambaad de Vaqueiras, the fierceness of the warrior is tempered and allayed by a little of the lover's tenderness.

*“ Belhas armas, bos feridors,  
Setges e calabres e picx  
E traucar murs nous et auticx,  
E venser batalhas e tors*

*Vey et aug, e non puesc vezer  
 Ren que m puesc ad amor valer ;  
 E vauc sercan ab rics arneys  
 Guerras e coytas e torneys,  
 Don sui, conquerenz, enrequitz ;  
 E pus joys d'amor m'es falhitz,  
 Totz lo mons me par sot uns ortz,  
 E mos chans no m'es mais conortz."*

Bright arms, brave warriors,  
 And engines wherewithal  
 To shake the antient wall,  
 O'erthrowing troops and towers, —  
 These, though love may despise,  
 Gladden my ears and eyes.  
 Girt in my harness bright,  
 Tourney I seek and fight;  
 But all my conquering gains  
 Love evermore disdains.  
 Reft of his joys, the world a desert is,  
 And even my songs no longer yield me bliss.

We shall now proceed to examine M. RAYNOUARD's account of the *Courts of Love*, — that most singular institution of the age of chivalry. The French writers in general afford us a very unsatisfactory explanation of the nature of this tribunal: but the present author, having fortunately procured access to a valuable manuscript treating of this obscure subject, has been enabled to illustrate it very considerably. The MS. is preserved in the King's library, and bears the title of "*Liber de Arte Amatoriá, et reprobatione Amoris.*" Its author was *André*, a royal chaplain. The courts of love are supposed to have had their origin in the poetical disputations or *tensons* of the Troubadours, which necessarily required some tribunal before which they might be decided; and the author is inclined to refer the institution of these courts to so remote a period as the reign of William IX., Count of Poitiers, the earliest of the Troubadours, who lived about the year 1070. The fair judges, who composed these redoubtable courts, sometimes amounted in number to sixty; and it appears that occasionally some cavaliers were allowed to sit with them in judgment. There were established rules by which the tribunals were governed, and an appeal lay from the inferior to the higher courts. The Code of Love, consisting of thirty-one articles, is given by *André* the chaplain; and from it M. RAYNOUARD has selected some of the most remarkable regulations. As it throws much light on the nature of these tribunals, we shall amuse our readers by translating a few of the laws.



1. Marriage is not a lawful excuse for not falling in love.
2. A man who cannot be silent cannot love.
3. No one can love two persons at the same time.
4. Love must ever be increasing or diminishing.
7. A widowhood of two years must be undergone for a dead lover.
15. Every lover is bound to grow pale on sight of his mistress.
17. A new love expels the old.
23. A true lover is bound to be sparing in sleep and food.
26. Love can deny nothing to love.

The above are a fair specimen of the important regulations contained in this erotic code; and we shall now adduce a few of the judgments pronounced at various periods in the Courts of Love, from which we may gain a better idea of the nature of the jurisdiction. The following is the decision of the Countess of Champagne on the question "Whether true love can exist between married people?"

"We certify, and by the tenor of these presents affirm, that love cannot exert his power in the case of a married couple. In the case of lovers, there is no compulsory necessity, but a married couple are bound to obey of right.

"Let this judgment, formed on mature deliberation, and with the advice of many ladies, stand firm and unquestioned."

The next case came before the same lady.

"A cavalier loved a lady; and, as he did not enjoy frequent opportunities of conversing with her, it was agreed between them that they should communicate by the intervention of a secretary, by which means their passion might be the better concealed. The secretary, however, forgetting the confidence reposed in him, pleaded his own cause, and was heard with a favorable ear. The cavalier then denounced him to the Countess of Champagne, and humbly demanded that the offence should be judged by her and the other ladies; to which the criminal himself assented.

"The Countess, having convoked sixty ladies, pronounced the following judgment:

"Let this fraudulent lover, who has met with a lady worthy of him, that has not blushed to become an accomplice in so shameful an offence, enjoy his ill-bought pleasure, and let her pride herself in her lover. But let them both be for ever excluded from all other attachments; and let them never be convoked to the assemblies of the ladies or the courts of the knights, since he has offended against the knightly oath, and she, contrary to womanly modesty, has yielded to the love of a secretary."

We have already said that the Troubadours were accustomed to refer their poetical contentions, or tençons, to the decision

decision of the Courts of Love ; and the following are a few of the casuistical love-points which were thus propounded.

*Giraud* and *Peyronet* submitted these knotty questions to the tribunals of *Pierrefeu* and *Signe* ; “ Is a lady better wooed when absent or when present ? Which is most productive of love, the heart or the eyes ? ” No decision on these points has reached us.

*Simon Doria* and *Lanfranc Cigalla* discussed the question, “ Which is more worthy of love ; he who gives liberally, or he who gives in spite of his inclination, that he may appear liberal ? ”

Another instance may suffice. *Guillaume de Bergedan*, a Troubadour, referred the following case to a certain lord, respecting a misunderstanding between him and his mistress :

“ The Troubadour had loved a maiden from her infancy : as she grew up, he declared his love ; and she promised to bestow a kiss on him when he should visit her : — but she now refused to fulfil this promise, under the pretext that, at the period when she made it, she was not aware of the consequences.”

His Lordship felt some difficulty in coming to a decision according to the laws of Love : but, having recapitulated the arguments of the parties, and taken advice, he decided that the lady should be at the mercy of the Troubadour, who should take a kiss and immediately restore the same.

What, continues the author, was the authority of these tribunals, and what were their sanctions ?

‘ I answer, *Opinion* ; — that authority which is so powerful wherever it exists : — *Opinion*, which will not suffer a knight to live contentedly in his castle, and in the bosom of his family, while his compeers are crossing the ocean : — *Opinion*, which forces a gamester to pay his debts of honor, while the creditors who have supplied his household with provisions are turned back without shame : — *Opinion*, which will not permit us to refuse a challenge, though the law has denounced it as a crime : — *Opinion*, before which even tyrants themselves are compelled to recoil. — The very circumstance, that the Courts of Love possessed no other influence than that of opinion, is an additional characteristic which is well worthy of our attention, and which assigns to this institution a distinguished place in the history of the customs and manners of the middle ages.’

It has always appeared to us that the real nature of these tribunals has been much mistaken by the French writers, and that they have treated the subject with a gravity and solemnity to which it has no pretensions ; and M. RAYNOUARD has not escaped the same error. No one can read the decrees promulgated by the fair judges without immediately perceiving  
that

that they are only the offspring of a playful fancy, and that the questions propounded to them were purely fictitious. It is also observable that many of the cases are merely hypothetical, without any statement of facts, and that in none are the names of the parties mentioned. What, then, becomes of the powerful influence of *Opinion*, when the individuals on which it was to operate were unknown? How far these courts contributed, in the words of M. de Sismondi, "to polish the manners of the age, by inflicting in the name of *public opinion* a punishment on those who failed to observe the laws of delicacy;" \* or how far, according to Ugo Foscolo, "they protected the reputation and perhaps the virtue of the fair sex"†; may, we think, reasonably admit of doubt. If the laws preserved by *André* are to be regarded as the ordinances which the courts enforced, it is evident that their jurisdiction did not tend to promote the purity of manners: if, on the contrary, that code was intended only to govern those imaginary proceedings in which the genius of their poets and the wit of their ladies might be displayed, it is vain to talk in a serious tone of these tribunals as judicial institutions which took cognizance of offences against good faith and good manners, and enforced their decrees by the sanction of "public opinion."

After a dissertation on the earliest specimens of the Romanse language which are collected in this volume, the author proceeds to make some inquiries into the various species of the poetry of the Troubadours. — The principal of these were the *vers*, *chanson*, or *chant*, and *son*, or *sonnet*, which all signified a lyric piece, and are with difficulty distinguished from one another: — the *plante*, or *complainte*, which was a kind of elegy: — the *tenson*, which we have already mentioned, and which was a poem in dialogue between two or more interlocutors: — the *servente*, which was a satirical piece, and a very favourite style of composition among the Troubadours: — the *descort*, an irregular poem: — the *pastoral*: — the *pièces à refrain*, or poems with chorus or burthen, under which head a variety of compositions was classed, as the *aubade* and *serenade*: — the *pièces avec commentaire*: — the *epitre*: — the *novelles*; — and *romans*.

‘ Among the poems of the Troubadours, are many to which various names have been applied: but different species of poetry are not always indicated by these names, nor even different species of verse. The distinctions frequently relate merely to the subject,

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\* *Littérature du Midi*, vol. i. p. 228.

† *Essays on Petrarch*, p. 8.

Several of the Troubadour pieces, which are divided into stanzas, are terminated by one or more "*envoys*," invariably shorter than the stanza, though in verse of the same measure, and rhyming with the concluding line of the stanza. These envoys, usually in the form of an apostrophe, were sometimes addressed to the lady or the lord who was celebrated by the poet; and at other times the verses themselves were apostrophized, or the jongleurs by whom they were to be recited, or the messengers to whom they were intrusted. The denomination of *tornadas*, or returns, was likewise given to these envoys; doubtless because they were the repetition of a thought which had been before expressed in the poem, or because the envoy was composed of one of the preceding verses.

From the specimens selected by this author to illustrate the various nature of the Provençal muse, we quote a *servente* (one of the most celebrated and peculiar styles of composition among the Troubadours) by *Bertrand de Born*, a most renowned warrior and poet.

" *Be m' play lo douz temps de pascor  
Que fai fuelhas e flors venir ;  
E play mi quant aug la baudor  
Dels auzels que fan retentir  
Lor chan per lo boscatge ;  
E plai me quan vey sus els pratz  
Tendas e pavallos fermatz ;  
E plai m' en mon coratz,  
Quan vey per campanhas rengatz  
Cavalliers ab cavals armatz.*

" *E play mi quan li corredor  
Fan las gens e ls avers fugir ;  
E plai me quan vey aprop lor  
Gran ren d'armatz ensems brugir ;  
Et ai gran alegratz,  
Quan vey fortz castelhs assetjatz,  
E murs fondre e derocatz,  
E vey l'ost pel ribatge  
Qués tot entorn claus de fossatz  
Ab lissas de fortz pals serratz.*

\* \* \* \*

" *Lansas e brans, elms de color,  
Escutz traucar e desguarnir  
Veyrem a l'intrar de l'estor,  
E mans vassalhs ensems ferir,  
Don anaran a ratge  
Cavalhs dels mortz e dels nafratz ;  
E ja pus l'estorn er mesclatz,  
Negus hom d'aut paratge  
Non pens mas d'asclar caps e bratz  
Que mais val mortz que vius sobratz.*

" *Je*

“ *Je us die que tan no m'a sabor  
Manjars ni beure ni dormir,  
Cum a quant aug cridar : A lor !  
D'ambas las partz ; et aug agnir  
Cavals voitx per l'ombratge  
Et aug cridar : aidatz ! aidatz !  
E vei cazer per los fossatz  
Paucs e grans per l'erbatge  
E vei los mortz que pels costatz  
Au los tronsons outre passatz.*

“ *Baros, metetz en gatge  
Castels e vilas e ciutatz  
Enans q'usquecs no us guerreiatz.  
Papiol, d'agradatge  
Ad Oc e No tem vai viatz  
Dic li que trop estan en patz.*

It pleases me well, the sweet spring-time,  
When the leaves and flowers abound ;  
It pleases me well to hear the chime  
Of the bird's blythe song resound  
Through each verdant tree ;  
And I joy in the meadows to gaze upon  
Tent and martial pavilion :

And it pleases me  
To stretch my eye over plains and meads,  
Upon cavaliers and their gallant steeds.

And it pleases me from our fierce attack  
To see warriors and coursers flying ;  
And well pleased am I in our fiery track  
To find the soldier dying.

And joyful am I  
When castles of strength before us fall,  
With ruin'd turret and crumbled wall :  
Or when I espy,  
On some river's bank, an army arrayed,  
Guarded with fosse and with palisade.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lance and sword and broken shield,  
And helmet of color bright,  
Shall meet our eyes on the bloody field  
Where the wounded vassals fight.

While with broken girth  
The masterless steed from the ranks rushes out ;  
And while, in the mingled pursuit and rout,  
Each warrior of worth

Thinks



Thinks but how stoutest his blows he may give,  
 Since 'tis better to die than be conquered and live.  
 I tell you that nothing such savour has  
     In eating or drinking or sleep,  
 As when I hear the war-cry pass  
     “ Upon them !” while coursers sweep  
     Riderless by :  
 When, 'mid cries of “ Rescue !” shrill and loud,  
 The fosse is filled with a gory crowd,  
     Where mingled lie  
 Chieftain and soldier dying and dead,  
 Mangled and maimed on their grassy bed.  
 Barons ! your castles pledge, and your bowers,  
 Your cities, your villages, and your towers,  
     Ere to the war ye throng ;  
 And Papiol \*, hie thee on thy way,  
 And tell thou the Lord of Yea and Nay †,  
     That peace hath been too long.

The third volume contains a collection of the amatory poetry of the Provençals, between the years 1090 and 1260; while the fourth comprizes tensons, historical complaints, poems on the Crusades, various serventes, and some moral and religions poems. The lives of the Troubadours, and an appendix to the poems in the preceding volumes, fill the fifth. These lives are chiefly collected from MSS., and are in the Provençal tongue. In the sixth and last volume, we have a comparative grammar of such of the European languages as are derived from the Latin, as far as they are connected with the Provençal. We understand it to be the intention of M. RAYNOUARD to complete this valuable body of Provençal literature, by adding to it a Dictionary of the Romanse language; on which account we repeat our mention of M. *Roquefort's* Glossary, cited in our note to p.450. That gentleman was distinguished for his intimate acquaintance with the early literature of his country.

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ART. II. *Voyage en Valachie et en Moldavie ; &c. ; i. e.* Travels in Wallachia and Moldavia ; with Observations relative to the History, Natural History, and Politics of those States, and Notes and Additions concerning material Points. Translated from the Italian by M. *Lejeune*. 8vo. pp.188. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

OF Mr. Wilkinson's account of Wallachia and Moldavia we took notice in our xcviith volume, p. 28., but the present is an older geographical description, of Italian origin,

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\* The name of *Bertrand de Born's* jongleur.

† Richard Cœur de Lion.

translated from an anonymous tour published at Milan in 1821, and enriched with various notes, which throw additional light on the topics discussed. If we find more antiquarian knowlege in this book, still for popular and practical and useful remark we give the preference to that of Mr. Wilkinson; and we deem it needless to recommend the translation of these travels, for any important purpose either of political, statistical, or commercial information. For this reason, and also because our extracts from Mr. Wilkinson's work were copious, we shall be the more concise on the present occasion: but, as some particulars occur here, which were there passed over unrecorded, we will select a few of them.

The author appears from his preface to have resided more than ten years in Wallachia, and had the opportunity of observing it at every variety of season. He begins with an outline of the political history, of which we have already said enough, and closes his sketch of the political slavery of the province with this exclamation: 'Just God! deign one day to deliver these unfortunate nations from so deplorable a tyranny: thou hast granted them a fertile and enviable soil; do thou bestow on its inhabitants a secure and peaceful enjoyment of it, that they may bless thy holy name.'

To the topography of the provinces succeeds an account of the climate, which is severer than it might be expected to be from the latitude; particularly as much of the land lies low, and the whole delta of the Danube is subject to extensive inundations. The winter begins at the solstice, and usually lasts to the 20th of February; during all which interval, the rivers are choked with ice, and the frosts are intense. Northern lights are common in the autumn, and are supposed in proportion to their brilliancy to presage lasting cold. The thaw is sudden, the spring beautiful, the summer tempestuous, the autumn temperate, and all the seasons are singularly regular; so that winds blow for weeks together, and it rains daily at the same hour. Still the air is not wholesome, and people are old at the age of sixty. Dwarfs abound, and persons troubled with goîtres.

The vegetable world, however, seems to delight in this region; and, although the frosts are so severe that it is necessary to bury the vines during the winter, yet they ripen excellent grapes, and produce fine wine, which the natives chuse to flavor with wormwood. — Corn of all kinds flourishes well; maize, lentils, kidney-beans, and barley, which last is given to horses in preference to oats. Tobacco, water-melons, mushrooms, cucumbers, Jerusalem artichokes, turnip-cabbages, spinach, hemp, flax, and wormwood, the salt of which

last is exported, are extensively cultivated. The apples called *Domniasca* are the finest in Europe, for size, taste, and odor: but neither fig nor olive trees can stand the climate.

Of animals, the supply is not so various nor so excellent as in plants: but there are sheep, whose wool is fine, and who are driven at different seasons from the plains to the mountains, and cheese is made of their milk: there are also horses, which supply the Austrian cavalry, but asses and mules are scarce; and the goats, oxen, and buffaloes, are not of eminent quality. Hares and wolves abound: bears are frequent; and the gypsies are remarkably skilful in taming them.

Among the insects, bees are especially numerous, and the wax which they supply passes for the best in Europe; particularly where the bees feed in the neighbourhood of lime-trees. Indeed they make from the blossom of this tree a peculiar sort of green wax, which they employ as a cement to stop openings in the hive, and which is collected separately as a delicate perfume. Locusts are dreadfully common: they appear to come from the Asiatic coast, and arrive about autumn in thick clouds, which darken the air. Wherever they perch, they strip vegetation bare, and are peculiarly ruinous to the maize. Regiments are called out to attack them, and artillery is fired upwards against them with great effect, the destruction being effected by the gunpowder merely. They leave eggs in the soil of this country; and in the spring, when the young grubs begin to crawl, the peasantry are rewarded for collecting and destroying them. Birds are plentiful, especially water-fowl of all kinds, and nightingales. Of fish, the sturgeon supplies the most conspicuous article of commerce; and caviar prepared here is sent in abundance to Constantinople.

The mineral wealth of the district is in a great degree unexplored: but there are manufactories both of salt and saltpetre; the latter being near Sorocca, where many ruins are to be traced. A sort of bitumen, or fossil tar, is collected, with which lamps for carriages are supplied. Amber is found in many places. The mountains are mostly calcareous, but symptoms of extinct volcanoes may be discovered. Grains of gold are found in certain rivers.

Galatz and Ibrail, on the Danube, are the principal ports of commerce: but, for want of quarantine-precautions, they often suffer from the plague. With Trebizond, Constantinople, Smyrna, and the Greek islands, the chief traffic subsists.

The taxes are imposed on wine, flocks, bee-hives, houses, salt-mines, &c., and are sold by auction to certain farmers-general.

general. There is also a capitation-tax, and a form of assessing fixed property, to which the monasteries submit.

Relays of post-horses are established throughout these principalities, at the regular distance of twelve miles.

Bucharest and Jassy are the chief cities, if such they can be called; for every large house is surrounded with a large garden, so that they resemble in appearance a cluster of villas rather than a town. The markets, or bazars, are constructed in the Turkish manner. The manners of the people are licentious, and the marriage-tie is but feebly respected. The language is a strange medley of Slavonian, Latin, and Greek.

To the various details which we have been abridging, and which occupy thirty chapters, succeed translations of five state-papers relative to the form of government and the rights and immunities of the provinces. — On the whole, this is not an unwelcome contribution to the better knowledge of a region, which the next war will probably appropriate to some new European sovereign.

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ART. III. *Journal des Opérations de l'Armée de Catalogne, &c.*; i. e. a Journal of the Operations of the Army of Catalonia in 1808 and 1809, commanded by General GOUVION SAINT-CYR; or Materials for the History of the Spanish War, by Marshal GOUVION SAINT-CYR. 8vo. pp. 503. Illustrated by a Map of the Mediterranean Provinces from Rosas to Murcia, and a Portfolio of Plates. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 17. 16s.

ANY readable work, which is designed to elucidate the occurrences of the Peninsular war, must be interesting at a moment like the present; an epoch which is fraught with the most intense anxiety, and with incalculable consequences to the whole chain of European organization, or in fact to the interior economy of civilized society throughout the world. When, therefore, a publication appears which not only professes to attempt such elucidation, but asserts its claim to be placed in the archives of future historians of those extraordinary events with which it is connected, and is, moreover, the production of one who bore a very conspicuous share in developing those events, it cannot fail to excite proportionate curiosity; the indulgence of which, in the present instance, (notwithstanding some nationalities which almost every French author betrays,) will amply recompense the investigator's trouble.

We need not enter into any preliminary observations respecting Marshal GOUVION SAINT-CYR himself, for his name and character are sufficiently known. The work is, in general,

well composed; and, though it has long been published in France, it is still eagerly read and purchased in all the European states, and is not of the less importance because it preceded the extensive undertaking of the English poet-laureate. \*

The Marshal commences his record of the Catalonian war with true military precaution, devoting about two pages to a short defence or explanation of his motives in assuming the pen; and we could not help being struck by the congruence of ideas which placed this little advanced guard before the main body of the work. The candor also of this *avant-propos*, as the author styles his advertisement, is very unlike the vain-glorious boast of his brother-marshal, *Jourdan*, in his answer to the Strategy of Prince Charles: "*Soldier from the cradle, I can handle the sword better than the pen.*" M. DE SAINT-CYR has not even embodied a hint to such effect throughout his performance; and indeed so small a portion of unnecessary *esprit de nation*, or *de corps*, appears, that we shall closely translate his exposition for the perusal of our readers, in order that they may judge of his style and motives.

‘ I have very frequently been urged to publish memoirs of our campaigns. Though alarmed by the difficulties attending such an undertaking, while at the same time I felt convinced that it is the duty of every citizen to contribute, by the offerings of his experience, to the progress of the art to which a great portion of his life has been consecrated, I have not deemed it proper to resist the desire of making an attempt, which the leisure of peace, moreover, permitted me to undertake. The historians of those wars, which France has so gloriously sustained during nearly a quarter of a century, may thus be furnished with materials less susceptible of being altered than those that are brought forwards in a clandestine or less authentic manner.

‘ I have chosen for this effort the campaign of Catalonia, because the numerous contrarieties of all descriptions, which I had witnessed in it, have left its events more deeply engraven on my memory; as also because a national war, like that of Spain, appears to me to offer more interest than one in which two regular armies are carrying on a systematic contest. †

‘ I have not judged it right, in consideration of my rank as General, to confine myself to a simple narrative of facts, or to refrain from indicating whatever appeared to me as faults. The opinions which I have stated in this respect may serve to elucidate

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\* We are perusing Mr. Southey's voluminous history of the war in Spain, and shall very shortly give our opinion of it.

† The Marshal might have added that this circumstance, of a national war, was the very reason why the disciplined masses of the Imperial warrior met with so many *contrariétés*.



discussion, if it ever occurs, respecting the operations of this campaign, and may perhaps even assist in forming a judgment of them.

‘ As I wish to be generally understood, I have not employed all those scientific terms which have lately been introduced in our military works. These expressions, chiefly imitated from German writers, who borrowed them from the Greek, may be very useful in their proper place, but do not appear to me to have obtained a sufficient share of publicity to be employed in a work of this nature, which can never be too clearly intelligible.

‘ I have given plans of the principal battles, and maps of the country which was the scene of operations, in order to avoid prolix descriptions, which interrupt the train of events, and do not so well explain them.

‘ There will also be found, at the end of this memoir, a great number of articles, which I conceive are proper to convince the reader of the good faith with which I have sought the truth.’

An introduction of sixteen pages follows; and though we are often averse to introductions in historical works, we cannot express any dislike to the present; which gives a short relation of the circumstances that took place, from the treaty of Tilsit to the opening of General SAINT-CYR's campaign. We are thus, without much unnecessary fatigue, at once brought to the field of action; while we are generally put in possession of the requisite preceding circumstances, the whole of which could not otherwise have presented themselves to our memory. — The causes of the Spanish war, strictures on its effects, and the origin of the author's appointment to command the army of Catalonia, (or rather the seventh division of the Grand Army,) are all noticed in its small compass.

Though we wish to hasten to an examination of the narrative itself, we cannot refrain from extracting a part of the author's opinions on the motives of this memorable war, because we shall thus enable our readers to follow us hereafter with greater precision.

‘ The treaty of Tilsit was signed on the 8th of July, 1807. Napoleon had long cherished the project of conquering Spain; the occasion now appeared favorable, and he was not without his causes for complaint. The hostile plans of the Spanish government shortly before the battle of Marengo, when he beheld it only hesitating to join the Coalition until the result of their efforts was decided, — and more recently the menacing proclamations of the Prince of the Peace, which reached him, whom they designated as the enemy of the world, on the field of Jena; at the moment when he had the North to combat, and when the interior as well as the south of the empire was without the means of defence, — appeared to him to justify his schemes of conquest over

a power that was his ally, it is true, but an ally in whom he could not trust, after these evidences of its desire to enter the Coalition on the first appearance of reverses.

‘ In fact, if he had contented himself with declaring honorable and open war against Charles IV. ; — and if, in conformity to the principles of a just and severe equity, and as a preliminary step, he had sent back the corps of the Marquis *de la Romana* to that king who had furnished them to him, as an ally ; — he would have prevented this war from assuming a character of treason which is always odious : while the Spanish people would have considered it only as a political struggle between sovereigns, in which the nation needed not to take part, and which was to be determined only by their respective armies. Thus the strife would have been quickly terminated, and almost without an effusion of blood.

‘ The unprovided and desolate state, in which the Prince of the Peace had left the army, had caused a degree of discontent in it almost beyond expression, and had made it a prey to the most complete disorganization. It was badly clothed, worse armed, without any sort of instruction, and the cavalry without horses. With no fear, therefore, of being too bold in assertion, we may say that it could not assist its king ; who, far from then reigning securely, was already almost hurled from his throne by the impulse of the just hatred excited against the favorite throughout the whole nation ; and which was at last so formidably directed towards a more august personage, that at this epoch a forced abdication, or the abandonment of the Peninsula for an asylum in America, was universally foreseen, and considered as quickly approaching. The royal power was therefore nothing ; and it may be affirmed that the monarch, or the conqueror, who should have presented himself on the Spanish frontiers, proclaiming his intention to overturn the abhorred government of the Prince of the Peace, would have been seconded by the energy of the country at large. Hence it may be concluded that the Spanish people would have looked on the French as their liberators, if, instead of beholding them sustaining the instrument of that debasing despotism which they themselves wished to shake off, they had found in them the intention of opposing the common enemy.

‘ Napoleon had enveloped himself in a tissue of intrigues, which cannot be detailed here, but which may be found in the Memoirs on the Spanish Revolution by M. *de Pradt*, and in the Memoirs published by *Don Pedro de Cevallos*, minister of the Spanish sovereigns, Charles IV. and Ferdinand VII. He committed error after error. For instance, in order to draw off as far as possible the corps of the Marquis *Romana*, and to deprive Spain of the assistance of these troops, he placed them in a Danish island ; thus throwing in the way of English policy the facility of furnishing them with the means of escaping him, and leaving only the shame of having in vain attempted to corrupt the leaders.

‘ The regiments of infantry destined to conquer Spain were composed, by his express orders, of conscripts only, who had not  
made

made a campaign ; and not merely did he become reconciled to the Prince of the Peace, but leagued himself more intimately with him ; while this favorite could only facilitate the invasion of some provinces by the delivery of several strong places, and entail on Napoleon, in exchange for such barren advantage, the horror with which he himself inspired the Spanish people, — still more augmented by these appearances of treason, which goaded to madness every individual of *this courageous nation, (promptly inflamed at all times,) overturned all the projects of the Emperor, and paved the way for the destruction of his power.* \*

*Murat's* precipitate occupation of the capital, the intimate knowlege of the unsoldierlike habits of his young conscripts which the Spaniards thus obtained, the detestation which this invasion of their cherished metropolis engendered in the breasts of all, and, finally, the anger which Napoleon felt towards *Murat* for his hasty measure, preceded as it was by the insurrection of the 2d of May, appear to have first opened the French ruler's eyes to the truth ; and we trust that they may not be long overlooked in the events now acting on the same theatre.

For several months, the very peasants kept at bay the whole French army, then united by enthusiasm and love of their warlike monarch ; and it was not until the garrisons of Minorca and Majorca disembarked in Catalonia, after six or seven months of hard struggling, that the insurgents, as they were styled by the French, had even the prospect of being assisted by regular forces : nor till that period when *Palacios* was appointed General-in-chief, did the war assume a decided feature, and then the division of General *Duhesme* suffered a notable defeat before the walls of the afterward famous city of Gerona.

If dispersed and unconnected peasants, sedentary citizens, and immured mechanics, could thus for a length of time uphold unassisted the integrity and glory of their country, what would the Spanish nation have achieved if it had subsequently been undefiled by traitors, and could have thrown the mass of its courageous population in any decided form against its hated invaders ? Fate had ordained otherwise ; and it remained able only to co-operate with the soldiers of Great Britain, by whose powerful aid they expelled the Gaulish hordes from the bosom

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\* The passage which we have marked by italics affords, as coming from the pen of one of *Bonaparte's* best Generals, a tolerably correct foundation on which we may build an opinion as to the probable result of foreign interference in the affairs of the Peninsula, particularly on the part of the French.

of that soil, between which and their own plains nature has set her almost impassable and insurmountable barriers.

The eyes of Europe, and indeed of the world, were fixed on this conflict: its honorable termination gained universal applause; and in the minds of those who were unacquainted with the real fact, to be a Briton on Spanish ground was synonymous with having an unlimited passport to the good offices of Iberian society. The unhappy truth, however, time has shewn to be directly the reverse; and, although every allowance may be made by the unprejudiced mind for the envy which English glory might naturally create in the breast of the taciturn yet observing Spaniard, still it is now an acknowledged fact that few, except among the most enlightened of the superior classes in Spain, even deign to look on their British deliverers otherwise than as adventurers, whose object was to crush the mighty power of Napoleon rather than to free Spain from his iron yoke.

As, with all the claims which England thus had on Spanish liberality and love, she could not even command their gratitude or their thanks, what is to be expected from the proud and self-satisfied Castilian, when the same race from whom he suffered to the extremity, and from whose malignity his very fields are yet strewn with the unbleached remains of his nearest and dearest kindred, once more present themselves in the passes of the Pyrennées, pouring on his again devoted country, and about to renew those dreadful scenes of murder and rapine, and to snatch from his grasp the few remaining comforts which he may yet enjoy? — We must answer that he will fight with the energy of desperation; that schisms will ultimately be forgotten, and private and public feuds buried in oblivion; and that Spain, coping with the divided French, will enjoy advantages, notwithstanding her impoverished state, which were before unknown to her. The consequences of her success, if so it happens, cannot be foreseen: but the European world may be plunged into a conflict, the probable issue of which must create the most poignant reflection in an unprejudiced mind. If, notwithstanding the zealous endeavors of our ministry to avoid the expences and responsibilities of such a war, it should become unavoidable on our part, and the British people be once forced into exertion, the passage of the Bidassoa will not be effaced from the memory of France for ages yet to come.

In combining the various circumstances which it is necessary for the mind to call together, when contemplating this question, it may assist the inquiry to observe what were the opinions of the greatest men, who by their publications have established



established certain generally recognized truths in the science of government. Let us, therefore, consult the pages of Puffendorf, or Grotius, or Vattel, or even of the unassuming Paley. Vattel, the most excellent of these writers on the subject of the relations of states and nations, explicitly says :

“ As to the conduct of foreign nations, they ought not to interfere in the constitutional government of an independent state. It is not for them to judge between contending citizens, nor between the prince and his subjects: to them the two parties are equally foreigners, equally independent of their authority. They may, however, interpose their good offices for the restoration of peace; and this the law of nature prescribes to them.”

Paley also reckons “ the internal disputes carried on in other nations, their accidental weaknesses or misfortunes, as among the unjustifiable causes of war;” and all allow that a stranger-power can interfere only when some aggression has been made on its rights, or when by remaining neuter it is in danger of its liberties or its power. Such reasons England urged for interfering in the affairs of France; her political existence being deemed at stake, when the avowed object of the iron sway of Napoleon was to level her to the dust: but has France the same reasons for interfering in the domestic concerns of Spain? Would she dread annihilation from the armed population of the half of Europe, if the constitutional stone was bedded on an imperishable foundation; or if the race of the Spanish Bourbons sat on a throne sanctioned by the voice of their people, instead of swaying by the oppressions of a few? Certainly not. The Pyrennées afforded a tolerably secure frontier to the designs of the insidious, if indeed there be men in Spain mad enough to force such barriers merely to propagate certain notions; and the solemn treaties of the holy allies were evident tokens that the Gallic Bourbon rulers would alone be tolerated in the patrimony of St. Louis, whatever might be the wishes either of the French or of their neighbours.

The volume before us, to which it is time to return, is divided into ten chapters, with a few pages following as a sort of rear-guard; which, bearing the running title of ‘ Conclusion,’ are devoted to a development of the Marshal's sentiments respecting the faults committed in the Catalonian war. About one-third of this thick octavo is then filled up with such documents as were considered proper to be laid before the public, in order to substantiate the narrative, or to support the writer's opinions.

Marshal SAINT-CYR was not a very great favorite of the French Emperor, who had however a high opinion of his talents.



talents. If we may credit the Marshal's own account of the reasons which induced *Bonaparte* to feel some dislike against him, we shall find that, when the First Consul wished to assume the purple, that officer, then commanding in Italy, prevented the troops there from electing their future Emperor after the manner of the Romans; giving as a motive for his objection to such a mode of election, "his duty to his country," to whom alone it belonged to offer the eagles and the diadem; the business of the army being merely to second and obey the voice of the nation. Throughout the narrative, therefore, we discover, amid much expressed admiration of Napoleon's genius, every inclination to lay at his door all the *contrariétés* of the war; particularly by repeated assertions that the army of Catalonia was left in the most unprovided and destitute state, on purpose that, by its failure, it might contribute towards establishing an opinion then prevalent in France, that "*victory followed only in the footsteps of the Corsican.*" Surely, however, it is not probable that Bonaparte, who, even by the author's own account, intended to secure his conquest of Spain by annexing Catalonia entirely to France,—not even permitting his Generals to correspond with his brother King Joseph,—should, while filled with the idea of the primary importance of this annexation, deny to the corps which he ordered to execute his measures the means of performing them. Moreover, Napoleon was by no means ignorant of the difficulties which, when he had once gained full possession of this strong province, the Spaniards would have in wresting it from him; and on such possession he had grounded the very existence of his power in the Peninsula. Had the author, instead of blaming his former master, asserted that the impatience of the Emperor would not allow him to calculate the probabilities of the national ardor, the enthusiasm, and the devotion of the Catalonian people, we should have cordially assented to his argument; for, in truth, when the French ruler detached his conscripts and Italians under SAINT-CYR to hold Barcelona, and convert the province into French territory, he was in a dream of grandeur from which the *Somatenes*, the *Miquelets*, the mere militia and untrained peasantry of Catalonia, soon aroused him, to a consciousness of the injustice of his design and the folly of his attempt.

Chapter i. commences at that portion of the Peninsular war, when the writer assumed the command of the seventh corps of the Grand Army; and it details his operations from the 1st of September, 1808, the work itself closing with the transactions up to the 1st of October, 1809. His entry into Catalonia, the siege of Rosas, the appointment of General

*Vivès*

*Vivès* to succeed the Marquis *del Palacio* in the command of the province, the re-union and formation of the Spanish army on the Llobregat, the blockade and siege of Barcelona by *Vivès*, and the taking of Rosas by the French, are the topics included in this section. Generals *Duquesne* and *Reille* had hitherto carried on the war in Catalonia; and to their divisions were now united those from Italy, of *Souham* and *Pino*, thus forming the seventh corps of that Grand Army, which was then traversing France to invade Spain, under the personal command of the Emperor himself. — After a description of the species of troops which constituted this seventh corps, (chiefly young soldiers, and Italians,) the following passage occurs; which shews the eagerness of Napoleon to secure Catalonia, with the opinion which he entertained of SAINT-CYR's military resources; while it singularly contradicts several of the vituperations and assertions of the author.

‘ In his way to Paris, the General-in-chief (SAINT-CYR) saw Napoleon, who made him acquainted with the disasters which his armies had sustained, and which were then unknown to the public. They were the first reverses that he had experienced on the Continent, and he was peculiarly affected by them, even almost to dejection. We have since beheld him receive intelligence of much greater misfortunes with the most frigid insensibility. \*

‘ The General-in-chief asked him, on taking leave, whether he had any particular instructions to give him: “No,” replied he, “all that I wish to recommend to you is to use your best exertion to preserve Barcelona for me; because, if you lose this place, I shall not retake it with eighty thousand men.” ’

A description, perhaps much heightened, of the unprovided state of the seventh corps, next follows; and it is properly succeeded by a sketch of the military resources and appearances of Catalonia, which we would recommend to the serious consideration of the present Minister of War in France. The ensuing short paragraphs are particularly interesting at this crisis :

‘ Catalonia, possessing the largest and finest population, men who are the most capable also from their habits of defending their almost impregnable territory, owes its riches to its commerce, its industry, and its manufactures:—whence it follows that, in all wars, it has made and will ever make immense sacrifices, rather than become even temporarily a French province, because such an union would involve the inevitable ruin of its manufactures, which could not, under any circumstances, sustain a comparison with ours. Its efforts in the last struggle were incon-

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\* We observe that Mr. Southey has embodied this paragraph in his text, with an acknowledgement which supports its veracity.

ceivable. Those of its inhabitants, who were capable of carrying arms, were embodied under the denomination of *Somatenes*\*; who, at the first sound of the bells or other signals, furnished themselves with provisions for several days, and took post on the strongest known positions of their respective cantons: contributing with, and even more than, the troops of the line to the defence of their country. Forty *Tercios*† of *Miquelets*‡, without reckoning a great number of recruits furnished to the regular army, had been embodied, and the province had already for eight months, at its own expence, and without any assistance of specie, maintained forty-six thousand men.§ The *Miquelets* encamped with the troops of the line, and shared in all their operations; while the *Somatenes* occupied the mountains, roads, and defiles, rendered the communications impracticable, observed the march of the enemy's columns on their flanks or in their front, aided all the movements, and protected the retreat of the troops of the line. The inhabitants of the strong places themselves defended their ramparts, with a devotion to their country which, allowing the reduction of the garrisons, left a greater number of soldiers disposable. Companies of women were even organized at Gerona, and these heroines were of the most important service during the siege.

‘ We must add to these difficulties that Spain is a maritime power, and that she may employ her ships with equal facility and success in defending a province abounding with good anchorage, and protected by fortifications. In this war, the English navy supplied the place of that of Spain, which previous circumstances had almost destroyed. All these united advantages have given to Catalonia the appellation of the rampart of Spain.

‘ If Napoleon had wished to make a solid conquest, he ought to have first secured Catalonia, where he should have employed the chief strength of his army: but he chose to enter by the more open country, as the easiest mode of quickly arriving at Madrid; and thinking that, when master of that capital, he should thence dictate peace, as he had done at Vienna, &c. &c. He was, however, in an unpardonable error, for so enlightened a mind. A people which defends its territory sees only in the capital a city to retake, the loss of which may be a great check, but forms also a greater motive for continuing the war.’||

Almost

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\* Militia peculiar to Catalonia. The *tocsin* in Spanish is *somaten*.

† Light infantry corps, stronger than an ordinary battalion, and composed each of ten companies. Generally, these regiments amounted to about 1000 men.

‡ *Miquelets*, who derive their name from *Miquelot de Prats*, a noble adherent of *Cæsar Borgia*, are chosen men, selected from the most active of the *Somatenes*.

§ It is to be remembered that only Catalonia did this.

|| By a very singular coincidence, the *Duc d'Angoulême* has pursued the same impolitic line of operations which Napoleon adopted;

Almost the whole of this chapter is taken up with a detail of the great want of men and means which the corps sustained at the commencement of this campaign, but which appears to us to be exaggerated. The siege of Rosas, and its capture, are the principal events recorded faithfully; and in the course of the detail we met with this little anecdote. An officer and fifty Italian grenadiers being ordered to storm an apparent breach, the officer, who had been in the Spanish service, remonstrated; saying that he knew the place well, and there was no actual breach, but, if commanded, he would go: he went, and was killed; and only two grenadiers returned to tell the tale, who said that they had seen the English throw a rope over the rampart to two others of their unfortunate companions, drawing them up in safety to the platform; adding that the English might have killed them also, if they had chosen, while escaping. — The remarks made by the author, on the extraordinary facility with which 3000 men in such a strong place as Rosas were taken, and the incredulity of the British sailors on this subject, are very pertinent. The British nation entertained notions similar to those of its gallant tars. — This chapter is closed with true French *naïveté*: ‘The English, who defended Fort de la Trinidad, blew up the powder-magazine, burnt the buildings, and then, *to our great satisfaction*, abandoned the gulf of Rosas.’

Chapter ii. details the march to Barcelona, the passage of the Fluvia and the Ter, the cutting off of the Spanish advanced guard commanded by Marquis de Lazan, the battle of Cardedeu, the route of the Spanish army, and the raising of the siege of Barcelona. Like the preceding chapter, this is too much occupied with the attempt to magnify those difficulties which the French General had to combat. Such was the ardor of the Catalans in this war, that it is well known they made use of hollow wood, hooped with iron, instead of cannon, not being able to procure a sufficient supply of artillery. We do not find that M. DE SAINT-CYR mentions this curious fact in his list of *contrariétés*. — A little anecdote, *à la Française*, occurs, relative to the personal danger to which he was subjected in discovering a path over the mountains, which the whole of his staff had in vain sought; and to the existence of which, on the faith of a shepherd, he had pledged himself to his army. By his unintentional acknowledgement, the apparent non-existence of this little path had very nearly

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adopted; marching with the main body straight on Madrid, and leaving a small corps with Marshal Moncey to conquer the nearly impervious Catalonia.

created a mutiny; the army of Catalonia being very averse to march along the coast, or the open road, where they imagined that the English ships would salute them rather too uncere- moniously. The best *morçeau* of this account is the follow- ing: 'In scaling the mountain, the General-in-chief fell into an ambuscade of *Somatenes*, who were guarding the cattle which they had led into the woods: but the picked men of the Napoleon dragoons, hearing of their General's danger, seized their carbines; and, leaving only a sufficient guard with their horses, escalated the mountain, notwithstanding their great boots, with the rapidity of lightning; when the *Soma- tenes*, seeing them so determined, took the only course that remained, that of flight.' — Thus we see that dragoons in heavy boots could fly up a road, where the peasants had brought cattle, but which none of the staff could find!

Great blame is attributed in this chapter to *Duhesme* for not co-operating with his chief; who states that, by an advance from Barcelona at the moment when the Spaniards were abandon- ing the siege after their loss at Cardedeu, that officer might have effectually prevented their retreat: instead of which he sent the division *Lechi* in another direction, where it fell in with the Spanish force of Count *Caldagues*, and could effect nothing. It is difficult for us to credit the following assertion:

'We were much surprized, on arriving in the morning before Barcelona, that none of our comrades in arms came out to meet us. The division was on the glacis, and a small advanced guard, commanded by *Lelong*, was under arms before the house of *Duhesme*, at whose door that officer was obliged to go and knock to inform him of our arrival.'

Perhaps General *Duhesme* did not relish the arrival of a superior, who openly accuses him of sending a false report to Paris, which was inserted in the *Moniteur* instead of one from SAINT-CYR himself; and in which he asserted that he had met the seventh corps and had supplied it with 42 pieces of cannon, &c. — whereas he had never stirred from Barcelona, and the army had not a gun! — The next paragraph contains an account of *Duhesme* having denied that he had written a letter urging that some assistance might be sent to him, and of SAINT-CYR refuting him by pulling the letter in question out of his pocket, and presenting it to him! — The chapter concludes with a statement of the unpleasant condition in which the Commander-in-chief found himself at Barcelona; where he staid only one night, owing to the innumerable com- plaints which he received against the general officers and others who had composed the garrison.



The battle of Molino del Rey, the route and pursuit of the Spanish army to Tarragona; and the re-composition of that army by General *Reding*, who succeeded *Vivès*, are the chief topics detailed in the third chapter. Here we find a notice of the little pillar which was raised at Bruch, a strong pass at the foot of Montserrat: where, in the early part of the war, a handful of badly armed Catalan peasants twice defeated the French under *Chabran*; the first time, by repulsing one of his brigades; the second, by defeating his whole division. This column bore the following inscription:

“ *Passenger,*

*The French came hither, and, though victorious everywhere else,  
could not force this Pass.*

*The Conquerors of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Jena,  
were beaten on the 6th and 14th of June, 1808.”*

‘The peasantry deemed this inscription very derogatory to the French,’ says M. DE SAINT-CYR; under whose orders the pass of Bruch and Montserrat itself were taken with the greatest ease; though General *Chabran* did not like to attempt his revenge on Bruch until his chief assured him that he would help him, by causing another division to surprise the position in its rear. The Field-Marshal, however, acknowledges that much of the facility with which he forced this strong hold was owing to the dispirited condition of the Spanish troops, after their recent defeat and dispersion at Molino del Rey.

The fourth chapter is devoted to the examination of General *Reding*’s plans for surrounding the seventh corps in its position at Villa Franca; the consequent dispositions of the General-in-chief; and the defeat of *Reding*’s centre by an unexpected movement of the French, which consisted in allowing *Reding* to weaken his line by taking up positions round the French army, and then suddenly moving forwards and attacking his centre. This *ruse de guerre* had the intended effect, and, by routing this portion of the Spanish force, threw the rest into confusion in their attempt to assist it.

A remark is here made on the inutility of very quick firing from small cannon, it being impossible for the gunners to take aim in such cases. We have often heard artillerymen say that they could fire a field-piece twelve times in a minute, as the Spaniards here mentioned did their *violentos*: but we are certain that such firing is ineffectual, and wears out the gunner while it attains no purpose, particularly if the enemy, or object of attack, be near.

Chapter v. contains the subsequent endeavors of General *Reding* to rectify his mistake; when he forced the defile of *Picamoxons*, and repulsed *Souham's* divisions. The battle of *Valls* then took place, and the Spanish army was again routed, and pursued to *Tarragona*.

When General SAINT-CYR had defeated *Reding*, he received an order to undertake with the seventh corps the siege of *Tarragona*, *Gerona*, and *Tortosa*; but he found these services impossible, and therefore replied to his master that he could only try *Gerona*. According to his own account, he took some pains to make this communication in the most gentle manner; but it was very badly received, and appeared to be the primary cause of his subsequent recall.

In the sixth chapter, the writer reasons on the narration of the blockade of *Tarragona*, that of *Barcelona* by the English squadron and General *Wimpffen*, the raising of that blockade by the division *Chabran*, the communication of the Duke of *Treviso* with the seventh corps by the arrival of Colonel *Brich* and his troop on *Montblanc*, the re-occupation of the position on the *Llobregat*, and the transfer of the head-quarters to *Barcelona*. — The commencement of this section is very singular.

‘ The Spaniards at last acknowledged, notwithstanding the intrepidity and enthusiasm of their soldiers, that the French were superior to them in valour; and it appeared to them very odd that the natives of Italy, that country which Spain had so long ruled, and which they had been accustomed to despise, and those people whom for ages past they had not met on the field of battle, were become superior, all at once, to Castilians whose recollections nourished a just pride and noble courage, augmented by the holiness of the cause in which they were engaged. Do nations degenerate in a mass? I leave this question to be decided by philosophers, to whom it belongs; but the world will agree that they have epochs of glory and of humiliation, produced by causes in which it cannot be denied that the system of their government has always a great share.’

‘ What a compliment to Louis XVIII. and the French nation; and how very polite it was in the Spaniards, — the Catalans too, — to acknowledge their physical inferiority!’

Chapter vii. details the different proceedings for the investment of *Gerona* and the commencement of the siege. They are not interesting; and we hasten to the principal event in this work, the siege itself, which occupies a part of the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and almost the whole of the tenth chapters. Excepting the case of *Saragossa*, a similar instance of endurance, perseverance, enthusiasm, and devotedness in  
citizens

citizens for the defence of their household gods, scarcely occurs in the annals of the world. As nearly 120 pages are filled with these details, which our limits will scarcely allow us to analyze *seriatim*, we must content ourselves with adverting to the principal events.

The insurmountable difficulty of communication between France and its army of Catalonia appears to have left the French destitute of all intelligence; and the junction with a part of the Duke of Treviso's corps did not improve their situation, because, owing to the vigilance of the peasants, Colonel *Brich* and his 600 men could not return, nor could even a letter find its way either to Paris or to Napoleon's head-quarters. At length, however, *Lechi's* division having been detached to procure information from *Reille*, and to conduct the prisoners to the Lampourdan on their way into France, M. SAINT-CYR learnt that Napoleon had left Paris for Germany, and that he himself was ordered home, as well as *Reille*: Marshal *Augereau*\* having been commanded to replace the former, and his aide-de-camp, *Verdier*, being the substitute for *Reille*, *Augereau* could not arrive for some time, but *Verdier* appears to have treated SAINT-CYR with great indignity, as he did not even communicate with head-quarters through this General; while the Minister at War seems, by publishing *Verdier's* despatches in the *Moniteur*, instead of those of SAINT-CYR, to have countenanced this dangerous plan of insubordination. General *Sanson* had been named by Napoleon as director of the siege of Gerona, although a very experienced and meritorious officer of engineers, General *Kirgener*, was attached to the seventh corps; and by the same order General *Taviel* was entrusted with the artillery, notwithstanding that General *Ruty*, in whom the army placed the most entire confidence, and who was a man of distinguished merit, was at the head of that service in the army of Catalonia.

With these serious misunderstandings, which were in themselves almost sufficient to ensure misfortune, commenced the famous siege of Gerona, now invested by *Verdier* with eighteen thousand men, while the corps of observation under SAINT-CYR amounted only to twelve thousand more.

The Spanish army, formerly under *Reding*, who had died of his wounds, was now united to those of the kingdoms of Valencia and Aragon, and the whole was placed under the command of an Irishman, General *Blake*: who, in his first campaign, had the good fortune to cut off a battalion of

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\* In 1794, *Augereau* had distinguished himself in Catalonia.

French light infantry from the third corps, whence the Spaniards augured the most favorable issue of his future exertions. *Blake's* first wish was, of course, to succour Gerona, and throw in supplies of men and provisions; while General SAINT-CYR, having received this intelligence, endeavored to thwart him. Twelve hundred oxen consequently fell into the hands of the almost famished Frenchmen, with abundance of wine: but, on the other hand, the canon *Rovira* took from the besiegers, by a bold manœuvre, a convoy of waggons, and 120 horses of the artillery.\*

As the position and capabilities of Gerona are very imperfectly described in this work, we shall briefly endeavor to supply the defect.

This celebrated place is situated at the confluence of the small rivers Ona and Ter, and, though an inland town, obtains by their united streams a communication with the sea. The most considerable portion of the city lies on the eastern bank of the Ona, which runs nearly through the place before it mingles with the Ter: but the part on the west is large, and, having several branches of the Ter around it, is very strong. The whole city is encompassed with fortifications; the western side having the form of a crescent, with five bastions; while the east, which is extremely irregular, has one square bastion at its southern front, and a detached bastion on its northern extremity, the intermediate line of rampart being protected at nearly equal intervals by three towers. The country on the north, the south, and the east, is mountainous: but on the west, in the immediate vicinity of the city, it is very level, the Ter consequently breaking into numerous channels.

On the eastern front, from the vicinity of high ground, Gerona was liable, after the invention of cannon, to serious misfortune; and it was therefore surrounded by regular works on the heights of Monjuich and Queen Anne: the former having a square, and the latter being crowned with three connected redoubts, named the forts of the Constable, of Queen Anne, and of the Capuchins. Between Monjuich

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\* In going through these preliminary details, at page 189. we find a curious passage, stating the extreme probability which existed that Joseph would eventually have been recognized by the Catalans: as, says the author, 'a great number of the chiefs, even those who had fought most ardently against us, began to abandon the cause of Ferdinand for that of Joseph; and we may be assured that, if it had not been for the *mad enterprize* against Russia, that branch of the *august* house of Bourbon, which now reigns in Spain, would not have recovered the throne.'

and these works are detached batteries; and farther advanced, on the north-east, are three circular strong towers or redoubts, named St. Narcissus, St. Daniel, and St. Louis.

Such was the disposition of the ground when the French under *Verdier* again attacked Gerona; and their operations commenced by endeavoring to gain possession of Fort Monjuich, which is justly regarded as the key of Gerona. An excellent plan of this attack, but not extended far enough to take in Gerona, is given in the present work; and, by consulting it, our military readers will at once perceive the dispositions for the assault of the Square, which took place on the 8th of July, 1809. The French lost the leading officer of engineers; and they were forced, after having reached the *chevaux de frize* that crowned the sand-bags with which the garrison had filled the breach, to retreat with great confusion and distress, notwithstanding that the sappers and a company of artillery led the way, even a second time. Soon after this affair, a small work occupied by Spaniards blew up, and buried the people in its ruins. On the 10th a force (1500) under the English Colonel, Marshal, attempted to get into Gerona, and would have succeeded but for the misfortune of having left behind a straggler who betrayed its route. It fell into the hands of General *Pino*. — On the 2d of August, Fort St. Daniel was surprized; on the 4th, the half-moon of Monjuich was taken by assault; and on the 12th Monjuich itself yielded to the superior knowledge of its besiegers, the Spaniards blowing up its magazines and retreating into Gerona. From this moment, says the writer, it was remarked that there was less prudence on the part of the besiegers, and more obstinacy in the defence of the besieged: the natural effects of an excess of confidence on the one side, and wounded pride on the other.

On the 16th of August, 800 Spaniards got safely into the place, which towards the end of the month began to suffer from the batteries of the enemy: but on the 31st it was known that *Blake* and his army had arrived to endeavor to raise the siege. According to Marshal SAINT-CYR's relation, a crisis had now arrived. After the 2d of September, he knew that he could no longer give battle to General *Blake*, owing to the impossibility of provisioning his troops, if assembled in one place to the amount of more than 2000 men. On the 1st of that month he was anxiously awaiting, in position, the attack of *Blake*; who did not, however, judge it proper to indulge him, otherwise than by intercepting and beating the division *Lechi*, while he introduced a convoy into Gerona, with provisions for six or seven days. On the



2d, the only remaining day of the crisis, SAINT-CYR determined to attack *Blake*, but that leader chose to retire. The fate of Gerona was now hastening to its accomplishment. On the next day the Governor (*Alvarez*) was obliged to reduce the rations of his garrison one half, and very soon afterward they were diminished to a fourth part. To relieve their misery, the garrison made a sortie, but the siege was renewed with ardor; and, although much damage had been done by the besieged in the interval during which a general action with *Blake* was expected, the breaching batteries again opened their fire: but on the 15th the besieged sortied, and nailed up the guns of one work. On the 18th the engineers reported that the breaches were practicable, and on the 19th the place was assaulted: but, notwithstanding three separate attempts, the heroic garrison drove their invaders from the now almost open town, with unparalleled bravery and devotion. Yet at this epoch the streets were covered with the dead and the dying, with those who were dying too of hunger: disease had made the most terrible havoc; the most extreme and horrible misery reigned in this devoted city; and fever and famine combined with the missiles of its besiegers to reduce its inhabitants to death, or to lingering and incurable torments both of the mind and of the body.

The last scene of General SAINT-CYR's campaign consisted in taking a considerable convoy destined for the unfortunate city, and the defeat of *Blake* in his attempt to rescue them. He then quitted the seventh corps and returned to France, leaving the horrors of the siege to be completed by another. Two years of exile and disgrace followed this career of the General; who was only again called into action when the face of affairs in the North appeared to alter.

Gerona surrendered to the French under *Augereau* on the 11th of December, being reduced to the last extremity, and after its very women and children had exhausted their frames in actual combat. Two months before the surrender, the rations served out were beans, swarming with worms!

That division of the volume before us which is styled the *Conclusion* is an attempt to throw the blame of every misfortune that happened to the General on his former master; and it moreover contains too many vague opinions respecting the conduct of the Spanish leaders. The justificatory documents have much more merit; and, like those of all the French military works on the campaigns of Napoleon, they contain letters and papers which have never hitherto met the public eye, and are highly interesting. The curious official account of the body, or rather the coffin, of Saint Narcissus being

being invested by the people of Gerona with the baton, sash, and command of Generalissimo by sea and land, is highly interesting. We should be glad to see a translation of the work intitled "*Barcelona Cautiva*" by Father *Ferrer*, from which this decree and account are extracted; and there is another work which, to our surprize, has never been given to the English public, viz. "*Memoria Historica*," &c. of the Siege of Gerona, by Don *Francis Niero Samanico*, an eye-witness. — A sketch of the affair in which *Lechi's* division was beaten is also given among these papers. Lastly, the decree for the enrolment of the female company of Saint Barbe of Gerona is very well worth perusal, as are some details respecting the former sieges.

We must now turn to the large Atlas of plans and maps with which this publication is embellished, and which are beautifully executed; particularly the siege of Gerona, the two maps of the environs of that city, the battle of Molino del Rey in two plates, the battle of Valls, and the large military map of part of Catalonia, which is accomplished in a style of perfection that we have seldom seen: the names of every hamlet in this very populous region being laid down, and most distinctly legible. These plates are the work of different artists, but the best are by the *Barrieres*, and *Dumortier*, who engraved the large map; and it is not a little singular that two of these military plans have been engraved by a female, *Isabelle Barriere*.

We do not, however, admire the mode here adopted of representing a hedge of spears, or straight lines, in front of each battalion or detachment in action, to shew their fire, since it confuses the plan, and alters the appearances of hills, &c.: but the colored star to point out head-quarters is very good. If such plans as these were given to the cadets at Sandhurst and Woolwich to copy, they would be much preferable to the series of old-fashioned plates which they now use. Indeed, we conceive that these military schools ought to have libraries for the *élèves*, in which such books as the present should be placed for their amusement and edification.

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ARR. IV. *La Cour de Hollande, &c.*; i. e. The Court of Holland, under the Reign of *Louis Bonaparte*. By an Eye-Witness. 8vo. pp. 432. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 9s.

OUR readers will remember that, favored by the severity of the winter of 1795, the French armies passed over the frozen surface of the Waal, and took possession of Holland; which,

which, under every subsequent change and modification of its constitution during the course of twenty years, continued to be very little else than a province of France under the title of the Batavian Republic. At the *truce* of Amiens, she was deprived of Ceylon; on the rupture of this truce and the renewal of hostilities between England and France, she was again dragged into a war against this country: Surinam and the Cape of Good Hope fell into our hands; and our fleets blockaded her shores, impeded her commerce, and cut off her carrying trade. M. *Schimmelpenninck*, under the title of Grand Pensionary, had been invested with executive authority, attended with all the splendor of sovereignty: but it was not in his power, able and active as he was, and possessing the full confidence of the Dutch, to ward off the political and commercial annihilation with which the country was menaced. Under these circumstances of humiliation, on the ruins of the Republic, a throne was erected for Louis, the brother of Napoleon.\*

*Louis Bonaparte* was born at Ajaccio, Sept. 2. 1778, but went to France when very young; and, having completed his studies, he embraced the military profession, in which he but little distinguished himself. When Napoleon took the command of the Army of Italy, Louis was appointed one of his aides-de-camp, but with only the humble rank of lieutenant. On his return from Egypt in 1799, he was made colonel of the 15th regiment of dragoons. At the age of twenty-four (in 1802) he married (*malgré lui*) *Hortense de Beauharnais*,

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\* After the peace of Amiens, the Republic of Holland sent M. *Schimmelpenninck* as ambassador to our court; and in 1803, when the war broke out afresh, he exerted his utmost endeavors to obtain the neutrality of Holland, which would in all probability have been preserved had not the First Consul refused his assent to it. On leaving London, he returned to Paris, where he was ill received by *Bonaparte*, who suspected that he was too much devoted to England: in time, however, he succeeded so effectually in gaining his confidence, that, when a new constitution was contemplated for Holland in 1805, *Bonaparte* nominated him to be Grand Pensionary, in which situation he displayed great good sense, equity, and address. In 1806, having presided in the seat of government a single year only, a disease in the eyes, with which he had long been afflicted, threatened him with total blindness, and it became impossible for him personally to execute the functions of his office. Napoleon availed himself of this misfortune to nominate his brother Louis as King of Holland. *Schimmelpenninck*, with great energy, opposed the elevation of a foreigner to the throne, and, as soon as he heard of the arrival of Louis, retired to his own estates in Guelderland.

daughter

daughter of the Empress *Josephine*. He now rose rapidly to higher military rank, and in 1805 the command of the reserve of the Army of England was confided to him. In the course of the following year, he was made Constable of France and Colonel-General of carbineers; and in the month of June, 1806, he received a deputation from the Dutch, offering him the throne of Holland.

Louis was really a very good sort of character, quiet, of a literary turn, and not deficient in talents. The cares and the fears of royalty were but little suited to his taste; and he did not possess sufficient energy for the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed.

Was it possible that the grave, phlegmatic sobriety of the Dutch should amalgamate with the volatile and ardent spirit of the French? Yes! People are very apt to miscalculate in these matters. The parties seem to have been brought into closer contact by the very opposition of their characters. The Dutch ladies, says the lively sort of *Grammont*, to whom we are indebted for the present peep into the interior of the court of Louis, are generally very handsome, although their beauty is of short duration; and, accustomed only to the tranquil, ceremonious approaches of their native gallants, they were by no means insensible to the sprightlier and more animated attentions of the French. 'At the Hague, the French enjoyed all the charms of life: they every where carried that delightful gaiety, that exhaustless vivacity, which is sure to animate and *frenchify*, if I may so express myself, every country that they inhabit: while their habitual gallantry found abundant exercise before the Dutch ladies, who, unaccustomed to those flatteries and playful little stimulants with which the women of France are familiar, received the proffered homage with the utmost complacency.' A very natural jealousy and smothered dissatisfaction, however, arose from the circumstance of Louis having appointed Frenchmen to all the great offices of the crown; while his Queen, Hortensia, acted more gracefully, and selected all her ladies of honor from the Dutch: but these nominations, it should be added, being made at the instant of his elevation, and before he set off from Paris, were very probably arranged under the dictation of Napoleon; for the ministers and ambassadors were selected from the natives. The Queen subsequently gave a marked preference to the French, notwithstanding the propriety of her first appointments; and Louis, on the contrary, soon became disgusted with them.

From the humble sphere in which *we* move, it would be the greatest presumption in us to affect a knowlege of the high



and grave occupations of diplomatic characters. When we hear of congresses of kings, and of the assemblage at their courts of foreign ministers, ambassadors, and plenipotentiaries, in the simplicity of our hearts we are apt to suppose that, the fate of empires resting on their deliberations and decrees, they have no leisure for personal enjoyments; their nights and days, all their thoughts, and the whole powers of their minds, being absorbed in the momentous duties intrusted to them. It so happened, however, we are told, that, while the palace of this Corsican, Gallican, Dutch sovereign was in a state of preparation for its inmates, many officers of the establishment were accommodated at an *hôtel garni*; and it likewise happened that directly opposite to this hotel lodged the principal actress of the Théâtre-Français, Mademoiselle *Lobé*, another *Ninon*, well known in the royal residence by her vivacity, and the atticism of her *bon mots*. The Scandalous Chronicle — no doubt without the slightest foundation in truth — affirmed that more than one foreign ambassador had sought and found repose from the sublime labors of diplomacy, in the very intimate society of this accomplished actress. Some slight difficulties of etiquette being easily overcome, our *Grammont*, or our *Bachelor of Salamanca*, (for he reminds us a little of both,) together with his brother-officers, accepted the invitations of Mademoiselle *Lobé*; and at her sparkling levees were to be seen the principal of the foreign ambassadors, especially M. *de Nesselrode*, envoy of Russia, the Baron *de Feltz*, minister of Austria, the Count *de Lowendall*, and some young Hollanders of high family. All seemed delighted at the honor of being allowed to form a court for this queen of the theatre, who, for a considerable time, continued to wield the sceptre of fashionable gallantry at the Hague: the French minister, M. *Dupont-Chaumont*, being the only one of the foreign ambassadors who failed to make his appearance within the enchanted circle of Mademoiselle *Lobé*, whose fascinations were employed in vain to allure him.

It is well known that *Louis Bonaparte* had an exceedingly difficult task to perform, and that he accepted his throne as he accepted his wife, *contre son gré*: for he was aware that France expected sacrifices which as King of Holland he ought not to make; and conscientiously did he resolve to consult the interests of his adopted country. In civility to the Dutch, he expressed a wish to resign the titular dignity of Constable of France: but this compliment to them Napoleon would not suffer him to pay. When, therefore, we are estimating his character and conduct, and as a palliation for that want of stability with which his measures are justly reproached, he



he must always be considered as in a state of conflict between the desire of performing the duties devolved on him by his new situation, and the desire of keeping on terms with his Imperial brother, to whom he was indebted for his own elevation, and whose colossal power, moreover, he well knew was not to be resisted with impunity. At last, and when he found from experience that his views for the commercial advancement and political independence of Holland were regarded by Napoleon as interfering with his favorite "Continental System," Louis had no alternative but to abdicate his throne, or compromise his honor by the forfeiture of pledges which he had made at his accession. In a very early period of his reign, this alternative had been avowed. Finding an exhausted treasury, and anxious to reduce the expences of the state, he endeavored to obtain a recall of the French troops from the territory of Holland; and he stated to the Emperor, his brother, that, if the French government did not immediately fulfil its engagements towards Holland, and if the French troops remained there any longer at the cost of the country, he would resign the throne immediately. Napoleon, though not much accustomed to dictation, conceded almost every demand: but it is very probable that he might not so promptly have acquiesced in withdrawing the troops, if he had not foreseen the necessity of increasing the French forces in Germany, in order to oppose the Prussians. In this war, Holland offered her assistance to the French, and Louis personally conducted his troops: but it was very soon perceived that Napoleon considered his brother as a vassal-prince of France, and not an independent king of Holland. The fortresses of Hameln and Nieubourg, garrisoned by the Prussians, were blockaded; and General *Daendels* occupied Riuteln, a strong place on the Weser, which was actually invested, when an order came from the Emperor *enjoining* the King of Holland to proceed to Hanover and take possession of it. Louis, offended at this *injunction*, immediately sent for General *Dumonceau* from Holland, to whom he gave the command of his army, and wrote to the Emperor that he should return to the Hague without even going to Hanover.

Amid all these circumstances, Louis soon obtained a great ascendancy over the prejudices even of his new subjects; and indeed his project for reforming the criminal code, for equalizing the taxes, and his endeavors to repair the shattered finances of the country and give expansion to her resources, might well intitle him to their gratitude. It was rather a hazardous experiment, however, when their High Mightinesses were assembled, to attempt to persuade them to lay

aside a denomination of high antiquity, and even importing supremacy. When the proposition to discard the title of their "High Mightinesses" was first made, their national pride was naturally somewhat offended: but with so much dexterity was it urged, that they consented to drop this pompous appellation for that of "the Legislative Body," which was more appropriate. "Ah!" said Napoleon when he heard this, "has Louis had the courage to pluck this peacock's feather?"

When the King was absent with his army, the Queen, accompanied by her two children, joined the Empress *Josephine* at Mayence. It is known that the most perfect harmony did not exist between these royal personages, although they had both many amiable and excellent qualities. The court at this time necessarily lost much of its gaiety, but the lively author of these gossiping pages has contrived that his readers shall not participate in its dulness; for he has ferreted from the scandal of the day a variety of anecdotes, several of which, however, though they may be deemed entertaining by some persons, might have been spared without any injury to his book. The Hague was not a residence suited to the taste either of Louis or his Queen: the latter did not conceal her regret at having left the society of Paris; and the former, it seems, would gladly have gotten rid of the French altogether, suspecting every Frenchman to be employed as a spy on his conduct by the Emperor. — In the month of May 1807, these new sovereigns had the misfortune to lose their eldest son, the young Prince-Royal; and it was hoped that the deep affliction which both parents suffered on this occasion, equally and in common, might have been the means of restoring them to harmony. In order to mitigate their grief, they travelled to the Pyrenées, and drank medicinal waters. Louis paid a visit to his brother the Emperor, by whom he was not received in the most cordial manner, and returned to the Hague, leaving his Queen behind him: but a court without a queen, said the galant Francis the First, is a year without a spring, a spring without roses. It was during Louis's absence that the most important interests of Holland were affected by the treaty of Tilsit, and that the Dutch troops eminently distinguished themselves: his Majesty being the last person whom the intelligence of their success could reach.

Becoming disgusted with the Hague, Louis ventured another experiment on the prejudices of the Dutch: — he removed his court to Utrecht; and, as a peace-offering, it may be presumed, he introduced pipes and tobacco into his royal palace, *ex fumo dare lucem!* The inhabitants of Utrecht, however,

however, were rather discomposed than gratified at the transfer; and Louis, tired of the dulness of the whole affair, announced to the Legislative Body, at the close of the year 1807, his intention of removing his court to the antient city of Amsterdam.

It is not in a work of this sort that we are to look for *grave* historical documents, state-papers, and politics: the taste of the author, which is not always sufficiently restrained in its indulgence, being for lively, playful, amorous anecdote. If any *Jeremiads* over the state of the finances during the reign of Louis are interspersed, — or dull details are now and then thrown in about the navy, army, and blockaded commerce, — it is done as an artist throws in shadows to his picture, for the purpose of making the light parts look brighter. “Walls have ears,” and whispers steal through the crannies of the brick-work. Restrained by little or no scruple, this gay gossip connects the *names* of many high personages in the court of Louis, the highest of them not excepted, with certain anecdotes which we shall not introduce in these pages: the intrigues of “Excellencies” and “Actresses” not being for us to repeat. Some of the kitchen-stories are quite as good as those of the court, while they are also less scandalous. —  
*Ex. gr.*

Louis, from political and domestic mortifications, became irritable and capricious; and those who were in favor to-day were dismissed to-morrow. His first valet-de-chambre, *Rochard*, a man on whom he might depend, and whom he had brought with him into Holland, having displeased him on some occasion, was suspended from his functions, and a valet-de-chambre *ordinaire*, named *Laforce*, took his place: but this *Laforce*, a sort of *Figaro*, a very cunning and adroit fellow, was not particularly flattered with the honor conferred on him, knowing well how slippery is the path to favor in a court. However, he must obey; and Monsieur *Laforce* put on the habiliments appropriate to his new office, not forgetting the sword, which made a part of the costume. *Rochard*, however, who thought that his dismissal was a mere whim of the moment, and did not really believe that his Majesty intended to dispossess him of the honors of his rank, was very indignant that *Laforce* should wear his sword in the royal presence. The grand chamberlain, too, not seeing very clearly of what use this appendage could be, dangling by the side of a valet-de-chambre, desired *Laforce* not to wear it. He was ridiculed in consequence, and impatiently waited for some opportunity to be revenged on those who laughed at his expence. The King was informed of this anti-chamber quarrel, was amused at it, and wanted to know how it would end. *Laforce* was aware

of this, and took his advantage. *Rochard*, although disgraced, was nevertheless frequently seen in the room leading to the King's bed-chamber; and when, one day, *Laforce* entered, decorated with his sword, the discarded valet without ceremony tried to take it away from him. The other resisted, a quarrel ensued, and the two champions, forgetting doubtless the sanctity of the place, made such a noise as to disturb the King, who rang the bell to inquire what was the matter. The contest ceased, the valet in waiting opened his Majesty's door, and inquired what he wanted? "*Laforce*," said the King. — "But, Sire, is it *La-force armée*?" said the dexterous rogue. — "Yes," replied the King, whom the *bon mot* delighted; and *Laforce* retained his sword ever afterward.

When Louis wanted to get rid of any of his household, — and he did contrive to send off almost all his French attendants, one after the other, — he could not always summon courage to give them their dismissal directly, but would dispatch them on some mission which was tantamount to exile. One individual only, his butler, named *Hautavoine*, had the boldness positively to refuse one of these missions, and even personally to his Majesty; though he was ordered only to go to Bourdeaux for the purpose of selecting some wines, all in the way of his business. The King, in astonishment, asked him why he refused to go? "Sire," said he as coolly as possible, "to serve you I would go to the devil: but, if I set off for Bourdeaux, I should receive an intimation, when I got to Paris, that you had no longer any occasion for my services; therefore, as I wish to be with your Majesty, I shall remain in Holland. I have done my duty, and you ought not to send me away." — "But they tell me," said the King, "that you drink the best wine in my cellar." — "To be sure, I do," replied the butler; "for if I drank the worst, nobody would give me credit for it: your Majesty would not believe it yourself." This frankness and *naïveté* disarmed him; and *M. Hautavoine* was permitted to retain his office, with one condition only, namely, that he would not drink his Majesty's *Tokay*.

As a relaxation from the important occupations to which he had devoted himself since the beginning of the year, the King, in the month of June, 1809, went with his court to Loo, in Guelderland, about twelve leagues from Utrecht, where he had a very beautiful and magnificent château. Here he enjoyed the pleasures of the chace in the morning, and of the theatre in the evening. Among other amusements, the courtiers frequently *acted charades*, and Louis often gave the  
word.



*word.* Some of our young readers, perhaps, will be glad to know how this game is played :

‘ One day the King fixed on the word *Voltaire* ; and the name of the patriarch of Fernay was given up for dissection. The circle, as usual, was divided into two parties, but the King joined with neither, as he wished to be only a spectator. The first scene represented the interior of a saloon, in which a young lady, very richly dressed, appeared asleep on a sofa : this part was performed by one of the ladies of honour ; and she was to be plundered by thieves. Four robbers entered the room, to commit a theft, (*vol*,) and were represented by the steward of the King’s household as captain of the gang, by his Majesty’s chamberlain, and by two others of the court, who understood their parts very well. The first part of the *charade* was easily guessed. The second scene passed in a room where two persons were conversing together on affairs of state ; one of whom was the colonel of the guards, who delivered his opinion very freely about existing abuses, acts of injustice and oppression, infringement of the laws, &c. The other person was the chancellor of the household, who gave him to understand that it was not always discreet to speak his sentiments with so little reserve, and that sometimes it were better to be silent (*taire*). There were different opinions about this act, and the second part of the *charade* was not guessed. The third scene represented a library, in which was seen an old bureau, with an antique tea-tray, and two or three china coffee cups standing on it. An elderly lady entered the room, holding a coffee-pot in her hand, followed by one of the King’s old grooms ; who was a thin emaciated figure, and, having on a flowered stuff gown, looked exactly like a stork dressed up. Every body called out at once, “ Oh it is *Vol-taire* ! ” and the *charade* was guessed.” (P. 185.)

The King frequently travelled through various parts of his dominions, and spared no pains to acquire the most minute and certain knowledge of the character and feelings of the people, the state of the police in different towns, their local advantages as to trade, and the depressed or the flourishing state of their manufactories. These peregrinations were always attended with the most beneficial effects, and gained the affections of the Dutch. On occasion of two or three disastrous accidents, also, which occurred in the course of his short reign, Louis displayed a degree of humanity and even personal exposure which were highly creditable. For instance, by an explosion of gun-powder in the year 1807, the city of Leyden was dreadfully shattered, various individuals lost their lives, and many were mutilated and deprived of their property. Louis flew to the scene of desolation, was indefatigable in rendering assistance to the unhappy sufferers, and exempted the inhabitants from certain contributions for ten years to come.

— Again :



— Again; an inundation in the province of Guelderland, in 1809, spread universal consternation, and Louis on this occasion subjected himself to much personal danger: indeed, the village of Gorcum, it is supposed, would have been entirely submerged, but for the indefatigable and judicious exertions of the King himself in giving orders to a number of workmen; and all those who most courageously exposed themselves to peril were munificently rewarded by him. — In the same year, while making a tour through Brabant and Zealand, he came to the village of Aerle, where a virulent epidemic disease was spreading desolation among the inhabitants; and here again he encountered every danger, ran all the risk of contagion, sent for surgeons to attend the sick, and had another opportunity of exercising his humanity.

The want of cordiality between Louis and Napoleon became more and more apparent every day: the latter wanted to shut England out from all continental commerce; and the former was much too interested in the prosperity of Holland heartily to second the Emperor's projects. Napoleon knew by his spies that a considerable contraband trade was carried on between England and Holland; and he asserted broadly that not only the Dutch were all infected with the Anglo-mania, but that his brother was the greatest smuggler in his kingdom. All *fraternal* relations were now at an end: Louis must cease to reign; or he must reign under the dictation of the Emperor of France, who did not scruple to charge him, in a letter written from Germany, with having made Holland a province of England!

Towards the close of the year 1809, Napoleon resolved on assembling all the monarchs with whom he was in amity — all his vassal-kings — at Paris. Louis, who saw the number of French troops in Brabant daily increasing, and considered it as a sinister omen, was exceedingly reluctant to obey the suspicious invitation: but an open refusal would have been an open rupture between Holland and France; and the parties were too unequal in strength, more especially when the Emperor's troops already hung on the frontiers of the King. Louis consulted his ministers, and one of them, M. *Kraayenhof*, the Minister of War, had the courage to recommend him to put himself at once on the defensive. This could only be done, however, by forming an alliance with England; and that, says the author, would be escaping from the talons of the eagle only to fall into the paws of the leopard. After much hesitation, and against his own judgment, it was finally resolved that he should accept the invitation: but so suspicious was Louis, that, while he announced his intended journey, and assured his

his subjects of the happy consequences to which it would lead, he gave his War-Minister instructions to prepare for the worst, and put the country in a state of defence. He reached Paris on the first of December, 1809, and alighted at the hotel of *Madame Mère*, who was delighted at the enjoyment of her son's society. Hortensia, his Queen, was at this time in Paris: but, instead of a reconciliation between the parties, which was anxiously desired by the Dutch, with whom she had ingratiated herself during her short stay among them, a conjugal separation was urged, and with especial earnestness on her part. To this, however, the Emperor refused his assent; although Louis was very shortly afterward obliged to give his acquiescence, *contre son gré*, again, to the dissolution of marriage between Napoleon and the Empress Josephine.

On paying a visit to his brother, Louis was received very graciously: but the Emperor abstained from the remotest allusion to the affairs of Holland; and it was obvious that the King himself was not even to be consulted as to the future destinies of the country over which he nominally reigned. He now bitterly repented that he had suffered himself to be drawn to Paris: but it was too late; and at a sitting of the Legislative Body, to which he was not invited, though the other allied sovereigns were present, Napoleon pronounced a discourse from which it was apparent that the annexation of Holland to France was in contemplation. Louis became seriously alarmed, and was very anxious to get back: but *gens-armes* in disguise were stationed round his hotel; and he was so effectually watched that he found it impossible to make his escape, and endeavored to lull the suspicions of others by concealing his own. He contrived, however, to dispatch one of his equerries, the *Compte de Bylandt*, to Amsterdam, with orders to make preparations for the defence of the country. This could not long be concealed from Napoleon, who sharply rebuked his brother for the measures adopted: when the latter avowed that they were taken by his orders, and in consequence of the bad faith of France. This altercation ended in rendering the confinement of Louis more undisguised and closer; and he was directed at once to countermand the defence of Amsterdam and dismiss his Minister at War, or to behold Holland annexed to France, and the title of Marshal of Holland changed for that of Admiral or General. Louis was obliged to yield: notwithstanding which, the *Duc de Reggio* took possession of Bergen-op-Zoom and Breda; and Napoleon issued a decree, annexing to France all the territory situated between the Meuse, the Scheldt, and the

the ocean. Against this usurpation, the unhappy Louis could only offer an empty protest. — On the marriage of the Emperor with the Archduchess of Austria, a sort of reconciliation between the brothers took place, and Louis was permitted to return to Holland: but he was enjoined to take his Queen with him. The joy which their return diffused was of short duration: they lived separately; and the mortifications which the latter experienced, as a prisoner in her own palace, drove her at last to seek repose in flight, leaving the Prince-Royal behind.

Although it was in conformity with the terms of a treaty, that the *Duc de Reggio* occupied the Hague and Leyden with French troops, in the month of April, 1810, it was impossible not to see that these troops came rather to take possession of the country than to hold it as allies. Others were sent to the department of Frise; and the head-quarters of the French army were fixed at Utrecht, where Marshal *Oudinot* had the command of ten thousand Hollanders, and fixed his own residence at the *Hôtel du Pape*, where King Louis had himself resided. Little things sometimes produce great events. The French ambassador at the court of Amsterdam had a Dutch coachman, who one day, in full livery, quarrelled with one of the citizens near the royal palace; and this street-brawl was the spark which caused explosion to the gun-powder. It was represented as a premeditated insult to the ambassador of France, to the imperial livery!; and his Excellency, who by others was supposed to have given his coachman instructions to pick a quarrel, required immediate reparation for the insult. Be this as it may, Napoleon, if he did not seek the opportunity of bringing matters to a crisis, took it. The fact doubtless was that, finding his brother Louis of too inflexible a disposition, he had resolved, at all events, to attach Holland to the French empire: he therefore pretended to be highly indignant at this outrage, and recalled his ambassador, *M. de la Rochefoucault*. The French influence now daily gained ground at Amsterdam, and *Reggio* went so far as to demand military occupation of the capital. Louis would have defended it to the last extremity:—but he must have inundated the land, and this was too terrible an alternative. After a consultation with his ministers, he resolved on that measure which he thought was the least injurious to his adopted country, and determined to give up a throne which he could not support in dignity and independence. The act of abdication, dated from the royal pavilion, Haarlem, July 1. 1810, was in favor of his eldest son; and the regency was given to the Queen, supported by a council of regency, till he should come of age.

After the preparation of this act, of a proclamation to the people of Holland, and of a message to the legislative body, in which he explained in a very feeling, and honorable, and touching manner, the motives which urged him to take this final step, Louis privately quitted Haarlem in the middle of the night; and his departure was not known or suspected till the publication of these documents announced it on the following day, when an expression of regret was universal and sincere. He proceeded with General *Travers*, captain of the Guards, and Admiral *Bloys van Treslong*, his aide-de-camp, in a voiture, to Toeplitz, in Austria; travelling under the title of *Compte de Saint-Leu*. His son, *Louis Second*, was proclaimed king the next day: but his reign was truly ephemeral, for the Emperor Napoleon, by a decree dated 10th July, annexed Holland to France:—the army and navy were incorporated with that of the empire;—and the public debt was reduced one-third!

Some official documents are given in an appendix to this lively volume, with biographical notices of the principal personages who figured in the court of Holland.

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ART. V. *De la Contre-Révolution en France, &c.; i. e. On the Counter-Revolution in France, or the Restoration of the old Nobility and former social Authorities in New France.* By M. GANILH. 8vo. pp. 238. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 7s.

WE rejoice to see our old friend M. GANILH present himself on the stage as a politician, since as an economist he is well known and highly respected; and we are not willing to believe that the voice of one, who has shewn himself so well acquainted with the sources of national prosperity and wealth, will pass unheeded when he raises it in order to point out the true source of national dignity and grandeur. Occasionally we have observed his name in divisions of the Chamber of Deputies: but he has generally contented himself with a silent vote against the incroachments on that charter, which recognized the rights and liberties of the people of France. The return of a body of rapacious and revengeful emigrants, designated by the appellation of Ultra-Royalists, has been the signal for counter-revolution; they avow themselves implacable enemies to the freedom of mankind all over the world; they have trampled under foot the very charter on which was inscribed the freedom of their own country; and they domineer in the counsels of the monarch, in the Chambers, and in every department of administration.

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‘ I should flinch from my duty; I should betray my oaths,’ says the author, ‘ if I did not, in this hour of peril, undertake to defend those *principles* of the Revolution which I embraced in the days of my earliest youth, and which I never abandoned, even at the foot of the scaffold.” \*

“ *Inter arma, leges silent;*” and, as laws are silent amid the din of war, so is the voice of reason unheard in the conflict of interests and passions. It is impossible not to observe that, in the eager deliberations which frequently take place in the British parliament, no member is ever convinced, *at the time*, by the arguments of his opponent, however powerful; each party exercising his perverse ingenuity in warding them off, breaking their force, and giving the utmost impulse to his own. There is a false point of honor in not yielding at the moment: but conviction does certainly follow these conflicts of argument; the force of the blow is felt after the heat of the battle; and it is very common to see one side acting on principles against which its members had pertinaciously reasoned only a short time before. This consideration inspires us with hope that, however unwilling a part of the auditory may be whom M. GANILH addresses, to listen to his portentous warnings, even that part, on cool reflection, will be sensible of the force of his arguments, and be ruled by his principles. We wish also to believe that the bulk of his auditory, that is, the people of France, are *not* unwilling listeners: for it is impossible, surely, to replunge a civilized country into the vassalage from which it has once emancipated itself by its own bravery. There is a re-action in France at the present moment, undoubtedly: but no physical power can paralyze the moral faculties of a whole population, or make men unknow their knowlege and unthink their thoughts. What, then, is physical power among men? — it has no existence but in moral feeling. Ignorance alone degrades man into a machine with which conquerors may play; and the despots of the North, who are now supposed to be bringing down their barbarian hordes to pour them on the southern countries of Europe, will assuredly rue the day which saw them depart from the Boristhenes and the Weser. ‘ Are there no discoveries, however,’ exclaims M. GANILH, ‘ to be made in this age of illumination, in the science of oppression, and in the art of subjugating mankind? I acknowlege that the genius of despotism is fertile in resources, but safely may we rely on the

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\* After a detention of nine months, under the “ reign of terror,” M. GANILH was condemned to *deportation*; and every body knows what deportation was during that period.



obstacles which it has to conquer.' We trust that we *may*: and it is this consideration which alone supports us in looking forwards to the struggle now begun on the Peninsula. We are cheered, too, in finding the same confidence expressed by such an observer of mankind as the author whose work is before us, who has had the courage to write it under the eye of the government of France, and who addresses it to the French people.

' Within little more than the lapse of an age,' he continues, ' a general revolution has taken place in the intellectual, economical, and moral state of society, *which has entirely changed the seat of power*. Commerce, industry, and agriculture have made prodigious advances: since the seventeenth century, their products have increased ten-fold. Within the same period the population engaged in these labors has doubled in England, and augmented with more or less rapidity in all the commercial states of Europe. Riches have increased to a still greater extent, and, no longer confined as they were formerly, now circulate through all ranks and gradations of people; communicating to them a new degree of ease and comfort, a sense of their rights, and a consciousness of their power to make those rights respected. The education of the people has every where followed this extension of comfort and of wealth; and instruction has multiplied the number of men conversant in all the various branches of knowledge and of useful industry. A fifth part of the population, in most of the states of Europe, is qualified to appreciate the direction and conduct of public affairs, to exert an enlightened control over the agents of government, and to form a sound opinion as to the true interests of their country.\* If we may judge of the moral condition of a people by their religious character, it may possibly be contended that society is in a state of retrogression: but what conclusion is to be drawn from this? That it is more subservient to power? On the contrary, it presents a grasping point the less, and is less easily bent down to the yoke of arbitrary domination.'

The indulgence of abstract speculations, however, is not the object of the present work. What will be the fate of the French Revolution? Will it triumph over its enemies, or fall under their efforts to destroy it? These are the truly interesting questions before us. It is towards the existing course of policy that all the hopes, fears, and thoughts of the people of France are directed. *Bonaparte* united in his favor the suffrages of all when he was fighting for the independence of

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\* In a discourse pronounced by M. Cuvier, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the year 1822, he stated that, in France, twelve hundred thousand persons received primary instruction, and about forty thousand were instructed in the higher departments of science.

his country, as a basis on which to found the public liberty: but opinion abandoned him when he proposed himself as the object and end of the Revolution. This was plainly seen at the restoration of Louis: the Charter obliterated in a moment every vestige of fourteen years of glory, enthusiasm, and intoxication: it eclipsed the 'hero,' the 'great man,' the 'man of destiny;' it bereaved him even of that pity which great reverses inspire, although they have been merited; and, from that moment, he became a mere historical personage. The events of the 20th of March do not invalidate this assertion. If France opposed no resistance to the return of Imperial despotism when *Bonaparte* escaped from Elba, and if she appeared unaffected with the loss of the Charter, it was because the King's government had already been so conducted as to excite doubts respecting the stability of that Charter, the fidelity of its execution, and the real intentions of the royal authority. Confidence disappeared with the pledge which created it. The people would have done any thing for the faithful legislator of that document, but they did nothing for a monarch imposed on France as an absolute master. When *Napoleon* returned, it was in vain that he offered conditions to the people of France still more restrictive of his power than the Charter abridged that of Louis: he seduced none but feeble, credulous, and devoted adherents, and those whom the infraction of that instrument had disaffected from the Bourbon government: in the days of his prosperity, he had trampled on the liberties of his country; and, in the day of adversity, that country abandoned him to his fate.

It was in this state of public feeling that the French saw their King again mount his throne: a new concession of the Charter revived all those sentiments which the first had excited; and a frank — or fraudulent — confession of the faults of the government, under the first restoration, imparted credit to the sincerity of the second, banished all apprehensions, and restored a devotedness to the constitution. Under the specious pretext of preventing any new attempts of the Bonapartists, the Ultra-Royalists now beset the throne, and arrogated the merit of exclusive loyalty to the Bourbons. The Chamber of Deputies, however, by the introduction of several new laws favorable to the liberty of the subject, (such as the laws relating to the elections, to recruiting, and to the freedom of the press, by which libellous offences were to be tried by a jury,) gave such an apparent guarantee for the inviolability of the Charter as at once to infuriate the Ultras, and to secure the attachment of the great part of the nation. In the course of a very short time, alas! the monstrous alliance

alliance of two parties in the Chamber of Deputies whose political views had previously been in avowed opposition to each other, and by a prodigal distribution of decorations, titles, honors, and places, to men whose "bad eminence," whose only merit, was the desertion of their principles, such a preponderance has been given to the *aristocratic* influence, that the Charter is obviously intended to be converted into waste paper; and, under the pretence of excessive anxiety to preserve the power and splendor of the crown, the aristocracy is endeavouring to re-establish and support its own. On two or three occasions, our readers may recollect that we have ventured to speculate on the consequences which the law of testatorship will probably produce in France; and to predict that the minute division of property, which, in the course of another generation, must be its result, will annihilate the *noblesse*. In England, the right of entails and the law of primogeniture give support to an hereditary aristocracy: but in France it is destitute of this support; it has no permanent property; its existence chiefly depends on the emoluments of office derived from the throne or the state; and it prospers *durante bene placito*, or, at most, *durante vita*. The aristocracy of France must, therefore, look to the throne for its continuance; and thus we can readily account for the indefatigable activity of a party which calls itself Royalist, and is eager to extend the power and influence of the crown because on them depend its own.

M. GANILH considers that the object of the dominant party is three-fold; — to destroy the Revolution, to proscribe its principles, and to indemnify the emigrants. More strictly, perhaps, these are means to be employed for restoring the power of the aristocracy; and here it is obvious that the first may be merged in the second. It may be asked, then, What are the principles of the French Revolution? A just and universal indignation was raised throughout the civilized world against the atrocities committed in the course of it: 'but,' says the author, 'in vain will you attempt to establish the least connection or relation between its crimes and its principles; crimes do not flow from principles, but from passions; and you may as justly make Religion responsible for the vices of individuals, as impute to the principles of the Revolution all the enormities which attended it.' What are those principles which the Counter-Revolutionists are thus anxious to proscribe, and the abolition of which is to re-establish the social superiorities in France? Unfortunately, they have not been specified, or defined; and all that can be inferred from scattered writings on the subject is, that these principles

consist, 1st, in resistance to arbitrary and despotic power; 2dly, in social equality; and, 3dly, in the sovereignty of the people.

It would occupy more room than we can afford to enter at length into the author's able and ingenious defence of each of these principles. The right of resistance to despotic power, has been exercised in all ages; and a recognition of it from the proudest monarchs has frequently been extorted. This fact is historically proved by reference to the establishments of Saint Louis; to the Magna Charta of England; to the brethren of Castille; to the privileges of union granted to the Aragonese by Alphonso III. in 1287; to the republics of Italy in the twelfth century; to the league of Smalcalde in 1530; and to the revolutions in Swisserland, Holland, England, and the United States. The 2d principle, of social equality, is not less an object of scandal and reprobation than that of resistance; and, indeed, it may be said to have formed the distinctive characteristic of the French Revolution. M. GANILH observes that, if we examine attentively the causes which influence the feelings and sentiments of a whole people, we shall have but little difficulty in ascribing the ardor with which this principle was cherished by the people of France, to the long and intolerable oppression which they had endured from the higher orders; so that there was no effort which they would not willingly make to withdraw themselves from this galling yoke of bondage. In turn oppressed by the great vassals as serfs and tributaries; treated, according to the manners of a chivalrous age, as villains; or insulted by the *noblesse* as plebeians and commonalty; the French people necessarily felt acutely all the mischief of great inequality of condition in civil life. Even the civil authorities, the depositaries of public power, and the social superiorities, could not escape from the pride, vanity, contempt, and *hauteur* of the nobility. This insolence of rank spread its contamination to the professions, and to the lower classes of the people; and every body seemed to measure his own consideration and consequence, by the greater or less number of inferiors whom he fancied himself at liberty to treat with contempt! In this state of society, is it surprizing that the revolution generated a re-action on the part of the degraded classes? Under the old regime, all dignities of the church, all rank in the army, and the higher functions of magistracy, were claimed by the nobility as an especial privilege; is it wonderful, then, that those who had been for ages excluded from the paths which lead to glory, wealth, and honor, should at last break down the barrier which opposed their admission? The Charter  
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has recognized this principle; it has declared that all Frenchmen are equal in the eye of the law: can it be said, then, that this exclusion from especial privileges, this throwing open to unlimited competition all social honors and emoluments, is the subversion of social order? Yet, in defiance of the Charter, to restore the predominance of the old nobility to these unjust privileges is the object of the Counter-Revolutionists: but it is an object which no human power can effect, in opposition to the national will.

The sovereignty of the people is the third principle which excites much indignation. It seems to us that this, like the principle of resistance, is one which it is exceedingly unwise to moot on the part of the aristocracy of any country. As there can be no sovereignty without society, so neither can any society exist without sovereignty; and the only question is whether it resides in the great body of the people, or in a portion of it, or in a single individual. An eminent writer of our own country, in considering the principle on which the Revolution of 1688 proceeded, says that, "whenever a question arises between the society at large and any magistrate, *vested with powers, originally delegated by that society*, it must be decided by the voice of the society itself; there is not upon earth any other tribunal to resort to." He wisely remarks, too, when speaking of certain circumstances which may be supposed to legalize resistance on the part of the people, that in these, "or others which a fertile imagination may furnish, since both law and history are silent, *it becomes us to be silent too*; leaving to future generations, whenever necessity and the safety of the whole shall require it, the exertion of those inherent though latent powers of society which no climate, no time, no constitution can ever destroy or diminish." We have taken these passages, which recognize the principle of resistance and the sovereignty of the people in the clearest terms, from the writings of one who will not be suspected of having been under the influence of any turbulent and factious motives: for they are extracted from the "Commentaries on the Laws of England" by Mr. Justice Blackstone. (B. i. c. iii. and b. i. c. vii.) How unwise is it, on the part of the Ultra-Royalists of France, to bring forwards such subjects for discussion! How unwise on the part of Louis XVIII. and his ministers to tell the people of Spain, that, whatever liberty and freedom they are allowed to enjoy, it must emanate from the benevolence and generosity of their beloved Ferdinand alone; and that the stream must flow from the fountain of his omnipotence, in scanty or more copious streams according as he wills! The people of France must be immersed in the deepest



ignorance and fatuity, not to discern that *where the seat of sovereignty resides* is the question now to be tried in Spain; and they must be the grossest ideots in the world not to foresee that the result of the trial will be a verdict of constitutional freedom, or of unmitigated slavery, to themselves. “God send them a good deliverance !”

“Indemnity to the emigrants” is neither the last nor the least object of the dominant party in France. The throne, say they, has come out of the furnace of the Revolution in all its splendor, and is restored to its legitimate possessor : but is there no recognition of legitimacy in the claims of simple citizens to their rank, rights, and possessions? It is scarcely credible that such preposterous demands should be set up :—demands which must inevitably disturb, once more, all the existing relations of property if any attempt be made to enforce them)\* ; must rekindle the flames of civil war ; and must immolate new generations on that altar on which so many victims have already perished !—If the object of the Counter-Revolutionists of France be to resume these possessions, and restore to the aristocracy their odious privileges, the next question is, What are the means which they can employ to accomplish it? Perhaps, they expect co-operation from the Monarch? M. GANILH, however, who speaks his mind rather plainly, thinks that the King has a great deal too much good sense, integrity, honor, and regard for the principles which he subscribed in the Charter, to have the least inclination to second their views. We hope that he is not deceived. To outrage the will of the people is a dangerous experiment in these times ; and, to preserve the crown on his head, Louis must retain the Charter in his hands. — Perhaps the Counter-Revolutionists rely on the co-operation of the clergy? They do : but will not the clergy, like the King, however desirous that body may be to give its assistance, be too prudent to risk the station and constitutional provisions to which they have been restored, by so wild an enterprize? In the first revolution, they were swept away by the torrent : are they more able to resist a second now? — It is on the HOLY ALLIANCE, then, that all hopes depend for restoring to the old *noblesse* their former rank, rights, and possessions ! — M. GANILH wastes some pages in refuting the pretended rights of this royal con-

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\* Yet so it is : “ *Ils ne craignent même pas de demander s’il n’y a qu’une seule légitimité, s’il ne faut la reconnaître que dans les trônes, et si elle ne peut pas être aussi dans les rangs, dans les droits, dans les possessions des simples citoyens.*” (*Monarchie Française, par M. de Montlosier, tom. v. p. 17.*)

federacy to interfere with the political regulations of other nations: as if these northern sovereigns would ever trouble themselves about the right of interference if they have the power! The trial, however, is at hand. Their armies may catch the infection which they are driven forwards to extinguish; and, should they once be inoculated with liberty in Spain, the affection may spread from rank to rank, and be brought home to run a resistless course throughout their own dominions: — “a consummation devoutly to be wished!”

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ART. VI. *Rélation Historique et Médicale, &c.; i. e.* An Historical and Medical Account of the Yellow Fever which prevailed at Barcelona in the Year 1821. By M. F. M. AUDOUARD, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 480. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treutel and Co. Price 10s. 6d.

THE dreadful ravages committed by yellow fever in the city and suburbs of Barcelona, during the autumn of 1821, of which we gave some account in the Appendix to the Monthly Review, vol. xcvi., naturally excited a great degree of anxiety in the neighbouring kingdom of France. Several physicians were consequently deputed by the Minister of the Interior to repair to the scene of this malady, for the purpose of ascertaining its nature, and acquiring that information which might best enable the French government to prevent its introduction into that country, under the belief that it was contagious; as well as to render the treatment of it successful, should it unhappily spread beyond the Spanish border. Actuated by the most elevated feelings of professional ardor, Dr. AUDOUARD applied to be included among the members of this medical commission, at first without success: but he was at length sent to Barcelona by the Minister of War, with orders to communicate on the subject with the military authorities on the French frontiers.

In consequence, the work before us is the result of observations made at Barcelona, from the 23d of October to the 20th of November. In some preliminary remarks, the author complains of the conduct of the medical commission; who appear not only to have endeavored to thwart him in the object of his journey, but to have availed themselves of his valuable labors, and even attempted to appropriate to themselves the credit of discoveries which were due only to him. This is a painful subject, on which we are unwilling to detain our readers, whom we refer for details to the volume.

Dr. A.'s statements have all the air of truth ; and his account bears the impress of unwearied industry, enthusiastic love of knowledge, and eminent professional courage, in an individual firmly persuaded of the contagious nature of the disease to which he exposed himself. In his introductory pages, he has presented an interesting relation of his journey, and of the powerful impressions which his mind received on first entering the circle that inclosed the malady. Having stated that he experienced some difficulty in obtaining admission within the military *cordon*, he thus proceeds :

‘ The barrier opened, and a man who stood behind it took charge of my portmanteau. The moment inspired me with some painful ideas ; I was now within the circle of contagion ; an instant before, I was surrounded by a crowd of people : but I had advanced only four steps, and now every one avoided my approach. A double barrier, guarded by armed men, separated me from the rest of mankind, and forced me towards Barcelona. My mother, my relatives, my friends, were to me in a different world, and I had no other asylum than that which had become the abode of death.’

On his route, which extended for a full league across an arid and cheerless plain, he observed several houses crowded with persons who had fled from the city ; and he met whole families carrying articles of furniture, begging alms from house to house, the doors of which were closed against them from the terror of infection.

‘ Barcelona was seen towering above the plain which surrounded it, without any change in its appearance. The setting sun threw its rays on that part of the city which was exposed to my view, and the majesty of the buildings, with the regularity of the fortifications, produced a pleasing effect to the eye : — but, under this exterior of the most perfect peace and deep calm, which was increased by the silence of the bells, death continued his merciless ravages among the inhabitants, and pursued unceasingly his mysterious and fatal attacks. In the mean while, I approached the city, and arrived at one of the two gates through which the dead were carried away ; and my conductor pointed out to me, on the glacis, two hundred yards from the road, a large square space inclosed with wicker hurdles seven or eight feet high, where the bodies were deposited. As I passed, I shuddered at the sight of this melancholy receptacle of human remains, to which carts were continually repairing, for the purpose of removing to the cemetery the population of Barcelona. At length I entered the city, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

‘ I traversed different streets, and met with several individuals ; some of whom appeared free from any melancholy feelings, while others looked sickly and crept slowly along ; and all bending their steps towards the gates of the city, for it was the hour of promenade. Some were furnished with smelling bottles, and others  
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stopped their noses with their handkerchiefs, but the greater part exhibited no marks of fear. These last were principally the lower classes, among whom are generally found the lively spirit, the noisy humour, the petulance, the irascibility, and the goodness which characterize the Catalan. Many of the houses were shut up; and boards nailed on the doors of some indicated that they were no longer inhabited. Several shops were open for the sale of articles of the first necessity: but all the work-people had ceased to carry on their occupations, except the carpenters, the sound of whose hammers stunned the ear, and who, though numerous, were scarcely able to supply the required number of coffins. Some bearers on which the sick were removed to a hospital, — the viaticum, — empty coffins carried along, — several funerals, at which the priests recited the service in an under voice, — the modest bier, carrying a corpse without pomp or honours, — in short, every thing which could recall death to the mind was all that gave movement to the city.

‘ On my way to the residence of the French consul, I was conducted through several small streets, where I experienced a new and very disagreeable sensation. In every house, fumigation of some sort was carrying on; — here, they burned juniper, or gunpowder; — there, vinegar, sage, incense, and various other aromatics; — and further on, they were busy in disengaging muriatic acid gas. In these narrow streets, the houses of which are very lofty, all these odours formed a mixture that rendered the air unfit for respiration; and either from such being actually the case, or from the force of imagination, I thought that I recognized the smell of hospitals infected with the contagion of typhus. On reaching the residence of the consul, I learned that, of the five physicians sent by the Minister of the Interior, M. *Mazet* had died on the preceding evening, that M. *Rochoux* had eight days before retired to the country, and that Messrs. *Bally*, *Pariset*, and *François*, were in good health.’

The detail of M. AUDOUARD is composed of three parts, in the first of which he relates the rise, progress, and termination of the fever of Barcelona: in the second, he considers its symptoms, pathology, causes, and treatment; and in the third he discusses, at great length, the doctrine of its contagious nature, and the means which ought to be employed for its suppression. The historical account of the disease corresponds exactly with the statement given in the report already mentioned in our Appendix to vol. xcvi. : but it contains many additional particulars, which tend still more to establish at least the *occasionally* contagious character of the disease. We are yet, however, uninformed of any facts which satisfactorily prove that it was imported, or that it was always and essentially contagious in its nature; and a degree of obscurity hangs over the history of the earliest cases of the fever, which leaves us in doubt respecting their real nature, and the

propagation of the disease at that period from one individual to another. It is difficult to conceive what motive could have influenced the Spanish physicians, who reported on the first cases which are supposed to have arisen from a communication with the vessels in the harbour, when they declared that those cases possessed none of the characters of yellow fever: but we believe that they acted conscientiously in making this declaration; and we must refuse our assent to a contrary opinion, which is attempted to be forced on us because yellow fever had prevailed at the Havannah when the vessels sailed, and afterward raged with dreadful fury in the suburbs and city of Barcelona. It is very remarkable that nearly a month elapsed between the first appearance of the fever in Barcelonetta and the known occurrence of any case of it in Barcelona; (see the present volume, p. 326.) — a circumstance which was not likely to have taken place if the disease had been highly contagious, — if it had been the *malignant pestilential fever* of Dr. Chisholm: for it must be observed that the inhabitants of Barcelona did not use any precautions, nor was the communication between the city and suburbs cut off until the 3d of September, more than a month after the disease is supposed to have shewn itself in Barcelonetta. This fact seems to give strong countenance to the opinion that the fever was originally endemic, and afterward acquired a new virulence, with the power of propagating itself by contagion. During the prevalence of this destructive malady, the inmates of several public establishments escaped its ravages: the poor-house, (containing 1119 persons,) and not fewer than five nunneries, being stated to have enjoyed this happy immunity. The monks, on the other hand, were carried off in great numbers, as well as all those who were connected with the medical profession; — a fact that may be explained by a recollection of the anxious and fatiguing duties which all these persons had to perform at the bedside of the sick, without assuming the existence of contagion. In one nunnery, the disease seems to have been satisfactorily traced to the reception of the linen of two individuals who had died of the complaint; and in another, the fever began in the persons of the *tourriere* and portress. In several other instances which are related, the persons seized appear to have been completely insulated; and, if they actually received the disease by contagion, it must have been through the medium of the air admitted by the windows. (pp. 363. 365.) In the citadel, which contained 1000 individuals, including convicts, only ten cases of the fever occurred, and only four died. To shew the beneficial effects of free ventilation, Dr. A. states that,



that, in the street *de la Fon Seca*, instances of the fever were very numerous on that side of the way on which the houses are contiguous; while on the opposite, where the houses stand free, and many of them have gardens, very few cases occurred. This fact, however, admits of a different explanation. In the street *de San Olaguer*, which is not far from that just named, there had been no case of the disease up to the 20th of November; although it was surrounded by other streets, in which great numbers had died. 'It is probable,' says the author, 'that the contagion did not find access into the houses which were at the two extremities of the street, and that the inhabitants lived so retired as not to introduce among themselves the malady.' (P. 366.) Can we suppose, however, that the inhabitants of any street in Barcelona could have adopted such measures of precaution as to prevent the introduction of a highly contagious disease, without this circumstance becoming matter of general notoriety?

No exact estimate has been made of the mortality in the city during the prevalence of yellow fever. The population was rated at 140,000: but, on the breaking out of the disease, the wealthier families emigrated to so great an extent as to leave, it is said, only half of that number of persons exposed to the malady. Of these, it is supposed, from sixteen to seventeen thousand died within the city and suburbs, the proportion of deaths being estimated by the author at four-fifths of all the persons seized; — a mortality truly appalling. This is, however, obviously an exaggerated view; for even the returns of the Lazaretto and Seminario hospital do not furnish so large a proportion of deaths. In the Lazaretto, the mortality does not appear to have quite amounted to two-thirds: for of 74 patients admitted from the 9th to the 31st of August, only 48 died. In the Seminario it was greater, but still not equal to four-fifths: for of 1706 patients admitted into this hospital during the months of September, October, and November, 1238 died. Little difference was perceptible between the two sexes, with regard to the rate of mortality. Up to the 15th of October, rather more men in the full vigor of life had died: but, at this period, women, children approaching to the age of puberty, and old men, became peculiarly the victims of the disease. Young children, however, appear to have suffered less from the fever: but their fate became almost as deplorable, from the loss of their parents. Thus unfortunately circumstanced, they were driven by misery and famine to wander about the streets: till they were collected together by the charity of the citizens, food was provided for the elder, and the younger were nourished

rished by means of she-goats. The inhabitants of Barceloneta suffered much more from the disease than those of the city: above half of the population of the former, which was estimated at 8000, having fallen a sacrifice.

Dr. AUDOUARD has presented us with a very distinct account of the symptoms which marked the fever, and has illustrated his general observations by numerous cases. The disease appears to have been, in all respects, the same with the yellow fever of the West Indies. Very great praise is due to the author for the minuteness of his reports, and the calm intrepidity with which he pursued his pathological investigations, under the firm conviction of the contagious nature of the malady; and he was the first of the French physicians at Barcelona who ventured to inspect the body of any patient that had died of the yellow fever. In these examinations after death, which appear to have been conducted with laborious accuracy, he found in every instance the matter of the *black vomit* in the stomach or in the intestines; in the former, resembling coffee-grounds; in the latter, of a more uniform and pitchy color and consistence, the result (he believes) of the process of digestion. He seems never to have observed gangrene of any of the viscera, as some have stated: but he mentions that the black matter shone through the coats of the intestine in many cases, so as to mislead a superficial observer. Marks of slight inflammation, both in the stomach and the intestines, were frequently seen, but he regards it as secondary, and refers it to the irritating effects of the matter of the *black vomit*. The liver was often of a clear yellow color on its upper surface, while the under presented a leaden grey;—the consequence, according to Dr. A., of the gravitation of the blood. The gall-bladder was found in various states, but never turgid; nor were any indications discovered of a superabundance of bile. Within the right auricle and ventricle of the heart, he very often remarked what he has named a fibro-albuminous concretion, formed by the coagulation of the fibrin of the blood. This fact calls irresistibly to our mind the fever described by Dr. Chisholm as occurring among the negroes of Grenada in 1790, to which he gave the extraordinary name of *epidemic polypus*. — Marks of inflammation, though slight, were occasionally perceptible in the lungs; and in two cases the tonsils were inflamed. Within the cranium, marks of congestion were often visible; sometimes extravasation of blood in the folds of the pia mater; and often serous fluid within the ventricles. The membranes of the spinal cord were also observed to contain a similar liquid, occasionally to the extent

of two ounces. The internal membrane of the urinary bladder was in one instance covered with a thin layer of black matter, similar to that which is seen lining the abdomen of some fishes.

The distinctive pathological appearance in yellow fever is the matter of the *black vomit*; which Dr. A. assures us is always discernible after death, in every case of this disease, whether any vomiting of this fluid has occurred or not. Many experiments were made by him on this substance, all of which serve to prove that it is not bilious, but formed from effused blood. It was found to be separable by the filter into two parts; the first being a clear chesnut-colored liquor, soapy to the touch, and possessing a nauseous sweetish or styptic taste: — while the second was black and viscid, resembling soot mixed with mucus, and having a faint odor.

A yellow color in the skin was perceptible in the great bulk of cases before death, though in some it did not take place till after the fatal event; and, in a few, nothing but an increased darkness of color could be seen either before or after dissolution. In explaining the cause of the yellow color, Dr. A. is led by his investigations to reject at once the idea of the absorption of bile: he compares it, as an eminent northern physician did long ago, to the discoloration produced by contusion of soft parts; and he considers it as of the nature of *ecchymosis*.

The theory of yellow fever which Dr. A. has offered is not very clear or satisfactory. He supposes that the matter of contagion acts first on the mucous surface of the stomach, that congestion follows, and then effusion of entire blood; and to the irritating properties of this extravasated fluid, he refers the appearances of inflammation discovered after death, as well as many of the symptoms which present themselves during the progress of the disease. That the stomach is the grand centre of irritation in yellow fever is now established beyond any doubt: but we do not agree with Dr. A. in believing that its morbid contents are productive of those effects which he has ascribed to them.

With regard to the treatment of the fever by Dr. AUDOUARD, we find as little promptitude and vigour as we formerly remarked in the Report of the Spanish physicians: his practice appearing to have been limited, in the great proportion of cases, to infusion of tamarinds, barley-water with honey, camphorated oil rubbed on the belly, and camphorated enemata. The only case in which he employed leeches, and it was towards the close of the disease, proved fatal. Venesection was not tried by the author; and he states that, when

it was employed by others, the patients were cut off with uncommon rapidity : but he is led, by the observation of a case in which a cure followed a copious hæmorrhage from the tongue and mouth, to ask whether early blood-letting might not prove beneficial ? — Purgatives are mentioned by him as likely to produce advantageous effects : but none of greater strength than tamarinds and cream of tartar seem to have been administered ; calomel, or mercury in any shape, not appearing to have been once used in the practice of the writer. Several instances are detailed, in which the patients were cured by the administration of cinchona ; but two cases, in which sulphate of quinine was given, terminated fatally.

A monk of the order of Minims, named *Constans*, appears to have been more successful in his treatment of the disease than any of the faculty in Barcelona. He began by administering oily emulsions, and then gave copious draughts of warm diluents, so as to produce a profuse perspiration. Of nine diseased persons among his brethren of the convent, he lost only one ; and, according to the reverend father's assertion, that one would have been saved if he had consented to drink abundantly. — In estimating the success of *M. Constans*, it is deserving of remark that his patients were all placed under his care during the incipient stage of the fever, and that they were of regular habits, accustomed to discipline, and with minds much less likely to be agitated with alarm for their situation than those of the commonalty. We may add, also, that their accommodations and attendance within the convent were such as to favour, in a remarkable degree, the chance of recovery.

The latter part of this volume, which indeed forms a large proportion of it, is dedicated to the consideration of the means best adapted for limiting the diffusion and effecting the suppression, of yellow fever. These are very nearly such as are recommended by all writers on contagion, and more especially by those who have written on plague. Entertaining, as we do, sentiments somewhat different from this author on the subject of the contagion of yellow fever, we do not conceive that the very severe measures which he has recommended are altogether necessary. Precautions, no doubt, are imperatively requisite in order to limit the extension of the disease, wherever there is reason to believe that it has assumed, or is likely to acquire, a contagious character : but the grand point, above all others, is to urge earnestly and perhaps to compel emigration, even to a short distance from the affected city. Dr. AUDOUARD states a fact, before known to us from the Report of the Spanish physicians, (already cited,) which

which ought to give great confidence in the efficacy of such a measure: viz. 'The country-houses and villages within the *cordon*, although crowded with inhabitants, were spared by the disease. The yellow fever shewed itself in these situations at distant intervals: but such cases were extremely rare, and it is ascertained that they were not multiplied by contagion, except in two or three instances.' (P. 457.) The only occurrence of this kind, which is here given, is that of an inhabitant of the village of Sans, who died of the fever, and whose wife was seized with it two days afterward, and died also: but neither the children nor the servants, nor any of the neighbours, are stated to have caught the disease; which we should have expected, had it been of a highly contagious character.

The style of this publication is in many passages eminently French, and the language has occasionally drawn from us a smile: — but the labours of the author form a highly valuable accession to our knowledge of yellow fever, as it has appeared in Europe; while they present a most pleasing and laudable spectacle of disinterested professional enthusiasm, sacrificing for a time comfort and happiness, and placing even life in peril, for the love of science and humanity. His merits cannot fail to be duly appreciated; and, if he has not the art or the opportunity to convert his professional talents to the purposes of gain, we trust that the government which he has so well served will place him in competency, secure against the changes of fortune.

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**ART. VII.** *Archives des Découvertes, &c.; i. e.* Archives of Discoveries and new Inventions in the Sciences, Arts, and Manufactures, both in France and in foreign Countries, during the Year 1822. With a Summary of the principal Products of French Industry; a List of Certificates of Inventions, Improvements, and Importations, granted by the Government, during the same Year; and Notices of the Prizes proposed or adjudged by different learned Societies, French and Foreign, for the Encouragement of Science and the Arts. 8vo. pp. 559. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 10s. 6d.

As we have more than once adverted to this useful annual repertory, it would be unnecessary now to explain its general objects, or the plan on which it is conducted.\* The materials of the present volume, like those of its precursors, are distributed into the two great divisions of Science and

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\* See Review, N. S. vol. lxiv. p. 524.; lxxi. p. 536.; and lxxvii. p. 484.



Arts, between which the precise line of demarcation is not always very obvious. In a part of the arrangement, too, we observe *Zoology* and *Botany* awkwardly interjected between *Geology* and *Mineralogy*, and *Optics* between *Electricity* and *Meteorology*; which last, again, is removed to an immeasurable distance from *Geology*. The various subjects, however, are generally well selected, and stated not only with perspicuity and conciseness, but with an uniform regard to correctness and appropriation of style. The amount of information derived from British sources is more ample and important than heretofore: but the report of proceedings in other countries, with the exception of France, is still very scanty and meagre. Yet so diversified and multiplied are the contents of the publication, that we cannot pretend to exhibit even a bare enumeration of them. Besides, many of the articles are already so compressed as to be unsusceptible of more reduced analysis; and we purposely overlook those passages which have been extracted from British journals, or which are easily accessible to the English reader: especially as several of them have been already submitted to our cognizance, and others may come to be considered in the regular progress of our critical labors. Under these circumstances, then, it may suffice to glance at a few of the topics, as illustrative of the character of the work, or as conveying new or useful intelligence to our readers.

In the *geological* department, we find a distinct statement of M. *Ferussac*'s researches into the formation of tertiary soils, from which he has been led to infer a change of temperature, and of the level of the waters, as well as the extinction of many sorts of animals and plants. We meet likewise with descriptions of newly discovered caverns in America, and of a remarkable subterraneous accumulation of ice on the north-west coast of that continent. — A solitary instance is recorded of a remnant of *Chæmorops humilis*, entombed in sand-stone, near Lausanne. — M. *Moreau de Jonnès*, having examined the repository in which the human skeleton was detected in Guadaloupe, is convinced that it is of recent origin; formed, as elsewhere on the coast of that island, by the agglutination of fragments of madrepores, and of other calcareous morsels, rejected by the tide.

*Zoology* is introduced by a reference to M. *Delalande*'s examination of the skulls and skeletons of various natives of the south of Africa, which indicate peculiarities of organization, and, according to phrenological notions, an inferiority with respect to intellect. The same indefatigable traveller has added five tortoises to those already known; has communi-

cated

eated some interesting observations on the entomology of Africa; and has prepared, often on the burning sand, or in the recesses of the forest, 122 animal skeletons: some of which were of great dimensions, particularly that of a whale, measuring 78 feet in length, stranded in False Bay. In the comparatively short space of two years, he has transmitted to Europe 13,405 articles, belonging to 1620 species of animals. — Mention is made of a herd of swine, in the state of Vermont, drawn up in the form of a triangle, two sides of which consisted of the largest, stoutest, and the best furnished with tusks, while the base and the centre were composed of the young. This defensive attitude had been assumed in consequence of the advance of a wolf, which was gored to death, and the party then broke up. — Mr. Kirkoff, a Russian officer, when in the neighbourhood of Bhering's island, had a near and an anxious peep of a sea-snake, with a red body, and huge eyes. — *Acephalocystis racemosa*, a new species of hydatid, and found in the human uterus, is announced by MM. Desormeaux and Cloquet; and the latter also describes a new species of *Ophiostoma*, nine inches long, and only half a line in its greatest thickness. It was rejected from the stomach of an individual, who had been liable, for some years, to apoplectic seizures: but they ceased from the period of his getting rid of such a troublesome inmate.

We extract the ensuing passage the more willingly, because it is quite in accordance with information which we have received from very respectable quarters.

‘ *On the Properties of the Guaco, a Sort of Climber, or Pliant Willow.* By M. Leguevel. — This shrub, which chiefly occurs in the warm and temperate regions of the viceroyalty of Santa-Fé, towards the 45th degree of north latitude, not only possesses the property of neutralizing the venom of the rattle-snake, and other serpents whose bites prove fatal in the course of some minutes, but it may be employed as a prophylactic; insomuch that several doses of the juice of the pounded leaves, suitably administered, will render a person invulnerable to the bite of these reptiles.

‘ M. Leguevel carefully describes the botanical characters of this plant, which he has himself studied in Martinique, whither it was transported in 1814; and he quotes several facts, attested by persons worthy of credit and by the local authorities, which prove that persons bitten by the most venomous serpents have, by the juice of the guaco, been saved from any injurious consequences. He also informs us that he personally ascertained the extraordinary effects of the guaco.’

*Oenothera tetraptera* has the property of flowering very rapidly, and only when the sun has nearly gone down. Its flowers are of a dazzling whiteness, and close with a sort of

convulsive contraction on the proboscis of the large moth, which seeks to rifle its sweets, but is detained in captivity.

M. *Dumège* has discovered at Sost, in the valley of Barousse, and in the department of the Upper Pyrenées, a quarry of statuary marble, in various respects superior to that of Carrara, and possessing the delicate semi-transparency so much prized by the sculptor. — M. *Brard* has applied the crystallization and efflorescence of salts to determine the resisting powers of different kinds of stone to the agency of frost; and he has extended the same principle to similar trials of bricks and cements. — M. *Schoolcraft* announces the existence of enormous masses of pure, native, and highly brilliant copper, on the banks of Lake Superior, in North America.

Professor *Howard's* alleged production of heat from the collection of the solar rays, in the focus of a concave mirror, is ingeniously explained by M. *Pictet*, on the principle of the accidental radiation of caloric from the earth's surface. — The recent multiplication of ice-houses in North America has afforded opportunities of studying the formation and structure of ice; of ascertaining that the congelation of each night, in pools and standing waters, is regularly represented by a distinct layer, which decreases in thickness as it becomes lower in the series; and of shewing that, were it not for this last-mentioned circumstance, the mass would, in ordinary winters, acquire a diameter greater than the summer-heat could dissolve. — From various experiments, M. *Pouillet* has arrived at the conclusion that, whenever a liquid wets a solid, heat is disengaged; and that this phænomenon is more sensibly marked when the solid absorbs the liquid. — The suspension of clouds in the atmosphere, or, in other words, of bodies more dense than the medium in which they are sustained, is attributed to the influence of an ascending current of heated air from the earth; which, possessing more energy in summer than in winter, will account for the greater elevation of the clouds in the former season. — M. *Breguet's* metallic thermometer, as described by M. *Prony*, should indicate the changes of atmospheric temperature with great sensibility and delicacy, but its liability to derangement renders it unfit for ordinary purposes. — Signor *Scaramucci*, of Florence, has invented a machine which he terms *aero-dromo*, or *aero-naviglio*, and which he declares to be capable of ascending, or descending, of stopping, or of moving horizontally; and which may be navigated in the air, for a month, without intermission. Its complement of aeronauts is six; and it is calculated to convey twenty individuals, with their requisite stock of provisions. A short

short time must shew whether all this is sober truth or a *flight* of imagination.

Among the *Chemical* papers mentioned, is one by M. *Serulas*, describing a fulminating mixture, by which gun-powder may be ignited under water. — To the same observer we are indebted for the detection of arsenic in most of the pharmaceutical preparations of antimony. — A singular case of a female, thirty-six years of age, who vomited bezoardic concretions, is stated by M. *Braconnot*. — M. *Morin*, in his examination of the Smelt, found phosphorus to be present in its composition, in the same state of combination in which it occurs in the milt of fishes, and in the matter of the brain. His analysis of the same species yielded albumen, mucus, osmazome, hydrochlorate of potass, the phosphates of potass, magnesia, iron, and lime, carbonate of lime, an oily matter, phosphorus, and animal fibre. — M. *Vogel* seems to have established that the volatile oil of bitter almonds, even when deprived of the hydrocyanic acid, is deleterious. — MM. *Payen* and *Chevalier*, in a memoir on the cultivation of the Hop, have proved that all the qualities, which that plant imparts to our malt-liquor, reside in the yellow mealy powder of the scaly cones, and not in the cones themselves; and that, consequently, a superior beverage is prepared by the exclusion of the latter from the brewing process. — The earth pistachio, *Arachis hypogæa*, Lin., a native of South America, which is now cultivated in the Landes of Bordeaux, in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, Montpellier, and Toulon, yields a large quantity of oil, which, for many purposes, is superior to that of olives. — ‘Professor *Zimmerman*, of Giessen, has discovered that all the aqueous atmospheric substances, as dew, snow, rain, and hail, contain meteoric iron, combined with nickel. Rain usually contains salt, and a new organic substance, composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, which he calls *pysine*. These same combinations are found in meteorolites, which are supposed to be rather of a terrestrial than of a cosmical origin.’

In the case of a house in Toulouse struck by lightning, an iron peg, and the needles of a tailor who was at work at the time, were highly magnetized; and we believe that similar effects are produced by lightning more frequently than we are aware. — M. *Ampere*’s experiments tend powerfully to confirm the conclusions of *Oersted* and Sir H. Davy relative to the identity of the magnetic and electric fluid. — According to the observations of M. *Hansteen*, the magnetic intensity of the earth is subject to a diurnal variation; decreasing from the first hours of the morning till ten or eleven o’clock, in

winter, when it is at its *minimum*, and afterward gradually increasing till four o'clock P.M.; or, in spring, till six or seven o'clock in the evening:—it again decreases during the night, and reaches its *maximum* about three o'clock in the morning. When the moon passes the equator, the intensity is considerably weaker than in the two following days; it likewise diminishes during the appearance of the *aurora borealis*, being weaker in proportion as that phaenomenon is extensive and vivid; and it is stronger in winter than in summer.—The experiments of Dr. *Gondret*, and of the editors of the *Journal de Physiologie*, induce the pleasing expectation that the Voltaic pile may often be successfully employed in cases of *asphyxia* and suspended animation.

Under *Meteorology*, we find the recitals of various shocks of earthquakes. That which occurred on the 19th of February, 1822, and which was felt at Paris, Geneva, Chambéry, &c. appears to have been in the direction of the magnetic meridian. A meteorite is recorded to have fallen at Angers, on the 3d of June, and one at Baffe, in the department of the Vosges, on the 13th of September. The analysis of that which fell at Juvenas, in the department of the Ardèche, 15th June, 1821, yielded to M. *Vauquelin* the ordinary ingredients, except that it contained no nickel, and much less magnesia than usual; but the quantity of alumine and lime exceeded the general proportion; and there was a trace of copper.

In the division allotted to the *Medical* department, we find M. *Cloquet* laboring to prove what few, we presume, are disposed to controvert; namely, that the rarity of the air, in very elevated stations, is prejudicial to the well-being of the human frame. Temporary uneasiness is, we believe, more or less experienced by those who ascend beyond 10,000 or 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; independently of the fatigue which accompanies such an exertion. In the reasoning before us, no account seems to have been taken of another derangement of the animal system, which is apt to ensue from an uncommon attenuation of the atmosphere:—we allude to the rupture of some of the more delicate blood-vessels, which are no longer sufficiently counterbanded by the density of the external air.

‘ Mr. *Samuel Laffers*, of Carteret’s county, North Carolina, had been seized with a paralytic affection, which had fixed in the countenance and particularly in the eyes. As he was walking in his room, a flash of lightning laid him senseless on the floor: in twenty minutes his recollection returned: but the remainder of the day and the night elapsed before he completely recovered the



use of his limbs. Next day, he found himself perfectly well, and intimated a desire to acquaint a friend with the particulars of what had befallen him. His letter, which was very long, was written without the help of glasses; and from that time the paralysis has never recurred. Mr. *Laffers* is persuaded, however, that the same shock which recovered his sight has impaired the delicacy of his hearing.'

The interior friable substance, in which the seeds of *Adansonia baobab* are lodged, is employed by the natives of Africa in cases of dysentery, and has been successfully exhibited by Dr. *Frank*, in treating the same disorder. The cure of the most obstinate syphilitic symptoms, by fumigations, is announced as the discovery of a Swedish peasant; who has received a gratuity from his government, with the assurance of an additional remuneration if the patients, whom he has cured in the hospital of Stockholm, suffer no relapse that can be reasonably attributed to their former malady. — Dr. *Rousseau* prescribes the leaves of the holly against intermittent fevers, with the same confidence that he uses Jesuits' bark. — M. *Coindet* now applies iodine by friction to those who are afflicted with *goître*, and with the same success as when he administered it internally. The pomade which he employs is composed of hydriodate of potass and hogs' lard. — Dr. *Archer*, an American physician, asserts that whooping-cough may be effectually cured by vaccination, in the second or third week of the complaint. — The new milk of mares is now recommended by the German physicians against the tape-worm, which it is said to kill, although the milk of the cow is supposed to be favorable to its growth.

Among the *Arts of Industry*, we find mention made of a calculating machine, by M. *Thomas*, of Colmar, which promises to expedite the practical processes of arithmetic in Counting-rooms, Banks, on the Exchange, &c.: but no specification is given of its construction. Numerous other real or supposed improvements and inventions, in the mechanical province of human industry, are shortly passed in review.

'A young lady, blind from birth, but distinguished by her wit, talents, and amiability, fancied that it would be possible for her to communicate her thoughts to her family and friends, *by means of printing*, if any able mechanist would invent for her a press and expedients which she might employ; the apprenticeship, and patience in the execution, would afterward become her own concern. She applied to the celebrated historian of the Bees, M. *François Huber*, of Geneva, whom she had the advantage of reckoning among her acquaintances; and who, from sharing the same misfortune, (it is known that he is blind,) was led to take a deeper interest in the object of the request. His genius, and that of his

domestic, *Claude L  chet*, a man naturally gifted with great mechanical talents, being strongly excited, they set to work, and the press was invented, executed by *Claude*, and despatched, with an assortment of types, to the interesting blind person ; who, in consequence of a short training, has attained the complete enjoyment of this mode of communicating her thoughts.'

The *Chemical Arts*, which still obtain their due share of attention from the French, form a prominent subdivision of the present performance. *M. Br  ant* professes to damask steel in a manner equal to that of the Orientals, and to form at the same time blades even more elastic, and by a more economical process ; and *M. H  ricart de Thury*, in a subsequent article, apprizes us that he has perfectly succeeded in executing specimens of all the most beautiful and elegant patterns. — *M. Braconnot*, on analysing a very fine green color from Germany, ascertained that it may be prepared by a triple combination of the arsenious oxyde, the dentoxyde of hydrate of copper, and the acetic acid. — Signor *Pep  *, professor of chemistry at Naples, has invented a metallic varnish, to preserve iron, copper, tin, &c. from the effects of air, or water, which can be removed only by the file ; and which, when polished, becomes as white and brilliant as silver. — Signor *Baffi*, another Italian chemist, has introduced into the Turkish dominions a method of manufacturing saltpetre with no other heat than that of the sun, which reduces the expence of preparing 100 lbs. of that commodity from ten crowns to one. — In the sixth volume of the *Annales de l'Industrie*, it is stated that the bark of the chesnut-tree contains twice as much of the tanning principle as that of oak, and nearly twice as much coloring matter as logwood. Mixed with iron, the same bark forms an exquisitely black and permanent ink. The color obtained from it has more affinity than Sumach for wool, and is unalterable in air and light.

The following receipt to destroy the mouldiness of ink, and to prevent its recurrence, is said to be as effectual as it is simple : ' Take on the point of a penknife a small quantity of dentoxyde of mercury (red precipitate), nearly of the thickness of a little pin ; work it up with a drop of ink on a bit of glass, and then put the paste into the ink-bottle. It is not necessary to stir the ink afterward, and the effect is very quick.'

We are presented, also, with the account of a curiously devised metallic pen : but, as the use of it seems to imply more trouble than convenience, we would still recommend in preference our good old friend, " the grey-goose quill."

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The lists of French patents, and of prizes proposed and awarded for essays on literary and scientific subjects, for specimens of execution in the fine arts and manufactures, for successful trials in agriculture, &c., are not only numerous, but indicative of a spirit of investigation and enterprize in the business of life, which must exhilarate every enlightened and philanthropic mind. — We are unwilling, indeed, to dismiss this volume from our table without bestowing our meed of approbation on the original undertaking, or without contemplating the advantages which may redound from its more extended prosecution. An able and concentrated view of all the important facts and discoveries which the science and skill of civilized Europe may disclose, in each revolving year, would eminently contribute to diffuse the more essential parts of practical knowledge, to render the results of inquiry intelligible and accessible to the mass of the population, to instil some precious elements into the formation of public opinion, to regulate the occupations and mould the character of large portions of mankind, and to meliorate the condition of our species.

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ART. VIII. *Histoire Philosophique des Empereurs, &c.*; i.e. A Philosophical History of the Emperors, from Cæsar down to Constantine; or, a Comparison of their Institutions, of the Events of their respective Ages, and of the State of Mankind under Paganism, with the Civilization of modern Times. By M. TOULOTTE, formerly Sub-Prefect. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

POSSESSING avowedly very liberal and even democratical principles, this work is appropriately addressed to three of the chief *Liberals* in the French Chamber of Deputies; viz. General de Pommereul, former Counsellor of State, M. Benj. Constant, and M. Voyer d'Argenson; all of them sufficiently distinguished as patriotic leaders of the party to which they belong. We cannot particularly notice the *liberal* terms in which the author speaks of these gentlemen: but we have reason to believe that they are every way well bestowed; and they may be deemed the more valuable, perhaps, as departing from M. TOULOTTE's usual style of stricture on modern times, characters, and institutions, when brought into parallel in many points with those of the Romans. We may make allowances for this tone of evident dissatisfaction with the present condition of affairs in Europe, especially in a Frenchman, with whom it is both reasonable and natural; and indeed the author could scarcely have chosen a subject better calculated to indulge his philosophical and political invective, than

the history of Rome under the emperors : an age "*plenum nigredine peccatorum*," when contrasted with the more civilized political and moral delinquencies of recent periods. Both, it must be allowed, afford but too ample ground for animadversion ; and the author seems to have fixed on it as supplying the best materials for the moral and historical satirist. The latter character, however, assumes too bold and prominent a feature throughout the whole of this really clever and interesting work ; and we cannot always consider the censure as quite fair, though the virtues either of antient or of modern imperial ages do not afford us *many* occasions of dissent from the charges preferred against them.

" Together let us beat this ample field,  
Try what the open, what the covert yield,"

amid those splendid and heroic scenes which are furnished by the " most strange eventful history" ever witnessed among the anomalies of the world.

We are sorry, then, that one of the first points on which we have to differ from the author is the nature of the religious opinions which he has unnecessarily and obtrusively here announced. To write under such a prejudice, and to avow it, is by no means consistent with that impartiality which is required by history : nor should an advocate for perfect toleration forget that the system ought also to be extended to Christianity, and that the same selfishness and bigotry may be discovered in opposing that has been shewn in propagating it.

M. TOULOTTE observes in his life of Adrian ;

' That prince conceived that he was bound to submit the new religion to the magistrates, inasmuch as it daily encroached on the national forms of worship in all their branches, and interfered with all those private and public interests to which paganism was inseparably allied : a religion which, it was pretended, was essentially opposed to that agreeable philosophy which Athens had conferred on Rome as a consolation for her lost liberty : — a religion which, in its stern and jealous simplicity, went to destroy those sources of agreeable fiction that had so long been the choicest food for poetry ; — and of which the cold and austere doctrines appalled the imagination, by depriving it of its richest treasures : threatening the sudden decay of those useful professions to which the gods were indebted for their temples, princes for their palaces, and the people for their public monuments and agreeable arts, which had taken from ideal beauty the just proportions, the fine forms, and the very soul, as it were, of those master-pieces, in which the divinities of Olympus seem still to breathe and live.' (Vol. ii. p. 81.)

What degree of moderation, or what justice to the motives and actions of the early Christians, are we to expect from  
the

the author of such a passage as this? Prejudices in an historian with regard to political considerations may be in some degree excused: but, when they are extended to merely controversial points, connected with the religious opinions and institutions of a people, how can any good motive be supposed to actuate the writer, when silence, or fairness of discussion, would have been so truly preferable? We are not surprized to find, then, that the author's comparative views on this head most frequently fail, through the want of that liberality which renders them much more enlightened and enlarged when applied to the social and political relations of different people. His ideas on these latter topics are at once original and novel; deriving their chief interest from the philosophical tone and spirit in which they are treated, and from his manner of introducing short and rapid parallels of national policy, characters, and institutions. In his zeal against spiritual despotism, however, when in league with the civil power, (which he justly asserts is more fatal to the liberties and happiness of mankind than the momentary domination of Rome's worst emperors, or the tyrannies of the antient world,) he has been led to consider the evils resulting from the establishment of Christianity, with its ages of darkness and "abominations of desolation," as a necessary consequence and a portion of Christianity itself. Tracing it only in its abuses and worldly domination, through the blood-stained career of priestly ambition, he seems totally insensible to the real advantages and excellences,—the grandeur, beauty, and simplicity,—of the system as promulgated by its Founder; and to the benefits by which it has every where been followed, when inculcated in its original truth and purity.

We had hoped that this pseudo-philosophy, so much in vogue in France during the last century, had in a great measure disappeared with the introduction of reforms in that country, with her political regeneration, and with a more reasonable and better aspect of society; and that the names of Hume, Gibbon, *Voltaire*, and *Diderot*, were no longer held in such high-veneration *merely* for their successful attempts to shake the foundations of priestly domination throughout the world. Well aware of the services which they rendered, and for which the corruptions of Christianity loudly called, we still deplore the necessity for them, and the extent to which those writers carried their system. The causes which provoked their hostility being now removed in many states of Europe, their work is achieved; and any farther attempt to renew the combat, *ad internecionem*, is to destroy the glory of the temple on account of the idolatries and abominations  
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formerly committed in it. If we consider it, then, as a serious deduction from the value and utility of such writers, that they came to their important tasks rather with the biassed feelings of advocates than with the true temper and impartiality of historians, what must be our opinion of the 'philosophical' tone of the present author's reasonings; which are any thing but just and philosophical when applied to *true* religion, though frequently correct when accounting for motives and events resulting out of the progress of those *false* Christian doctrines that characterized the early ages? This is a distinction which, for the sake of his otherwise valuable and interesting labors, the author should have carefully and anxiously kept in view.

In the discussion of other questions of great national and social interest, connected with the manners and institutions of the later Romans, it is but justice to repeat that the author's views are altogether of a higher and more ennobling character. Though exhibiting only a short delineation of the political and moral condition of Rome under the Emperors, his remarks are comprehensive, and often sound and philosophical. Relying little on modern writers, and borrowing still less, his authorities are chiefly drawn from classical sources; shewing a sufficient range of reading, and abundant research, while his notes are even too elaborate in proportion to the work. In general, he prefers the testimony of contemporary authors less than that of others who succeeded them at some distance; in which, we think, he has judged correctly and well.

Of M. TOULOTTE's style, also, we may venture to speak with commendation; for in simplicity and perspicuity it is well adapted to history, while it is sufficiently animated and eloquent to engage the reader's attention. It appears to possess a portion of the rarer qualities in modern composition; describing things with a light yet bold and rapid touch; seizing on the most prominent and important features of the characters and passions which it has to display; and preserving at once an easy and a dignified tone, very appropriate in discussing the lives and actions of the imperial dead. The materials, likewise, are for the most part judiciously collected and well arranged; while the author appears to enter into the spirit of the scenes which he paints, to penetrate into the real character and motives of the actors, and to depict their virtues, their weaknesses, or their appalling atrocities, in bold and lively colors, and with something of the terseness and strength of the Greek and Latin writers. Thus the enormities of some of the emperors, the abjectness of the senates, the aggrandizing policy of Rome, the despotism of the legions, and

and the consequent degradation and sufferings both of the patricians and the people, are all developed in a few brief but decisive passages. Embracing the long and disastrous period of Rome's internal conflicts, proscriptions, and revolutions, — dark with crimes, yet majestic in strength, pride, and magnificence, — while her real virtues and energies decayed, — the author has been compelled to crowd the leading incidents of her story into a very short space; excluding many of the minute details and particulars related by more voluminous writers. Like a panoramic view of some vast city, his work exhibits to the eye only the bolder outlines, and those strong lights and shades which produce a vivid feeling of its essential qualities as a whole: his sketches and parallels of character, and his comparisons of governments and institutions, being given rather in the rapid and comprehensive manner of Tacitus, than in the copious and studied language of Sallust or the flowing style of Livy. For a French writer, indeed, he is to be remarked as full of this abruptness and antithesis; which, to readers who take the pains to think, will give a more bold and striking aspect to the splendor of events, and the heroes who are engaged in them.

Rising with the importance of his subject, the author's opening character of Cæsar appears to great advantage; and that extraordinary man's peculiar genius and transcendent qualities are better brought into view than those of any of the other princes of the empire. M. TOULOTTE seems, indeed, to have wrought it up in his happiest manner, exhibiting it in the most striking attitudes and the most glowing colors, as if intended for a striking contrast to that of Octavius Cæsar; which, far from endeavoring to palliate it, like most of his historians, he has treated with an uncommon degree of severity. The tone of harshness and contempt, which here he invariably maintains, appears to have been excited by the cowardly and cunning policy of Octavius, which laid the foundation for the future downfall of the Roman people. — We must advert to some portions of the author's remarks on both these characters; the most interesting which the imperial age can boast; moving in the most grand and eventful period; and the last that witnessed republican virtue and patriotic heroic actions, which were doomed to be succeeded by the most abject submission and most atrocious crimes of which the world affords examples. On the early conduct and dispositions of the great Julius, he observes:

‘ One of those illustrious few who owe their elevation rather to the full and free developement of their talents than to fortune, Cæsar, however ambitious of the highest offices in the state, was  
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less flattered by the prospects of power than by those of renown; prizing the former only as a means of extending his reputation. Of fame, indeed, he was the more ambitious, because he knew that this it was which must consign his public career to the care of posterity, at once the test and the shield of merit; disrobing those whom it immortalizes of the false and gaudy trappings of contemporaries, to be exchanged for the impartial estimation of future ages. — No one ever felt more keenly a sense of that profound emotion which troubled the repose of young Themistocles, on viewing the trophies of the conqueror of the Persians, Miltiades. When Cæsar beheld the statue of Alexander in the temple of Hercules at Cadiz, he exclaimed, “Alas! at my age he had subdued the world, and I have done nothing memorable!” Such a comparison might have led others to despair: but Cæsar seemed to look forwards unawed, and to contemplate with a calm eye the great distance which still separated him from the conqueror of Darius. If, indeed, he signalized himself by fewer remarkable actions in his early years, he soon equalled the son of Philip in genius, in courage, in a mind fertile of resources, and even surpassing him in knowledge of the military art, and in skilful and extended combinations: besides possessing those engaging qualities that seize on the imagination, and extort even from our vanity the tribute of applause. The vices of the Macedonian seemed to strengthen with his years, while the youthful follies of the Roman gave way to great and estimable qualities: “perhaps,” says *La Bruyere*, “because Alexander was merely a hero, and Cæsar was really a great man.”

‘Sylla alone seemed to suspect how far the enterprizing spirit, which proposed Alexander instead of Scipio for a model, might be led to carry its pretensions; and he penetrated that audacity of character, which, rejoicing to cope with difficulties, imagines that nothing is impossible. Of this, indeed, Cæsar is a striking example; — proving to us that means for the attainment of every thing may be acquired by strong excitement of the will; and that want of success, in the greatest enterprizes, is to be attributed less to deficiency of power and means than to weakness of resolution.’ (Vol. i. p. 15.)

Though we agree with the author in the general correctness of the last observation, we cannot accompany him in the whole extent of his position, and grant an irresistible power and ascendancy to the human will. What would the strong mental energies and resources of Cæsar have availed him, had he been destitute of external aids and advantages, in a fortunate period and under prosperous occurrences, with such a theatre as the Roman state in which to play his part? His strength of motive and resolute soul, fostered by all its patrician and national pride, might then have encountered obstacles too vast to be surmounted. That Rome herself, whose patriotic genius and national confidence carried her to  
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such an unprecedented height of dominion, and that the illustrious men of all professions and ages, owe much of their reputation to the times and circumstances in which they lived, is a truth that cannot reasonably be disputed. As the most favorable situations avail nothing to characters which are deficient in genius and judgment to profit by them, so it would appear that even the greatest minds can achieve nothing considerable without a fortunate concurrence of causes to promote their views. A combination of fortunate events and of singular abilities must arise, then, in addition to the strongest excitement of the will, to insure complete success; and, from a number of causes, the chances in favor of the most gifted minds united to the most perfect resolution are very inconsiderable, when opposed to those which are fatal to successful results.

That Cæsar was one of the first and most fortunate of individuals, and Rome the most powerful and prosperous of nations, must be attributed not less to the signal favors of that capricious goddess to whom Roman temples were dedicated, than to their own inherent strength of intellect and will. How few of the surrounding nations, which evinced the same patriotic energies and devotion, as the ruins of their capitals testify, speak in the annals of history in support of the supreme ascendancy of the human will; — or how very few individuals, in ambition and resolution equal to Cæsar, and pursuing the ablest plans and combinations, have triumphed over their foes and over their country, and filled the world with their renown? — Rome and her Cæsar, then, instead of being set up as patterns of patient industry, courage, and determination, as M. TOULOTTE would maintain, should be considered as anomalies in the history of nations and of mankind; and as examples of an union of rare good fortune, energy, and aspiring confidence, which *together* crowned their enterprizes with success.

The pride which gloried in individual poverty, but in national splendor and renown, and which carried Rome to so high a pitch of moral greatness during the days of her Fabricii and Cincinnati, had doubtless its source in the same national confidence and high-minded devotion. All these qualities and circumstances, with the help of fortune, achieved what are considered — and possibly under other circumstances would really be — *impossible things*; and when this enthusiastic devotion to the cause ceased to operate, the glory of the republic began to wane. A wretched egotism then usurped the place of national regard, preparing the way for the Emperors; who came borne “on the flood of fortune,” and of luxury  
and

and depravity of manners: which, infecting the whole frame of society, laid the foundation of the future tyrannies and atrocities of ages.

Having differed thus far, we feel the more pleasure in agreeing with M. TOULOTTE that, had Rome continued to preserve at the close of the republic a portion of the sterner virtues which once distinguished her, neither the power of Julius nor the cunning policy of Octavius, nor the madness and iniquities of her Neros and Domitians, would so easily have succeeded in trampling on her rights and liberties. Dreaded and invincible by her foes, she thus became a victim to the pride and rapacity of her own commanders and fellow-citizens, — to the designs of the wealthiest and most powerful. Cæsar, however, unlike his ferocious predecessors, Marius and Sylla, scorned to purchase his elevation by the more common expedient of terror, which had not only paralyzed the laws, but destroyed the sources of moral restraint and virtuous actions among the people.

The author, as he proceeds, does full justice to the all-piercing intellect and grasping views of Cæsar. Cautious of committing himself with any party, he was active in availing himself of the errors of all. He fomented the unseasonable severity of Cato, the vanity that led to the fatal expedition of Crassus, the weaknesses of Cicero, and the indolent confidence of Pompey reposing on his laurels. These were so many steps which facilitated Cæsar's progress to undisputed power. In the discharge of his first popular offices, we find him followed by the voice and suffrages of the plebeians; in his prætorship and consulate, his train consisted of knights and senators; while the strangers at Rome, whom he had gratified by obtaining for them the title of allies and friends of the Roman people, were loud in his applause. — Before he departed on his memorable expeditions, which are so ably and classically related by himself, against the Gauls and Britons, he had already acquired great influence and popularity among his countrymen. His important and arduous conquest of the Gauls being at last achieved, he was the first who conducted the Romans into Britain; where he subdued many of the southern counties, and collected materials for the observations which we find in his "Commentaries." Returning to Rome between each campaign, he strengthened his interests by participating his honors with those whom he judged it his policy to retain; until the formidable influence which he acquired began to awaken the senate to a sense of their danger, and his rival beheld him ready to throw off the mask. Suspicions soon gave rise to recriminations; — Pompey recalled



recalled two of his legions;—and the Senate hastened the crisis by commanding both to dismiss their troops, an order which their mutual jealousy permitted neither of them to obey.

‘In fact,’ observes the writer, ‘the luxury of courts had introduced itself into the camp; and the usual stipends were no longer considered by the legions as equal to their new wants. We are scarcely surprized, therefore, that they did not scruple to sacrifice the interests of their country to those of a leader, whose remunerations often anticipated the wishes of his troops. The period was now arrived when Rome, triumphant over the most warlike nations of the world, and led on by heroes hitherto invincible, was unable to withstand the inroads of private ambition, which more or less avowedly aspired to supreme power.’

Cæsar’s policy led him to march his army into Italy, before Pompey was prepared to defend the senate; and such were the bravery and the attachment of his troops, that we feel no surprize at the result proving to be such as he himself anticipated. That he could afford to lose the battle of Dyrrachium, and still oppose himself successfully to Pompey, proves at once his superiority to the latter, and his title to rank with the very first commanders, by rising above the difficulties which he had to encounter. The conduct of Pompey, on the other hand, forms a striking contrast on the day of that important battle, when he seemed to have less influence over the army than the heroic Cato. When that leader harangued his soldiers, his eloquence seemed to make no impression: but, when Cato rose, ‘and addressed the troops vehemently on the character of the patriot-soldier, and on his contempt of death, the most animated and generous expressions suddenly burst forth, at the name of liberty and love of country: the legions unanimously cried out to be led against Cæsar; and the philosophy of Cato may be said, that day, to have obtained the victory.’ Had Pompey sufficiently profited by this battle, the war might have been terminated by its effects: but Cæsar himself remarked “that his rival did not know how to conquer,” since he left his routed enemies unpursued; an error which Cæsar took care not to copy on the fatal plains of Pharsalia. ‘Thenceforwards,’ says M. TOULORTE, ‘a fresh career opened to his view; and, impelled by the genius of Cæsar, Rome advanced with gigantic steps towards universal dominion and servitude.’

The generosity displayed by Cæsar after victory, his subsequent exploits, the wisdom and moderation of his government, and the unwise, ungrateful, and fatal conspiracy against him,

him, are faithfully and eloquently portrayed in the present work. We beg leave, however, to differ with the author in his view of the conspirators; whom, in some points, he seems to countenance, though in another part he designates them by the name of 'murderers.'

In a comparison of the character of Cæsar with that of Cato, —

*“ Et cuncta terrarum subacta,  
Præter atrocem animum Catonis,”* (HOR.) —

the only one truly great enough to be put in competition with him, the author makes some excellent observations, which we wish that we had space enough to transcribe. — Remarking on the indignation of the Romans at the assassination of the great Julius, in the heat of which they murdered a very inoffensive fellow-citizen, Helvius Cinna, mistaking him for the conspirator Cinna, M. TOULOTTE takes occasion to bring a very disputable charge against the character of Augustus Cæsar.

‘ This was a misfortune, no doubt; but, like all similar excesses in a large body of the people, it had its origin in true sensibility and right feeling. We cannot, however, ascribe the action of Augustus to the same source, when, on the anniversary of Cæsar’s fall, he caused three hundred senators of Perusium to be slaughtered on an altar erected in honor of the hero; though they had yielded themselves prisoners on the capture of their city, under the security of laws both human and divine, to a prince whom no sense of honor withheld from becoming their executioner, for the purpose of convincing the Romans that his policy knew no bounds, and no distinction of rank and numbers, when he thought that his security demanded the blood of victims.’ (P. 124.)

Indeed, the author’s representation of the character and actions of Octavius is throughout too evidently the result of a somewhat prejudiced feeling; which betrays, at every touch, a strong dislike to the portrait that is on the canvass; which places it in an unfavorable light; and which creates a sensation of mingled hatred and disgust, of which we have never before been so sensible from perusing the accounts of other historians.

[ *To be continued.* ]

**Arr. IX.** *Lettre à M. Dacier, &c.; i. e.* A Letter to M. Dacier, on the Alphabet of Phonetic Hieroglyphics used by the Egyptians to inscribe on their Monuments the Titles, Names, and Surnames of Greek and Roman Sovereigns. By M. CHAMPOLLION, jun. 8vo. pp. 52. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 6s.

WE understand that the author of this tract is a native of Grenoble, who, after having received a classical education, visited Egypt in a military capacity, and learnt the Coptic language: that, since his return, he has devoted himself exclusively to literature; that he is attached as a sort of librarian to the Parisian *Bibliothèque du Roi*; and that he employs his leisure in the illustration of Ægyptian monuments and antiquities. His "*Ægypt under the Pharaohs*" was reviewed with attention in our seventy-ninth volume, (pp. 463—472.) but with some dissent from his own points of view. He has since published a work intitled "*Histoire des Lagides*," which throws new light on the monuments erected by the Ptolemaic dynasty; and he now addresses this Letter to the Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, relative to the hieroglyphic alphabet and writing of the Copts. The subject is so little exhausted, and the learning of M. CHAMPOLLION is so well adapted to clarify its obscurity, that we shall analyze his fifty pages at some length.

He begins by dividing the writing of the Ægyptians into the *hieratic* or sacerdotal, and the *demotic* or popular character; and he maintains that both these forms of verbal notation are, like Chinese and Japanese writing, *ideographic*, and not *alphabetic*. The pictured hieroglyphs do not stand, he thinks, for the several letters, but for the objects of thought; which, when they regard visible things, are represented by natural imitations, but, when they regard invisible things, are described by some sort of metaphor serving to translate ideas of the ear, or any other sense, into ideas of the eye. To M. *Silvestre de Sacy*, to M. *Ackerblad*, and to Dr. *Young*, merit is ascribed for the assistance which they have given to this line of investigation: but no notice is taken of M. *Schmidt de Rossan*, who is said to have deposited, in the Parisian library, a Coptic dictionary, and philological dissertations on the same subject.

M. CHAMPOLLION admits, however, that this hieroglyphic writing has the power of expressing the sounds of words, and that Greek names are frequently introduced in this picturesque character without any attention to their radical signification: but he imagines that these names are usually deprived of all their short vowels, the long vowels and the

consonants being carefully delineated. This appears to us a strong argument for suspecting that the antient Ægyptians, like the Hebrews and Babylonians, had an alphabet without short vowels, and were in the habit of supplying them with the tongue when they read aloud, long before the invention of points; which, however necessary in any manuscript of a dead language, are little required in those of a living one, as we know by our own short-hand. Thus, attributing an alphabetic value to the hieroglyphic characters, the name *Alexandros* is found written ΑΛΚΣΑΝΤΡΣ, Alksantrs; the name Ptolomæus, ΠΤΟΛΜΗΣ, Ptolmes; the name Berenice, ΒΡΝΗΚΣ, Brneks; and the name Trajanus, ΤΡΗΝΣ, Treens. Now these and other proper names, which have been discovered by assuming the hieroglyphic writing to be alphabetic, are almost the only words which are known to have been safely decyphered.

All that is considered as ascertained concerning hieroglyphic writing reposes chiefly on the authority of Horapollo; who, according to Suidas, was a native of Phænebythis, a village in the Panopolitan præfecture of Ægypt, and taught at Alexandria. He seems to have lectured on elegant literature, as he is said to have commented on Homer, Alcæus, and Sophocles, and is supposed to have migrated in the reign of Theodosius to Constantinople: where one Philip put into Greek his *Hieroglyphics*, a work in two books stated in the title to have been composed in the Egyptian tongue. — Suidas, however, is not a very judicious or trustworthy compiler of information, and he flourished long after the reign of Theodosius. Moreover, this account bears marks of obvious improbability. If Horapollo could lecture at Alexandria on Homer and Sophocles, he could not want a Greek interpreter at Constantinople to translate his book. It is more likely, therefore, that Philip was the Alexandrian lecturer who migrated to Constantinople, and that the work of Horapollo existed only in its native Coptic until the times of Theodosius. The date of Horapollo's existence is quite uncertain; — if the name, even, be not the mere title of an hieroglyphic grammar put into Greek by Philip. A translator resident at Constantinople could take great liberties with a Coptic text, without fear of detection; and certainly these books of hieroglyphics, collected under the name of Horapollo, contain many passages which must have been composed originally in Greek, and which cannot have formed part of any Coptic text. Such in emblem No. 1. is the phrase *ὁν καλῶσιν Ἀιγυπτιοὶ ἔβριον*, and such in emblem No. 3. is the phrase *Ἀιγυπτίσι καλῶμενος σῶθις*, &c.; which observ-



ations prove that the translator is constantly commenting, and in fact composing from his Coptic document a fresh elementary work : so that the reasons assigned by him for the adoption of various emblems may be the mere produce of his own ingenious imagination, and not the real motives of the Ægyptian picture-writers. In emblem No. 7., says Philip, the Ægyptians represent the soul by a hawk, according to the interpretation of the name : for the hawk is called in Coptic *bai-eth*, which, when divided, is sounded like *bai*, soul, and *eth*, heart.

Now what does this fact tend to prove? Not that the hieroglyphic writing was *ideographic*, but that it was *alphabetic*. All the Hebrew letters were named after some familiar sensible object, of which the name so began. Aleph, *ox*; Beth, *booth*; Gimel, *camel*; Daleth, *door*, &c.; and, in making picture-primers for our children, we put *a* for *apple*, *b* for *bee*, *c* for *citron*, *d* for *door*, &c., accompanying each letter with a delineation of some familiar object, of which the name begins with that letter. If, then, instead of employing alphabetic characters which are but the ghosts or abridgments of the objects that they originally pictured, we used the figure of an apple for *a*, that of a bee for *b*, that of a citron for *c*, and that of a door for *d*, we should possess an hieroglyphic alphabet; and, though a few words, such as *a*, *bee*, *sea*, *i*, *ell*, *cue*, *tea*, *why*, might be expressed through a sort of pun by single letters, yet this would not amount to ideographic writing. Though the Coptic letter *beth* is fitly represented by a hawk, of which it is the name, yet the letter by itself stands only for *bai*, which means soul.

The emblem No. 8. in Horapollo cannot possibly have been so explained in a Coptic original: the entire paragraph is clearly conceived in Greek; and this must necessarily occasion great doubt whether the writer did not flourish after the hieroglyphic alphabet had ceased to be popularly understood, and whether he has not substituted personal inferences and suppositions for the evidence of monuments.

In the emblem No. 13. of Horapollo, we are told that Hephaistos or Phtha was denoted by a beetle and a vulture: but in the decypherings of M. CHAM POLLION Phtha is otherwise delineated.

At the beginning of the second book of Horapollo, the author says that he is now drawing from various sources, and making a supplement to his previous treatise by calling in other help. This second book, then, may with propriety be intitled Horapollo only in case that this designation had been employed, like *Œdipus*, or *Sphinx*, or the British *Apollo*, as



the name, not of an individual, but of a literary work, as it were, the light of the Nile, the Ægyptian Apollo. Now if it be manifest, from internal evidence, that the greater part of this book must have been conceived in Greek originally; and is not, as it professes to be, a translation from the Coptic; — if it be equally clear that the writer collects his pretended information from distinct and sometimes from inconsistent quarters; (compare, for instance, emblem No. 58. of the first book with emblem No. 3. of the second;) — and if it be admitted that he flourished under Theodosius, when hieroglyphic writing had fallen into disuse in Ægypt, and was no longer intelligible to the natives; — it may well be that this Horapollo contains but the hypothesis, and the *erroneous* hypothesis, of a Greek grammarian, named Philip, concerning the signification of figures which he had seen carved on obelisks, and wished to interpret to the Constantinopolitans.

It appears from the chronography of Syncellus, (p. 248.) that, under the patronage of Otanes the Mede, and soon after the death of Cambyzes, the philosopher Democritus of Abdera was sent to preside at Memphis over the Ægyptian temples; and that, in concert with a Jewess, named Mary, he practised hieroglyphic writing. This seems to announce a Babylonish origin of hieroglyphics. At least, at the period of the irruption of Cyrus into Palestine, the walls of the Temple at Jerusalem (Ezekiel, viii. 10.) were scrawled over with every form of creeping thing and abominable beast; and, during the long sovereignty of the Ptolemaic dynasty, which retained a connection with the east, this form of writing continued in vogue, but slowly lost ground under Roman sway. As no traces of ideographic writing are found among the Babylonians, this origin tends to favor the expectation of a hieroglyphic *alphabet*, constructed on the oriental principle of omitting short vowels; and it is not easy to conceive that any writing, not alphabetic, should be so popularly legible as to be placed on the public monuments of Ægypt for the purpose of interpreting the adjacent Greek inscriptions. It rather seems to have been the antient, or, as we say, Gothic character of the natives; and to have been disused only in consequence of the complex forms of its letters, which delayed the writer although they assisted the reader. Could the Ægyptian obelisks have been a sort of public primers, on which the entire alphabet was conspicuously carved, and round which the children of Memphis and Thebes were made to lie down in the sand, to repeat the names and to describe the shapes of the several letters, as in our Lancastrian schools, or among the Hindoos at Madras?

Let us now hear M. CHAMPOLLION concerning the *phonetic* picture-writing, as he calls it, of the Ægyptians.

‘ I have already intimated that, in order to express *sounds* and *articulations*, and thus to form a writing that may be pronounced, the Ægyptians employed hieroglyphics representing physical objects, or expressing *ideas*, of which the name, or corresponding designation, in spoken language, began by the vowel or the consonant to be delineated. An approximation of the hieroglyphic signs which denote consonants, to the Ægyptian words describing the objects which these same hieroglyphs represent, will remove every doubt about the principle which we are laying down. Analogies so multitudinous cannot be the mere effect of chance.

‘ The consonant B is expressed, first, by a hieroglyphic representing a vase containing fire ;— placed on the hand of a man, it often occurs in basso-relievos representing a hero offering incense to the gods. *Berbe* in Coptic is the name of this vase. Secondly, on the Pamphylian obelisk, the B is represented by a quadruped: but the engraving of *Kircher* is so negligently executed, that we cannot discover whether it represents *bahsi*, a cow; *baampe*, an antelope; *bareit*, a goat; *baschor*, a fox; *boischi*, a mouse; or *bonseh*, a jackal.

‘ The consonant K is represented, first, by a vase with wings; a sort of basin, which in Ægyptian dictionaries is called, according to its varieties, *kelol*, *knikidji*, and *kadji*, which are all used to remove water. Secondly, it is represented by a right angle, and by a triangle: now the word *kooch* signifies angle. Thirdly, it is represented by a *hut*, or shed, which is called *kalibi*, *kto*, and *kepe*. Fourthly, it is represented by a hood, *klast* in Coptic.

‘ The A is rendered by a lion or lioness in a state of repose, or *couchant*. The choice of this emblem results from the word *labo*, signifying lion; and this word, which also means shaggy, is parallel to the Hebrew word *lebieh*, and the Arabic word *lehouah*.

‘ The broken trait which was long supposed to represent water is but the mark of the proposition *of*, in Coptic *neh*, which also means an alabaster vase for holding perfumes; wherefore, such vases stand also for the consonant N.

‘ The Greek consonant P is expressed hieroglyphically by a mouth, *ro* signifying mouth in Coptic, and by a pomegranate flower called *roman* in Coptic.

‘ The consonant T is represented by the image of a hand, *tot* in Coptic; by the ideographic character for the demonstrative pronoun *te*; and by the level of the masons, *tori* in Coptic.

‘ I do not doubt that, if we could as certainly define the objects which represent the other letters of the Greek alphabet, we should in like manner find in the Coptic dictionaries that the word defining such objects begins with the letter for which they are made to stand.’ (P. 34.)

In all this we agree with M. CHAMPOLLION, as far as to admit that, in order to paint letters, the Copts chose some familiar object, of which the name began with the letter to be painted.

ainted. It is also not improbable that, on the obelisk at Memphis, one object should have been chosen, and on the obelisk at Thebes another object have been selected, to designate the same letter; whence, perhaps, the various designations, which have been detected, of the same articulate sound. We seek in vain, however, for any proof of ideography. That the preposition *ne*, (of,) or the pronoun *te*, (that,) have an appropriate character, only indicates that the vowel was short, and that the solitary consonant formed the whole word.

This treatise is illustrated by four lithographic engravings, of which the plate No. iv. is peculiarly important and instructive, containing nearly a complete clue for reading the hieroglyphic alphabets. We feel grateful for this learned publication; which will materially abridge the labor and difficulty of future students, and assist in recovering from oblivion the archives of primæval civilization.

ART. X. *Du Commerce de la France, &c.; i. e. On the Commerce of France in the Years 1820 and 1821.* By M. le Comte de VAUBLANC, Minister of State, Deputy from Calvados. 8vo. pp. 207. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 4s. 6d.

IT seems that Monsieur *de Saint Cricq*, Director-General of the Custom-house duties in France, gave a very flourishing account of the state of French commerce in a speech delivered by him in the Chamber of Deputies, at a time when petitions were presented from Nantes, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, &c. complaining of its depression; and he asserted that the value of the imports of France, in 1820, was 360 millions of francs, while the value of her exports was 450 millions, leaving a balance *in her favor* of ninety millions. We have not before us that speech, to which M. DE VAUBLANC here makes a reply; nor, if we had, would it be in our power to appreciate the accuracy of the statements on the one side, or of the counter-statements on the other: but the Count charges M. *de Saint Cricq* with having given a very fallacious representation; and he wishes to awaken his countrymen to a sense of the perilous condition of French commerce, which, according to him, has been gradually declining for some time. The balance, he says, was favorable in 1819; the equilibrium was restored in 1820; and the balance turned against France in 1821, and so continues.

In making calculations *seriatim*, of a great number of articles imported into France and exported from it, cattle, cloths,

cloths, wines, oils, glass, coffee, spices, sugar, &c. &c. reference is generally made to the corresponding exports and imports of England; and, in almost every page, this country receives the praise of great political wisdom for giving encouragement to her own industry, and for the restrictions which she imposes on foreign commerce by means of high duties. It is this leaf in our code which Comte VAUBLANC covets (see particularly p. 104.); and, for our part, we should have no objection to spare it: our opinion being very different from that which he entertains respecting the advantages of foreign commerce, and the manner in which it promotes the wealth of any country. We see that both M. DE VAUBLANC and M. de Saint Cricq measure the balance of profit by the excess of exports over imports. In deference to public prejudice sometimes, and at other times from ignorance of the true bearings of the question, legislators have not only encouraged home-trade at the expence of foreign, but have likewise had their preferences of certain sorts of industry over other sorts, — agricultural, for instance, over manufacturing, or *vice versâ*; and they seem not to be convinced, even yet, that in all the operations of trade, whether domestic, colonial, or foreign, the benefit is necessarily reciprocal: so that one nation does not lose, in her commercial transactions with another nation, what that nation gains.

The exports of France in 1820 are vaunted by the Director-General to have exceeded the imports by ninety millions; and this is deemed a *balance in her favor*, because she received money in exchange for goods. His opponent denies the fact, and exclaims, Would that it were true! Would that the balance were in favor of France! — evidently bottoming his efforts for the commercial prosperity of France on the same policy of keeping money at home. Suppose that England, by her abundant mines and adapted machinery, prepares more tin and iron than she wants for herself, and exchanges the surplus for wines, olives, and silks of France: — she gains a much greater quantity of these latter articles than the labor and capital, which have been expended on the equivalents with which they are purchased, could have raised at home. Here is a profit to England: but is it a loss to France? quite the contrary. France, by her advantages of soil and climate, has more wines, olives, and silks than she wants for herself; and the surplus she exchanges for our tin and iron, of which she obtains also a much larger supply than the labor and capital, expended on the growth and manufacture of these equivalents, (that is, on the growth of olives and the

manufacture of wines and silks,) could otherwise have obtained for her: — but M. DE VAUBLANC does not like, that foreign trade should interfere with home-trade; and, looking with envy on our restrictive system, he mourns over the laxity of the present administration of commercial affairs in France, and sighs with regret over the prosperous times of Henry the Fourth and Sully, of Louis the Fourteenth and Colbert. The balance of trade, however, it seems, is against France, because the value of her imports exceeds that of her exports: other nations, particularly England, adopt a more rigorous and restrictive system than she does; and they are wise enough to keep their money at home, while she is foolish enough to send it abroad. It is certain that, where two nations have commercial dealings, unless the value of exports balances that of imports, the difference of value must be paid in money. What then? The nation, which has to pay the balance in money to one country, has probably to receive a corresponding balance from some other, and it is thus that the stream circulates. The nation which pays money, now, for the products of foreign labour, must have received that money before, by exporting the products of her own; that is to say, she must have purchased the money with which she now buys other commodities. No country will give her productions to another without an equivalent: she will require, in exchange, either commodities or money; and it signifies but little which she takes. Thus, while the author does not wish to see an efflux of money from France, we presume that he would be very well pleased to send us wines, silks, and olives: but he would rather have money in exchange than British tin, for instance, and British iron. Very well: let us accommodate him; we have only to export our tin and iron to some other country, in order to purchase money to pay France. The operation is more circuitous, indeed, but the result is the same.

Though we cannot agree with this writer's doctrines, his book contains much interesting matter concerning the actual state of the commerce of France, colonial and foreign. It is polemical; and we should be glad to know not only what sort of reception it has experienced in Paris, but particularly whether M. *de Saint Cricq* has been able to confirm the statements which called it forth.



ART. XI. *L'Hermite en Province, &c.*; i. e. The Hermit in the Provinces, or Observations on French Manners and Customs at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By M. DE JOUY, of the French Academy. Vol. IV. 12mo. pp. 366. With Engravings. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 7s. 6d.

THREE former volumes of this lively and ethic tour have been noticed in our eighty-fifth, ninety-first, and ninety-fifth volumes; and the fourth yields not to its predecessors in variety of topic, precision of delineation, or urbanity of style. Forty years have now elapsed since the writer of this article undertook nearly as extensive a tour through the provinces of France as M. JOUY has narrated, and he can attest the fidelity of the picture of provincial manners most certainly; while he feels not a little surprized that they remain so unchanged for more than a generation, and when so great a revolution has taken place in the political institutions of the country and in its public education. Yet, wherever he reads, he is reminded of old times, in all the little particulars of drapery, dialect, building, landscape, and in the very proportion of the classes of characters which assemble in the public walks. The gale of Revolution has bowed the barley into billows, but left the trefoil at its feet, seemingly unconscious of its blast.

The department of the Isere is now the site of the Hermit's peregrinations. He passes from Lyons to Saint Marcellin, to Grenoble, and to Gap; wanders among the mountains, visits the Chartreuse, and returns at length to Lyons by La Tour du Pin. In the neighbourhood of Gap, at Champ-saur, occurs the following pastoral scene, which paints the native hospitality of the mountaineers; and the whole volume is a sort of eclogue in the form of a tour:

‘ Crossing the village, I stopped to contemplate a groupe of girls, who were dancing to the music of their own song, under a canopy of verdure formed by an old and spreading elm, which adorned the turf of the common. A young man came towards me, and, addressing me in a frank and easy manner, said to me, “ Sir, this is the holyday of the village-saint, and every inhabitant of consideration keeps open table to-day for the passing stranger or the poor neighbour; will you do my father the honor to be his guest? To-morrow, if you want a guide, I shall be happy to attend you any where.” — I gave my hand to the young man, and said that I would accept the patriarchal hospitality of his family. At his father's dwelling, which seemed one of the best farm-houses in the parish, I was introduced into a large hall: where a man whom age had marked with many wrinkles, and with white hair, rose to receive me with a smile full of benevolence. Then patting his son on the cheek, he said, “ My dear  
Peter,

Peter, you are as lucky as I used to be at your age : if a stranger came to the place, I always tried to meet him first, and to bring him to my father's table. I will get this gentleman some refreshment, and gladly offer him a lodging: but you must be his guide when he wishes to roam about, for I am no longer active enough for that office."

' As the day was hot, I gladly accepted some immediate refreshment. After the common questions, I learnt that these parish-feasts are called *vogues*; that every house is open on that day; that toasts are given after dinner; and that, the master of the feast setting the example, the guests empty their glasses in turn. This ceremony was repeated quite as often as I wished; and when it grew dusk, and I thought that I might retire, it seemed to me a long way to my bed.'

The entire work consists of eighteen numbers, one of which includes some very equitable criticisms on *Bonaparte*. It is so agreeably written that we have no doubt of its becoming a French classic, and it is worthy of the pen of their Addison.

ART. XII. *Vaux-de-Vire, &c.; i. e. Ballads of Oliver Bassin, a Norman Poet of the Fourteenth Century. Edited by Louis DUBOIS. With a Selection of Antient Norman Poems, rare or inedited. 8vo. pp. 272. Caen. 1821.*

A LIFE of *Bassin* introduces this publication, whence it appears that he was born at Vire about the middle of the fourteenth century; for, when the English in 1417 invaded Normandy, he was a grey old man, but spiritedly assisted to repel the invaders, by whom he was seriously wounded, so that he died in the year following. From the poems, we learn that he went occasionally to sea, and that he once ran his vessel aground in consequence of intoxication; and it is also recorded by him that he kept a barber's shop on shore. He boasts of loving cider, and of having a purple nose. At one time, he was employed in a fulling mill; and this, in the biographer's opinion, was his most habitual occupation.

A dissertation on song-writing introduces sixty-two songs ascribed to *Bassin*; thirty-four by anonymous Norman authors hitherto unpublished; four that were out of print; twenty-one antient drinking songs; and twelve little poems of the same class by *Le Hour*. Various notes and a perpetual glossary accompany the poems; which, however, like the older verses of most nations, are far inferior to the productions of modern date. We copy the song written in 1417, when Henry VI., who had landed at Tonques, was about to besiege Caen, and threatened Vire.

" *Tou:*

- “ *Tout à l'entour de nos remparts,  
Les ennemis sont en furie :  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, je vous prie,  
Renez plus tot de nous soudards,  
Tout ce dont vous aurez envie,  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, je vous prie.*
- “ *Nous pourrons après, en buvant,  
Chasser notre melancholie.  
Sauvez nos tonneaux, je vous prie.  
L'ennemi, qui est ci devant,  
Ne nous veut faire courtoisie ;  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, je vous prie.*
- “ *Au moins, s'il prend notre cité,  
Qu'il n'y trouve plus que la lie.  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, je vous prie.  
Dussions nous marcher de coté,  
Ce bon sidre n'epargnons mie ;  
Vuidons nos tonneaux, je vous prie.”*

The spelling of these poems has probably been modernized by the editor ; since they do not wear the appearance of that remote antiquity to which they are assigned.

ART. XIII. *Voltaire en un Volume ; .i. e. Voltaire in one Volume.*  
By J. B. GOURIET. 12mo. pp. 445. Paris. 1821. Imported  
by Treuttel and Co. Price 4s. 6d.

VARIOUS inedited writings and letters of *Voltaire* have been noticed in our ninety-third vol. p. 539., and in our ninety-fourth vol. p. 496. : but this is an epitome of his collective works, thrown into the form of a catechism. As if his compositions were avowedly become the text-book of his countrymen, it is now deemed necessary to class his various opinions, religious, political, critical, and moral, under their distinct heads, and in his own words concisely to define what constitutes orthodoxy among his disciples. This has been very neatly accomplished by M. GOURIET ; who, with laborious industry, has sought throughout the works of *Voltaire* for those passages which best express the sentiments of the master, who often repeats himself, and in new words reproduces the same ideas, with the indefatigability of the echo at the Simonetta : but here such iterations are avoided ; and, in a very small compass, the best engraving as it were of the archetypal thought is selected for exhibition, and recommended to contemplation. Many abridgments of the voluminous but favorite writers of the British have been executed ; and the works of Bacon, of Jeremy Taylor, and of Locke, have been re-

duced

duced to their essence, and presented in a cheap compendious form to those who shun the task of entire perusal : but we recollect no epitome of any author so admirably *squeezed* as this : the whole juice of the lemon is supplied, as well as the aroma of the rind, only the form and weight and volume of the fruit being withholden. To most readers, and especially to foreigners, this separation of the beauties of *Voltaire* will render superfluous two-thirds of his collective works. From their form of question and answer, the chapters have also here acquired much of the vivacity of dialogue ; and they are classed in six books, treating of Religion, — Philosophy, political, legislative, and moral, — History, — and Literature. This orderly arrangement, which is augmented by subdivisions, tends to facilitate reference and to banish superfluity ; and the quotations, though principally in prose, include the finest passages of the poems. Indelicate citations have been meritoriously avoided.

ART. XIV. *Œuvres complètes de M. Necker, &c. ; i. e.* The complete Works of M. Necker, published by the Baron DE STAËL, his Grandson. Vols. IX. and X. 8vo. Paris. Imported by Treuttel and Co.

THE first four volumes of this edition of M. Necker's complete works were noticed in our ninety-fourth volume, p. 491., and the four following in the ninety-fifth, p. 507. We have since received the ninth and tenth, which are principally filled with a dissertation *On the French Revolution*, composed towards the close of 1795, and originally printed in 1796. The light which it throws on the motives operating over the successive administrations of France in determining the assembly of Notables, and the convocation of the States General, cannot but be welcome to the historian ; yet these details have in so many forms been communicated to the public, and so sufficiently incorporated in existing annals, that they are now read again with that feeble interest with which we repass a familiar road.

A sound reflection occurs at p. 109.

‘ In politics, as in every form of combination in which relations vary, no cohesion can be accomplished by reviving for adoption in recent cases an antient regulation, or an obsolete practice. Such pretended restorations of usage are often more pregnant with alteration than the avowed application of a new system to the new circumstances.’

The attachment of M. Necker to the British constitution may give pleasure on this side of the Channel.

‘ The



'The British constitution was at hand to serve as a pattern for the Constituting Assembly : but it aspired to the honors of invention and originality. It wanted to cause the Numas, the Solons, and the Lycurguses to be forgotten, and to stifle in the blaze of its glory all past, present, and future lawgivers : but how many evils have resulted from this irrational ambition ! Better would it have been to employ a mere clerk to read aloud from the rostrum the British constitution ; and to open discussions on those points only which seemed to require modification in its application to France. Alas ! on what hangs the destiny of empires ; the mind is lost in the mighty contemplation ! Vanity, in the moral universe, moves with her little threads the hugest Colossus ; while Reason, with her stoutest cables, cannot confine them to their proper station.' (P. 298.)

From the tenth volume we shall also copy a paragraph or two ; and first a singular complaint of the non-attendance of rich persons at the primary assemblies, where, by universal suffrage, the intermediate body of *choosers* received from the *voters* the right of appointing the representative. This method of delegating the right of election seems well adapted for large counties, where the expence of removing individual freeholders would be very considerable ; and where each hundred, or wapentake, might conveniently select in proportion to its populousness a certain number of nominees to proceed to the shire-hall : but in large towns, where all the voters are present, direct representation is surely more convenient and more satisfactory.

'The right of a nation to be represented, — this right so justly celebrated, — how is it to be exercised in France ? Only by the election of electors who are to name the deputies to the legislative body. Now, if the greater part of Frenchmen do not attend the annual primary assemblies, what becomes of our representative rights ? It may be pleaded that, in supposing so great a national indifference, the fault would rest with the people, and not with the constitution. This decision, however, would be rash ; for inquiries should first be made, whether this sluggishness has grown out of the genius of the nation, or of the extent of the jurisdictions, or of the absolute extinction of rank, or of hereditary honor even, and of all those appendages to property which are elsewhere suffered to announce it, and to give a sort of relief to its patriotism as well as a title to the esteem of government.

'On this point I shall have more to say in the chapter on limited monarchies : the present section chiefly considers the new social order of France in its republican bearings, and under the ensign of absolute equality, which was that of the committee of constitution. I will now therefore only observe that, even on this principle, an anxiety should have been shewn to secure the regular and constant attendance of the citizens at the primary assemblies, which form the elementary basis of the derivative supreme representation. There might be some inconvenience in inflicting  
a general



a general penalty on the indifferent, but none, I think, in imposing a fine on such proprietors as absent themselves without adequate cause from the primary assemblies. It is a principle quite compatible with a republican government, that, the greater is a man's property, the greater is his interest in the pacific support of the established order of things, and the greater his obligation to concur in expressing this interest. The plan which I advocate would have served to give relief to the character of proprietor in a form which, by its penal turn, could have excited no jealousy; and it is probable that, by thus determining the assiduity of property to frequent the primary assemblies, all other indifferences would have yielded to the desire of imitating the rich.' (P. 200.)

To this long dissertation on the French Revolution succeed some *Philosophic Reflections on Equality*, of which the object is to soften the prejudices of philosophers against those gradations of rank, which experience shews to have every where grown up in communities of stability and duration. Tolerance for those natural inequalities which age, talent, industry, fortune, and occupation, must for ever reproduce, may justly be exacted: but to found or confirm by legislation those privileges, which in some countries have given an artificial preponderance to birth, or to profession, or to opulence, may well deserve considerable hesitation.

These volumes will find more readers on the Continent than in this country, because they agitate questions which are rather important to new than to established forms of organization: but they will every where contribute to preserve for M. Necker the character of a well-intentioned and well-instructed politician, unequal perhaps to the difficulties of stormy times, yet not unworthy of the confidence either of his sovereign or of his nation. His moderation may be exemplary: but his very disconnection with all the French sects of opinion left him without those sympathies and co-operations, which might best have enabled him to assume a higher spirit of command.

ART. XV. *Système de l'Administration Britannique, &c.*; i.e. The System of the British Administration in 1822, considered under the Heads of Finance, Industry, Commerce, and Navigation, according to a Ministerial Exposition. By CHARLES DUPIN, Member of the Institute, &c. 8vo. Paris. 1823. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 4s. 6d.

JUST before the commencement of a new session of parliament, it has occasionally been deemed expedient by our ministers to send forth some pamphlets expatiating on the wisdom of all their past measures in language of becoming eulogy, and shadowing out any future project which may be

*in petto* ; and these “flash” productions on the “State of the Nation,” fabricated with all the “pomp, parade, and circumstance” of official accuracy, are calculated to make a wondrous impression abroad, however unceremoniously they may be treated at home. Indeed, foreigners may well listen with envy and with ecstasy to flowery descriptions of our unalloyed prosperity in finance, commerce, and manufactures ; of our taxation being so light as to be unfelt ; and of our wealth being so heavy that, like the King under his coronation-robcs, we might perhaps feel encumbered with the burthen of it, but for some *train-bearers* belonging to the national establishment, who kindly relieve us from any excess of its pressure. There are no “Near Observers” in foreign countries to detect any mis-statements which may happen to be enveloped under such a formidable and imposing mass of figures ; or to expose the “modest assurance” with which merit is claimed for the remission of taxes which could no longer be continued, and for retrenchments in the public expenditure which have been extorted rather than conceded.

It is from one of these demi-official pamphlets that the statements in the pages before us are taken : but the author, to do him justice, does now and then venture to doubt the superlative wisdom of some of those measures for which our ministerial writers laud their employers. The reduction of the interest of the five per cent. stock has his perfect approbation ; and a nominal sinking fund of five millions per annum, towards reducing the national debt, is too magnificent a sacrifice on the part of the present generation to allow any question of its actual existence to that extent, even when the revenue does not exceed the expenditure of the nation by more than half of that amount. Respecting the three millions of taxes which were imposed in the year 1819, M. DUPIN says, ‘It is observed that they were so ingeniously distributed, that the people of England did not even perceive their existence.’ Nothing but his original could have furnished him with such a consoling observation. He adds, somewhat sarcastically, ‘This only proves that, if in the mass of taxes there should be three other millions, the existence of which the people of England *do* perceive (which may possibly be the case), it will be very easy to remove the latter, and retain the former as a substitute.’ On the subject also of those very three millions, which were imposed in order that the national income might be larger than its expenditure, he observes provokingly, that the excess might as well have been obtained by a reduction of our expenditure as by an addition to our assessments. This was very possible, no doubt ; because, three years after that  
time,

time, such a reduction was actually made, without any change of circumstances abroad or at home.

We have, however, now done all that is necessary, in announcing this semi-translation of a pamphlet that has fulfilled its purpose, accomplished its ephemeral destiny, and is gone to "the tomb of all the Capulets."

ART. XVI. *Souvenirs de la Belgique, &c.; i. e. Recollections of Belgium, One Hundred Days of Misfortune, &c.* By Mlle. M. A. LE NORMAND. 8vo. pp. 416. Paris. 1822. Imported by Treuttel and Co. Price 10s.

WE learn that Mademoiselle LE NORMAND was once attached as a sort of companion to *Josephine*, the first wife of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, and published a memoir concerning her late mistress, in which some living persons of consequence were mentioned in a manner that was to them unwelcome.\* She also wrote "*Souvenirs Prophétiques*," "*La Sibylle aux Congrès d'Aix-la-Chapelle et de Carlobad*," and some works which treat of fortune-telling; for this lady is a phrenologist, professing a great variety of occult arts and sciences, and has been consulted about futurity by people of high rank and fashion. Brussels has been a principal scene of her machinations; and some suspicions seem to have been entertained that she was secretly employed by the French government, to facilitate meetings and communications between persons disposed to re-annex the Netherlands to France. These apprehensions probably led to her detention in prison: but, as nothing criminative appeared against her, except that she had told fortunes, interpreted dreams, laid claim to a familiar spirit, and practised other such witchcraft, she was released after about a hundred days of confinement; it being no longer the fashion to punish a superstitious credulity. Of this lady's history and imprisonment, the volume before us gives a detailed, declamatory, and pompous account, naming many agents of police, and many conspicuous persons. We do not conceive, however, that any part of the book can be interesting to persons resident in this country; although we readily believe that it may attain a certain popularity amid the scenes of her adventures, and among the persons of her acquaintance. Trials for sorcery, it seems, are still practicable in Flanders as well as in Somersetshire.—Notes without number illustrate the obscurities of the text.

\* The title is "*Mémoires Historiques et Secrets de L'Impératrice Joséphine, première Épouse de Napoléon.*"

# I N D E X

**To the REMARKABLE PASSAGES in this Volume.**

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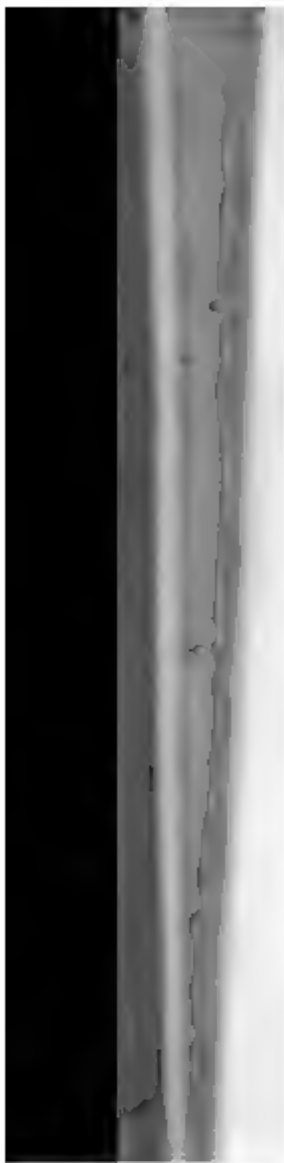
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